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SAMUEL P. COLT

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Sister, whose patience has been badly tried all day by the pranks
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books —

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THE BUYING MOOD



We do certain things in certain moods. ¶ Also, in certain moods, we do not do certain things. ¶ Buying is a matter of mood.

Commerce is exchange. We pass a man so much money, and the man takes the money and gives us something that we want.

Salesmanship consists in making the "prospect" feel as you do about your products. ¶ Fear and hate are closely akin. Jealousy lives next door. The seven hag sisters are: Fear, Doubt, Hate, Jealousy, Indifference, Disdain, Disease.

Money does n't follow the flag—money follows the mood.

And this is what I was going to say: Any publication that carries with it an atmosphere of gloom, of doubt, and whose recurring theme is defamation, does not foster the buying mood. Hence advertisements in such periodicals will not pay, and advertisers being wise give the gloomsters absent treatment.

What we need in this world is the hand-grasp, the smile, the nod of corroboration, the word of good-cheer. A smile can gladden an entire day.

We are all in process, and only a few of us approximate the perfect. A little leeway in conduct must be allowable. ¶ In the main, mankind does the right thing, because the right thing pays. Righteousness is in the line of self-preservation.

When we talk about advertising, we think instinctively of the *Saturday Evening Post*. It has the biggest circulation, and is the most successful periodical before the American people today. There is no reason why advertisers should select this periodical beyond a score of others, save for the fact that it brings results. It goes to the great, fairly good, and reasonably prosperous intelligent sixty per cent—the people who read, work, study, laugh, love and make the wheels go 'round. It is the periodical of sane, sensible people, who are not too smart—the average people—even as you and I.

Its advertising rates are not low. It has a big circulation, but its rate-card takes this into account.

¶ The thing that makes a periodical pay is its cheerful, frank, intelligent, good-natured, helpful attitude. It does not pamper nor pauperize. Neither does it stand first on one foot, then on t'other, trying to make a good impression. It has the independence that tokens character. ¶ Always on the editorial page of the *Post* you will find at least one little, bright, sharp editorial in support of Big Business. The editor of the *Post* knows and says that out of the surplus that our great corporations produce we get our art-galleries, our parks, our schools, our colleges, our good roads. The *Saturday Evening Post* pays as an advertising medium because it helps us to live.

On the other hand, there are magazines that carry with them an atmosphere of gloom.

¶ They may be ably edited, but if they are at war with enterprise, and the editor poses as so very much wiser than the rest of us, and is continually "viewing with alarm" and "pointing with scorn," we go into our cosmic clam-shells and pull our check-books in after us.

HONEY OUT OF THE CARCASS



THE Chairman of the Federal Committee on Industrial Investigations is a man who prosecutes, rather than investigates. ¶ His purpose is to prove his preconceived opinions; also, to show that the Constitution of the United States is an obsolete document. — —

Mr. Walsh represents the Government, and in his professional attitude of inquisitor and accuser, he works a harm to the whole business fabric, through carrying the idea that the Government is opposed to individual enterprise in any form, and that Socialism only will save the State.

A private citizen has a perfect right to his prejudices, but an official investigator should be more or less judicial.

No one claims that bringing strikers from Colorado to New York to testify, had anything to do with the Rockefeller Foundation, save as sensational claptrap to becloud the issue, and yet out of the carcass comes honey.

The "Foundations"

THE big "Foundations" are quasi-public institutions, and as such the public must know exactly what they are doing and how they are conducted.

The white light of publicity is a good thing for everybody.

The members of the Investigating Committee are getting acquainted with certain men they did not know before.

President Wilson says, "After meeting certain men, I noticed that their horns dropped off." Which means that our worthy President discovered that certain men were just men, and that all men have a kindly side to their natures, otherwise they could not exist at all.

¶ The appearance of John D. Rockefeller, Jr., before the Committee revealed this "young man" in a very favorable light.

Mother Jones insists on calling him a young man. The Chairman of the Committee did the same. So why should n't we?

Let the cold fact be stated, however, that John D. Rockefeller, Jr., is now in his forty-second year, that he has a few gray hairs, and there are also a few becoming crow's-feet in his kindly face. ¶ Mr. Rockefeller did not prove to be the ogre, and the overfed plutocratic leader of the predatory ones, that the Committee expected to see.

A few months ago I saw Upton Sinclair, Frank Tannenbaum, Doctor Reitman and Colonel Berkman, parading up and down in front of Twenty-six Broadway with mourning-bands upon their arms.

Afterwards I heard them make addresses on the street denouncing the Rockefellers as burglars, assassins and devils incarnate.

None of these people had ever seen either of the Rockefellers, and when they appeared before them, the Committee was somewhat shocked and disappointed to see these men of simple, plain, abstemious habits talking in a commonsense way about labor and conditions.

Mother Jones

NONE of those people who wore mourning-bands upon their arms, passing out oratorical piffle on occasion, are working people. — —

Neither are they financiers. Of the laws of economics they know little or nothing.

Now they discovered that Mr. Rockefeller was even more of a workingman than they, also that he expends no more on his meat and drink and raiment than they do.

When young Mr. Rockefeller protested gently against being surrounded by detectives to protect him, and went over boldly and shook hands with Mother Jones and the agitators, he quite won their hearts.

After this handshaking Mother Jones called at Twenty-six Broadway by invitation.

She found the office of Mr. Rockefeller simply

furnished—no costly rugs, no luxurious bric-a-brac, no wine-closet—and the whole building, in fact, no finer than the headquarters of the Federation of Labor.

Certainly the millennium approaches when Mother Jones stated to a bunch of newspaper boys that John D. Rockefeller, Jr., is a fine young man, that he was n't at all the individual she expected to see, and that her references to him as a burglar and murderer were without basis, and that she was going to take back in public all of her unkind words. Also, the industrial sky seemed to clear when John D. Rockefeller, Jr., not to be outdone by Mother Jones, referred to Mother Jones thus: "Mrs. Jones is a very amiable and kindly lady, and I much enjoyed her ideas. I intend to do all I can to meet the just demands of labor."

It is all a matter of getting together.

When Mr. Rockefeller tried to explain certain rows of figures to Mrs. Jones, and told her of the amount expended in Colorado for education and human betterment, Mother Jones lifted up her hands and said: "Don't talk to me about figures. I don't know anything about them. I can't understand them. All I know is that my heart is with the poor working people." And this remark did credit to both the brain and the heart of Mother Jones.

It gives us a glimpse into the gist of the argument. Mrs. Jones is actuated by sentiment—it is a matter of heart, not head. And a little mingling of the Rockefeller head with the Mother Jones heart will not do anybody any harm.

As for turning private property over to employees and allowing them to run it, or dynamite it, of course that is another thing. But in the meantime the rainbow of hope looms large across the sky.

Men who make themselves useful are needed.

YOU know Connie Mack, of course. He ought to know something about boys—athletes, especially—and his opinion ought to have influence. Listen to what he says: "It is my candid opinion, and I have watched very closely the last twelve years or more, that boys at the age of ten to fifteen who smoke cigarettes do not as a rule amount to anything. They are unfitted in every way for any kind of work where brains are needed."

GETTING the name on the dotted line does not depend solely upon individual effort. Team-work is necessary. Success today is the culmination of co-operative effort.

The perpendicular pronoun is simply a piece of type.

It requires an "h" before it and a "t" behind, before it make a "hit."

So the successful salesman must co-operate with his House, and every one in it.

He must make himself a peripatetic House Organ. He must have a decent display line—both of personality and goods; tell his sales story in a gripping manner; never forget the signature and policy of his firm, and ever bear in mind his objective—getting the name on the dotted line.

Salesmanship on paper is a different thing from Salesmanship as an Indoor Sport. The number of people you can see personally is limited, but the number you can reach with the help of the Printing-Press is prodigious.

More goods are sold by newspapers and magazines, booklets and circulars than by any other means.

They are the salesman's greatest auxiliary. But they must be well written and well planned; otherwise you are using the biggest scheme for wasting money known to man—except war.

The man who can forget his own personal feelings and fuse his own interests with those of the house is a sure winner. Nothing can hold such a one back. Sanity shows itself in co-operation. Power does not mean what you alone can do—it means what you can get others to do by welding them into a whole so they will work together.

A SUCCESSFUL man is one who has tried, not cried; who has worked, not dodged; who has shouldered responsibility, not evaded it; who has gotten under the burden, not merely stood off, looking on, giving advice and philosophizing on the situation.

The result of a man's work is not the measure of success. To go down with the ship in storm and tempest is better than to paddle away to Paradise in an Orthodox canoe.

To have worked is to have succeeded—we leave the results to time. Life is too short to gather the Harvest—we can only sow.



INITIATIVE



CIVILIZATION is a matter of the organization of men and materials •••

Civilization lays out roadways, builds factories, equips them with machinery, educates men to the use of this machinery, converts raw materials into useful commodities.

Men and materials are organized so as to manufacture, distribute and transport the necessities of life.

Transportation is the first great factor in civilization.

Savages get enough to eat by killing animals and using raw fruits and vegetables. To preserve, pack, transport and distribute are beyond their power.

The barbarian may plant, and he may take care of a limited number of livestock, but the savage does not transport; and until men organized so as to safely transport, famine was just around the corner.

Both men and materials have to be moved before they are of much value.

Imagination in Action

THE first necessity in organization is initiative •••

And initiative is imagination in action.

Initiative does not imply merely the suggestion of the right thing; men of initiative are men who can carry their plans to a successful issue •••

Intelligent supervision of the labor of other men is a rare gift. Nine out of ten men do not possess it at all. Only one in ten thousand can do it well.

Sir Humphry Davy said his finest discovery was Michael Faraday.

Donald G. Smith—Lord Strathcona—said his one great achievement was the discovery of James J. Hill. Andrew Carnegie made Charles M. Schwab possible.

And Schwab distributes seventeen thousand pay-envelopes every Saturday night.

To wisely encourage initiative is a necessity. Otherwise the Dark Ages are at the door ••• That which would destroy initiative would destroy civilization.

The Entrepreneur

THE ability to plan a thing that has never been done before, to organize great numbers of men and use great masses of materials in an intelligent way, is a gift valuable beyond the ability of men to compute •••

Theoretically, socialism is beyond argument, but if put to actual test it would prove the decline of individuality, the death of initiative. "Liberty"—all the liberty a man can use—this America has supplied, and this is why we lead the world. ¶ A man of initiative must work out his own plans in his own way. Curtailment of his liberties breaks his wings and imagination languishes.

The Measure of Power

NO man knows his capacity for initiative. Great men are always surprised at their achievements •••

There are big institutions which never produce big men. In many shops there is a general tendency to keep down all originality. Strong men, if they are secured at all, have to be imported from the outside.

If any man in the place suggests a new thing the whole proposition is gently pooh-poohed.

¶ Too much discipline destroys individuality; and mediocrity is the rule.

Marshall Field is one of the big businessmen who discovered latent genius. Marshall Field produced a few big men, and he did it by paying men a commission where they increased the business above a certain amount.

There are at least ten men who are millionaires several times over who began employment with Marshall Field and Company on very moderate salaries.

You can not bring out the powers in a man unless you offer proper incentives.

Had James J. Hill been kept on a salary he never would have evolved. He would today not be known outside the city of Saint Paul. Edison's genius came from the fact that he had a full and free field and opportunity to make millions for himself.

Money is the measure of power. Men do not especially prize money for the sake of money, but they prize it as a tangible recognition of their ability.

Socialism with its restrictions on what any man shall receive would never have produced a Marshall Field, a James J. Hill, a Commodore Vanderbilt, a Henry Ford, a John H. Patterson, a Charles M. Schwab.

Democracy

THE end of socialism would be when a strong man emerged out of the mass and ruled through the autocratic exercise of power. Then we would have a monarchy.

Democracy is a compromise between socialism and monarchy. It seeks the greatest good to the greatest number.

Also, it places no limit on individual achievement.

That which would iron out men to one common level, and cease to offer reward to initiative, would reduce the race to nullity. Communism only succeeds where there is a strong, just and efficient leader.

Successful communism is beneficent autocracy.

The Industrial Trend

THE great depression in business today, with thousands of men out of work, is a direct result of making war on men of initiative.

Great industrial leaders set large numbers of men to work. They plan and execute great engineering schemes. They take vast quantities of raw materials and manufacture them into forms of use and beauty.

These organizations give work to millions. And this work, with the distribution of the pink and pudgy pay-envelope, makes prosperity possible.

When you make war on men of initiative you paralyze the payroll. And that is exactly what is occurring in America, today.

We are endeavoring to force socialism on to democracy, and thus we would get the rule of the weak, also the rule of the demagogue.

¶ Unless we sight the rocks and keep clear

of them, conditions will grow worse rather than better.

In any event it will not be work for everybody, with high health, joy, prosperity and increase in wealth.

Supervision

THAT power unrestrained tends to tyranny is a fact. Therefore, supervision of our great organizations is necessary. But this supervision must be conducted intelligently, and not as an inquisition.

And it should be taken entirely out of the guiding hands of political parties. Otherwise we get a condition where party obligations are paid for in offices, and we get a government of grafters, by grafters, for grafters.

Industrial leaders today understand that they can help themselves only as they help humanity. To work for self alone is fatal to any business enterprise.

But liberty to sell your labor, either collectively or individually, must be granted, otherwise we get the rule of the walking delegate, who rides in a taxi and never works.

This way tyranny lies, for all professional reformers are tyrants in false whiskers.

Our religion is one of humanity. Our desire is to serve. We know that we can help ourselves only as we help others, and that the love we give away is the only love we keep.

RICHARD WAGNER could not play the piano. His wonderful scores were worked out in imagination. He heard them in the silence. When he attempted to play the piano, he did so with sweat and lamp-smoke, pounding each chord out, listening, waiting, going over the score again and again in a way that was extremely trying for any one who happened to listen.

It was a great misfortune, he used to think, that he could not play. And so, when he was in exile all during those nineteen years in Switzerland, he worked out wonderful piano scores and sent them up to his friend, the Abbe Liszt. Once in a while, Liszt would go down and play for Wagner some of those wonderful pieces that the world now knows as Masterpieces. And Wagner would listen in amazement, and sometimes the tears would run down his cheeks. Then he would laugh aloud, dance, walk on his hands, and shout for joy.



THE GOLDEN RULE IN PRISON



REACHED Ossining station at nine o'clock in the morning. At the station, a pleasant-faced young fellow, driving a team of horses attached to a carriage, lifted his hand when I came out of the gate.

I knew this was my man, sent down by the Warden to meet me. This young man was a member of the Golden Rule Brotherhood—an inmate of the prison.

I stepped into the carriage. We circled to the right, and soon turned in at the entrance to storied Sing Sing.

You enter the prison through the private residence of the Warden. The approach is not unpleasant. There is nothing that reminds you of the slogan, "Abandon hope, all ye who enter here."

An officer in uniform unlocks the iron gate. You step into the office. Men in tidy dark gray suits, with clean linen, move quietly about their duties.

One of these men comes forward and greets me, a man of fifty whom I had known before in high places.

This man is "Mayor of the City of Sing Sing."

And the City of Sing Sing is simply the prison where there are seventeen hundred inmates. I shake hands all round and feel quite at home. The only officer of the State I have so far met was the man at the gate.

The Honor System

THIS prison is practically managed by the inmates, under the direction of the Warden, Thomas Mott Osborne, and his deputy, Charles Johnson, assisted by J. J. Malloy.

Above these men stands Charles S. Whitman, Governor of the State of New York. For without the endorsement and co-operation of Governor Whitman, the Golden Rule System

in operation here would be but the idle dream of a theorist.

As it is, we behold a practical, economic system of feeding, clothing, housing, and educating men who have transgressed the law and thereby forfeited their freedom.

If there is a criminal class, it is made up of strictly insane men, mentally irresponsible. Ten per cent of the men in all penitentiaries should be in an asylum for the insane.

Forty per cent are men physically unfit, crippled in mind and body, proper subjects for a hospital.

Fifty per cent are just men—even as you and I.

Some of them have an excess of energy, ambition, animation, desire. They are good men who have misused their faculties.

You and I have all the qualities that these men have. We have done most of the things they have done, committed the same sins. Fortunately for us, we were not caught in the toils of the law.

One out of twelve of these plain, average, every-day men in Sing Sing possesses initiative—that is, he has the power to supervise, teach and influence others. These men would make good captains, horsemen, engineers, supervisors, superintendents.

A few, perhaps a dozen out of the seventeen hundred, are extraordinary men. I could name three who have ability to organize and successfully manage a big corporation.

One man in Sing Sing, especially, is exerting an influence for good that runs through the whole prison.

He was elected Mayor of Sing Sing, or, if you please, Chairman of the Golden Rule Brotherhood.

Every man in the prison is constructively a member of this Brotherhood. None is ever cast out.

The few officers of the State that you see, are simply policemen. They carry clubs. No fire-arms are in sight. You see no more of these

policemen around than you behold at Brooklyn Bridge or in any well-regulated theater or hall. The attendants are inmates. One attendant will look after a certain number of others. He has certain duties to perform, certain offices to fulfil.

In case of disorder he would call on a sergeant-at-arms—also a Golden Rule man—but I am told that disorder is a thing practically unknown ♣ ♣

The honor system is in vogue. The intent is to give every man all of the freedom that he can use. There are three things which we need not economize in. These are water, light and fresh air.

The Hudson River flows by Sing Sing, so there is water.

The blue sky bends above, and so there is light in the day. ¶ The fresh air is everywhere, save where it is shut out. And yet practically until last July, water, light and air were given out grudgingly at Sing Sing.

The Prisoner's Health

THE cell-house where the men are housed was built in Eighteen Hundred Five. It represents the architecture of that day; also, it mirrors the prevailing ideas then in vogue of man's duty to man. Every man who helped build that cell-house, which is a hell-house, is dead. But the abomination lives on.

I was locked in several of the cells on my request. These cells are seven feet high, seven feet long and three feet wide. They are ill-ventilated; no light enters, save artificial light; they are full of vermin, and are vile-smelling. They are as much out of date as are the ideals of a hundred years ago.

The wooden-bucket system prevails, with all that this suggests.

These cells are six tiers high. At times the lower tier is flooded with water, through the rise of the river.

In foggy weather all of the cells are apt to be damp, with a strong tendency towards tuberculosis, pneumonia, rheumatism for the inmates. ¶ Nevertheless, in spite of these handicaps the physical health of the men at Sing Sing at the present time is remarkably good—this for psychological reasons.

The Golden Rule in Action

SING SING has had eight Wardens in four years, and four Wardens in the last fourteen months.

We must admit that it is a grievous mistake to

allow the management of a prison to fall into the hands of a man who has been appointed to the position of Warden as a reward for political activities.

The present Warden, Thomas Mott Osborne, is not a politician. He is a businessman first, and next a humanitarian.

He studied the prison system closely in his own home town of Auburn.

He was instrumental there in introducing the Welfare League—a self-governing body of prison inmates.

About the same time a similar work was begun in Sing Sing under the name of "The Golden Rule Brotherhood."

These systems have worked together.

Delegations of inmates have been sent from Auburn to Sing Sing, and from Sing Sing to Auburn, and so the inmates of one prison know what the others are doing.

It's simply the Golden Rule in action.

When a new prisoner comes in he is examined by inmates specially selected on account of their intelligence. They are earnest, sympathetic, kindly men, who decide what they think is best for the newcomer.

Liberty

THOMAS JEFFERSON, when he inaugurated the University of Virginia, endeavored to put it under the honor system. He said the intent of all government is to reduce government to its lowest possible terms. "That country is governed best that is governed least." The more discipline is kept out of sight, the better for everybody concerned ♣ ♣

Warden Osborne says, "The best preparation for liberty is liberty."

Every good citizen in New York, man and woman, should uphold Governor Whitman in his desire to reform the prison system.

Strong men succeed through utilizing the services of other men.

The measure of a man is shown in his ability to select the right men and to trust them ♣

Governor Whitman in selecting Thomas M. Osborne as Warden of the largest prison in New York State—and the prison which is supposed to handle the most difficult class of prisoners—has done wisely and well.

Warden Osborne is working out an experiment great and far-reaching, excellent beyond words to express.

When you can get so-called criminals to adopt

the Golden Rule as a working policy, you have made a big stride to the front.

Someone asked George Bernard Shaw if he believed in the Golden Rule, and he said he did n't know, for it has never been tried. The old-time prison-keeper in the course of years got arteriosclerosis of the ego, and his heart became a petrification.

He knew nothing but the law of force. Cruelty was his plaything; violence his indoor sport; the prisoner had no appeal.

Beatings, hanging up by the hands, the dark cell, bread and water—sometimes no water—were all at the whim and notion of these official beasts in human form. The keeper was accountable to no one. All this now has been changed. The officers in Sing Sing, I noticed, were young men, kindly, courteous, intelligent, in sympathy with the management.

They, themselves, were interested in carrying out the Golden Rule. And when you can get a prison-keeper to practise the Golden Rule, you have done far more than when you convert a prisoner, for in degree you have made the Golden Rule a State policy.

Use of the Mails

WARDEN OSBORNE gives his prisoners unlimited use of the United States mail. Until very recent times the inmates in Sing Sing were allowed to write but one letter a month.

After five years in prison, if there were no black marks against you, you were allowed to write one letter a week. Needless to say, a man in prison who is allowed to write only one letter a month has lost all of his friends inside of five years, and there is no one to write to. He is dead to the world.

Prison Justice

IF the intent of the old prison system had been to render a man absolutely unfit for a useful life as a citizen, it could not have done better.

It stabbed the soul of the man, and he became a helpless walking apology for a man. Any prisoner in Sing Sing who transgresses the rules is tried by a court composed of his peers. Prisoners apprehend him, prisoners try him, prisoners find him guilty if such is the case. He then has the privilege of appealing to a court of which the Warden is Chairman. But thus far every sentence of the court made up of inmates has been affirmed by the Warden, with but one exception.

The men in prison seem to have a better sense of justice on the whole than the men who are out. One thing, they have time to consider a case from every standpoint.

A single prisoner exalted to a position of power might be tyrannical, but a jury made up of prisoners is always lenient.

These men realize that their happiness turns on making life tolerable for the Warden and his immediate assistants; that is, if they make life difficult for the people the State has placed over them, they in turn will suffer. The inmates are more interested in making the honor system a success than is the outside world. These prisoners have more at stake than Warden Osborne has, and so they co-operate with him in every possible way. The intelligence and influence among the inmates are focused on making the dreams of Warden Osborne come true, this just as a matter of self-interest.

They realize that they are trying out an experiment which is being watched by every prison warden in the United States.

The Success of the Honor System

SO far, the honor system at Sing Sing is a success.

That a revolution may possibly occur and wipe it out, is possible, but not probable.

A revolution may come to New York City, and howling mobs may run through the streets and sack the stores and destroy property, but we do not expect it.

Nevertheless, while there are a few people in New York City who deliberately sign themselves, "Yours for the Revolution," they are in a very small minority, and do not have the respect of intelligent citizenship.

It is exactly the same in the City of Sing Sing, which is presided over by a Mayor who has quite as much intelligence, quite as much right intent, as the Mayor has in the average American city.

And I also believe that in every State Penitentiary in the United States there are a few men who rank high in the point of initiative, intelligence, and a general ability to influence men and to influence them in the right direction.

It is just a question of rightly focusing and directing the energies of men who have made mistakes. Is the Golden Rule practicable? Well, before we condemn it, suppose we give it a trial, as Sing Sing is doing.

A LITTLE JOURNEY TO THE HOME OF SAMUEL POMEROY COLT



WHEN I studied the noble art of English literature at Harvard, there was one axiom passed out by a learned professor that is unforgettable. It was this: "Begin every theme with an incontrovertible fact."

¶ So here goes: Rhode Island is the smallest State in the Union. Let us have no argument on that.

However, Rhode Island has kicked up a cosmic dust, for over two hundred years, quite out of all proportion to her size.

When you weigh Rhode Island for intrinsic worth, weigh her Troy, not Avoirdupois. If you will visit Rhode Island, you will discover that she is not running on momentum.

Rhode Island is being born again.

She has the power to change, to move with the times, to adapt herself to new conditions. If one thing will not work, Rhode Island knows something else just as good.

Down at Rhode Island I met a typical Yankee who used to make chains for use on board ship.

But when ships shifted from chains to wire hawsers, our old man was out of work. And what did he do? Sit down and shed salt tears? Not he. He invented a machine to make chains twenty times as fast as he had been making them. Then he convinced the automobile world that neither a Ford nor an automobile was properly fitted up unless she carried chains to prevent her skidding, and make her obey the rudder.

And in the ten years this man has been making automobile-chains, he has attached himself to more money than his ancestors made in the hundred years preceding.

And the joy that has come to this man through snatching success from the jaws of failure has allowed him to turn the dial back, for

nothing is so hygienic as success and nothing so unsanitary as failure.

Adaptability is a great thing.

In astonishment a man from the fertile prairies of the Middle West once asked a Yankee, "What do you raise here?"

And the reply was, "We raise men."

You can raise men only where there is storm and sleet and ice and snow and difficulty.

The sailor pedigree is a good one—let everybody remember this in selecting his ancestors.

¶ Sailors have to tack eternally, to have a weather-eye out for squalls, to scud before the wind, to take advantage of every blowing breeze.

Constantly they are being cast out of their course, and their business is to get back, and hold 'er nose in the eye of the wind.

The State of Rhode Island—which was first thought to be an island, but is n't—is forty-four miles long, twenty-eight miles wide and has an area of one thousand two hundred miles. Fifteen per cent of the State is under water at high tide.

The population is over five hundred thousand, one-half of these living in the city of Providence.

Providence was named by Roger Williams, for obvious reasons.

Freedom of thought in America dates from Roger Williams, and the city of Providence is the place, and the date, Sixteen Hundred Thirty-six.

Then think of Anne Hutchinson, who was driven out of Massachusetts Bay Colony and found a refuge here, and expressed about all that has been said or can be said on the subject of equality.

And the spirit of freedom here abides.

Bristol is fifteen miles south by east of Providence.

You follow down Narragansett Bay by train or in an automobile, and you are never out of sight of the great salt sea.

All along you see industry manifested by clam fishermen, and great flocks of wild ducks and gulls wheel and fly and swim and float, and the restless, tireless sea goes nosing her way along the coast.

Bristol is a little city. Perhaps eight thousand five hundred people live here. Bristol once divided honors with New Bedford as being the center of the whale-fisheries.

Then came in Twenty-six Broadway, with all that this number implies, and the whale-fisheries languished.

Bristol might have gone out of business, and become but a memory, but she shifted from the making of wooden ships to steel, and from a merchant marine she made craft for sportsmen, for Bristol is known the wide world over as the home of the Herreshoff brothers—by name John Brown and Nathaniel Greene. John B. has been blind since boyhood. But he has seen more with his inward vision than most of us have with two good glimmers. He is today in his seventy-fourth year.

The other brother, Nathaniel Greene Herreshoff, is sixty-eight.

These men work together as one man. They have designed and built the fastest sailing craft in the world, and have snatched the laurels from that great and good man Lipton. Please pass the Hyson—one lump will do, thank you!

The Fame of Bristol

HOWEVER, the Herreshoffs build something besides sporting craft that hug the shore. They make the most luxurious yachts ever devised by human brain.

Royalty, across the sea, patronizes them, and he who wants the best in the line of sea speed has to reckon with Bristol, Rhode Island.

Things that are different should not be compared, but there is a never-ending argument among the good people of Bristol as to whether Bristol is on the map on account of the Herreshoffs or on account of the National India Rubber Company.

One thing sure, the Rubber Company passes out the pink and pudgy pay-envelope with a regularity that adds immensely to the prosperity not only of Bristol, but of Rhode Island, and all New England. This concern employs about three thousand people, and manufactures just one thing, tennis-shoes, and thus perhaps sportsmanship makes the Rubber Company and the Herreshoffs akin.

The Age of Rubber

THIS rubber business at Bristol was inaugurated immediately after the War, and various articles made from rubber were here manufactured. The business had an up and down career until Eighteen Hundred Eighty-seven, when it went down for good—took the count—and Colonel Samuel P. Colt, Attorney at Law, was appointed receiver.

Colonel Colt then was thirty-five years of age, and was regarded as a very safe and diplomatic young lawyer.

His success had turned on his ability to rescue failing concerns from total wreck.

He seemed to know how to eliminate animosity and hate and get the parties together.

Colonel Colt's middle name should have been Pacificator.

No one expected the Bristol Rubber Company to pull through.

The only thing was to realize on the assets by getting rid of the surplus stock, for the concern had expanded to a point where to "bust" was regarded as inevitable.

Then comes in the young lawyer Colt, with no special experience in manufacturing, and a knowledge of the rubber industry that was negligible. ¶ Colt at this time had a law-office in Providence, but evenings he now devoted himself to studying out the whys and wherefores of India Rubber.

He found that this concern was in hot competition with various other rubber establishments, each one manufacturing a diversified line—hose, galoshes, rubber boots, rubber coats, tennis-shoes—and now tires for bicycles were being made of rubber.

Rubber was being supplied in big square chunks for wagon-springs, and was being used under railroad passenger-cars for a like purpose.

The Bristol Rubber Company had out a score of traveling men, each of whom seemed an adept in working the expense-account. Some of these concerns specialized on one thing, and cut the price.

Another factory cut the price on something else, until prices were slashed all along the line, and goods were being sold at a loss, with a general disheartening condition of the whole rubber industry.

On investigation Colt found that rubber companies all over the country were in almost the same condition as his own concern.

However, civilized people were using rubber goods more and more.

He picked out the three or four articles that could be made at a profit; stood the creditors off with smiles and promises; started his men out, and sold just the few things that paid. And behold, the first six months' work of the receivership showed a profit! Here was something without precedent. The courts granted the receiver permission to run the business for a year.

And that year revealed an increased profit. By this time Colonel Colt had gotten a good line on what his competitors were doing. He reorganized his own company, settling with the creditors in cash and stock.

A paying business can always borrow money.

¶ The National India Rubber Company of Bristol was going, and going in the right direction.

Specialization

ABOUT this time Colonel Colt had organized the Industrial Trust Company of Providence.

The receivership of the Rubber Company was lifted, and Samuel P. Colt was its first president.

He was likewise president of the Industrial Trust Company of Providence.

The Industrial Trust Company was a concern that brought together the big moneyed interests not only of Providence, but of New England.

Colt had proved his power. He knew how to use money to make more money, and the way he made money was by manufacturing and selling to the people the things that the people needed.

He improved the quality of the goods.

He eliminated friction, got rid of quibble, and reduced hate and jealousy to a chemical trace.

Just as Elbert H. Gary took three warring little steel concerns and formed the Federal Steel Company, which is the parent company of the United States Steel Corporation, so did Samuel P. Colt get the rubber interests of America together.

Colt organized one company, the United States Rubber Company, and this concern bought up forty different factories where rubber goods were being made.

Specialty became the big word. Each factory was devoted to making one thing.

Thus did co-operation take the place of destructive competition.

High-priced officials were eliminated. Red tape was cut, wound up into balls and sold to paper-makers. The junk-pile grew and the scrap-heap flourished.

Old ideas, even though they were good, were replaced by better ones.

Nothing was quite good enough. Everything must be improved. Economy was the rule.

¶ The United States Rubber Company became a quest for talent. Strong men who could do anything especially well received salaries such as were unknown in the old days.

¶ A department of inventors was organized. It is proverbial that the average inventor lives on half-rations, and dies in the poor-house.

Colt realized that you could get the best out of a man only when he was well-paid and happy, and made free. He liberated his men from fear of the yawning almshouse, by giving them liberal salaries and permanent positions.

¶ He inaugurated sick benefits, old-age pensions, regular vacations, and concentrated all the rubber knowledge of the entire world in a way so that it was accessible to any one who wanted it.

Instead of dozens of inventors working along the same ideas and at cross-purposes, each inventor knew what the other was doing.

They worked together, instead of against one another.

Secrecy was put on the slide—and gum-shoes were sold, not consumed on the premises.

The business flourished, and with the aid of new inventions the world was taught to use rubber in many ways where it had never been used before.

The Consumption of Rubber

THE business of the United States Rubber Company in the year Nineteen Hundred Fourteen aggregated one hundred million dollars.

The consumption of rubber per capita today is twice what it was twenty-five years ago.

Much of this increase is owing to the use of the automobile. No substitute for rubber has yet been found for automobile-tires.

We have to admit that luck plays a certain part in this game of life. Twenty years ago John D. Rockefeller devised a plan of selling gasoline, which was then a by-product, to farmers.

But in order to get the farmers to use the gasoline he had to sell them gasoline-engines at practically cost, and show the agrarians how to use these.

Then came the automobile business right out of the blue sky, and John D. Rockefeller, who is one of the great men of the world, has to acknowledge that, in spite of his shrewdness and prophetic vision, he did not foresee the coming of the horseless carriage propelled by Rockefeller fuel. He had little or nothing to do with making the automobile business, the third most important industry of the time. As the use of gasoline in automobiles actually came without the help of John D. Rockefeller, so the rubber tire for automobiles was a section of prosperity that was flung straight at the head of Colonel Colt.

But Colonel Colt plays the game, and never muffs anything, and so today the manufacture of rubber tires is the second most important item in the business of the United States Rubber Company, footwear being the first. Since Colonel Colt took up the business of manufacturing rubber goods in Eighteen Hundred Eighty-seven, every year has shown a distinct, sure, steady advance on the previous year.

As the wealth of the world has increased, so has increased the business of the United States Rubber Company, until today it is by far the largest rubber-manufacturing concern in the world; and while Colonel Colt does not say so, the fact is the United States Rubber Company is Colonel Colt, and Colonel Colt is the United States Rubber Company.

The Industrial Superman

IN this man's make-up I discovered one particular trait that marks the industrial superman. Colonel Colt has the ability to win human hearts.

He gets at the vital issue, and is not distracted by little personal jealousies or animosities. He is big enough to waive all temperamental idiosyncrasies. His motto might be, "Get together, get together, get together!" just as Blackstone said the business of the law was, "Getting on—getting on!"

But usually a lawyer is a brakeman, not an engineer. And sometimes he is a hobo "stealing blind baggage."

We used to think the big lawyer was the man who kept us out of trouble, and we talked about the lawyers that got you into trouble,

and the lawyers that got you out of trouble, and when we discovered the lawyer that kept us from getting into trouble we thought the final word had been said.

But Colonel Colt was a lawyer who told perplexed businessmen what to do.

His was the farseeing, prophetic vision which makes co-operation possible. And as an economic factor today, competition is as dead as feudalism.

Competition died when the genius of an American inventor devised a machine that could produce commodities beyond the present wants of the people.

It was then discovered that it was better to sell goods at cost than to shut down.

But when you sell at cost it is only a question of time before the receiver will pound on your door, for disintegration and deterioration are always at work. No firm can continue in business and sell at cost.

Co-operation means working with folks, instead of against them.

As I have already intimated, Colonel Colt has not an enemy in the world. He has a smile that is persuasive. He can listen until the other man has explained every grievance, and then he reaches out his hand and the past disappears, and is wiped from the slate forever.

Colonel Colt does not brag about what he has done, nor boast of what he intends to do. He succeeds through selecting men, and binding them to him with hoops of steel.

Friendship plays a big part in modern business. Without the supreme faculty of making friends Colonel Colt could never have gotten together all the warring, jangling, jealous interests that once made up the rubber industry, and united them into one big happy family, where just enough misunderstandings come along to prevent introspection.

The Retort Courteous

SOME years ago I heard Colonel Colt make a speech before the United States Supreme Court.

It was in reply to a noted lawyer who had preceded him in an address which contained a goodly degree of muriatic acid. This man spoke for the prosecution. His tones were loud and declamatory.

When it came Colonel Colt's turn, he arose to speak for the defense, and spoke in a voice that was quiet, friendly and conversational.

¶ Three of the judges who had been asleep—or pretending to sleep—awoke.

Two that were writing letters home laid down their pens. All leaned forward and listened. The auditors ceased whispering.

And then we discovered we could all hear the speaker perfectly.

Colonel Colt scored before he had said a dozen words—he scored because he had compelled the court to come to him.

The speech was about like this:

“Your Honors: I hesitate to address you after the learned argument with which we have just been favored.

“My knowledge of this theme seems to be very slight, and my opponent has covered every possible phase of the subject and done it thoroughly.

“Nevertheless, there are two or three minor points where, possibly, he is in error—unintentionally, of course.

“I am not as well versed in the technical phases of the law involved as I should be. Nevertheless, I will endeavor to present the issue, briefly, as it seems to me.”

Colonel Colt spoke for exactly eleven minutes by the Waterbury.

But during that time he managed in his quiet way to convince the Court and everybody in the room that there was only one proper view of the subject, and that was his.

And the final result was that the Court agreed with Colonel Colt. ¶ Before the United States Supreme Court, oratorical caloric does not pass as legal tender. It is character that counts. A tainted plea is quickly detected.

Nevertheless, the habit of giving everybody due credit, paying deference to your opponents, meeting every issue smilingly and gently, is good, practical psychology.

Colonel Colt is a man in whom other men believe. ¶

“What is the best collateral in the world?” asked Samuel Untermyer of J. P. Morgan when Mr. Morgan was being Pujoed before the Pujo Committee.

“What is the best collateral in the world?” And Mr. Morgan answered, “Character.”

¶ And it was then that Mr. Untermyer asked a question which deserves to rank with that of Pilate.

“What is character?”

And Mr. Morgan replied, “Character is the sum total of what a man is.”

There are not half a dozen men in America who have played bigger parts in industrial development than Colonel Colt.

Character has been the basis for his credit—although he has never talked about it.

Money for investment purposes has flowed to him from every quarter, simply because he knew what he was going to do with funds, and other people's money to him was more sacred than his own. Thus has he won and held the confidence of investors.

It is a tremendous responsibility that has been placed upon this man.

Half of the stockholders of the United States Rubber Company are women, and many of these know still less than the average man about business.

To take their money and use it wisely and invest it safely so it will come back and bring more with it has been the work of Colonel Colt. ¶

The United States Rubber Company has made money for every investor, every employee, every patron.

Colonel Colt does not want to deal with people who are not making money.

He, of all men, believes in co-operation, reciprocity, mutuality.

He has thrived because he has made other people thrive.

The Secret of Success

SAMUEL P. COLT'S success has turned on good health, his ability to laugh and play, his habit of industry, his love of knowledge, his sympathy with the world of workers, his bias for art, and his honesty of purpose.

¶ Art ministers to the sense of sublimity, and the man who can enjoy looking at a beautiful painting, hearing a beautiful piece of music, reading an exquisite poem, has reached a vein of shining spiritual gold.

The transmutation of metals is n't wholly a dream. Some men transmute thoughts into a bank-balance.

Diversity of interests and emotions played off one against another has kept Colonel Colt young. He's a colt, always, I was going to say, but that is obvious.

We used to speak of a man of sixty as old, but no one ever calls Colonel Colt an old man.

¶ He has a boyish heart, he mixes with young people, his heart is gay, and he carries with him the bright anticipations of the morning of life.

The Colt Farm

COLONEL COLT has a farm of four hundred acres, with two miles of water-front, where you can fish, shoot ducks or dig clams. If one crop fails, others make good.

At the inviting entrance of this most remarkable farm is a sign in big bold letters reading thus:

COLT FARM
PRIVATE PROPERTY
PUBLIC WELCOME!

And as I walked in through the spacious entrance I thought of a man who once had a bookplate reading thus: "This book belongs to John Smith."

And another man improved on it this way: "This book belongs to Joseph Brown and his friends."

A third man sandpapered it thus: "This book belongs to William Jones, his Friends and his Enemies."

Colonel Colt has no enemies that he recognizes as such. He greets the public as a friend, everybody is welcome, and I noticed that pretty nearly all the citizens of Bristol and most of the automobilists of Rhode Island regard the Colt Farm as their property.

It is a park and playground for all of the people. So here we get a farm that is more than a farm 🐾 🐾

The barn alone cost one hundred thousand dollars. It houses a herd of perhaps a hundred registered Jersey cattle. It is a lovely herd of cattle all right, but there are some of the cows that are old enough to vote.

I saw this for myself, but it was explained to me privately by Cheesman, the private secretary.

Mr. Cheesman has been on the premises since the time of Roger Williams, and Cheesman confidentially told me that the farm was a losing venture—that if figured up, the milk costs a dollar a quart and the eggs fifty cents apiece. These things are breaking the Cheesman aorta—for Cheesman is a Yankee from Scotland 🐾 🐾

Cheesman one time tried to explain to his Chief that certain cows should be turned over to the butcher, but Colonel Colt gently waived the issue and declared that those cows had stood by him for twenty-five years and he was not going back on them now.

All of Cheesman's endeavors to show a

balance-sheet and figure out the farming loss were pooh-poohed.

"There are some things," said Colonel Colt, "which a man is better off without knowing. In fact, who is there who owns three automobiles who ever dared to figure up what the net cost is per day—in fact, we do not want to know, any more than we want to know the net cost of a baby. These things are luxuries, and all these cows are my babies.

"Go to, Cheesman; take a run up the road and get a little fresh air and figure up how much clams cost you a dozen when you dig them yourself. Also, if convenient, you might study the nature of the clam and profit by its example in several ways that need not be mentioned."

Cheesman was so peeved over the reckless purchase of unproductive bulls that he relieved himself by explaining the matter to me.

But what are dogs, horses, cattle, flowers, pictures, music, but friends that cheer us, sustain us and stimulate us, giving us courage to do and dare—adjuncts to clear thinking and big deeds!

Colonel Colt makes his money out of the rubber business, not farming, and yet when he was subpoenaed on a jury in Boston and his Honor, the Justice of the Peace, asked Colonel Colt his occupation, the reply was, "A farmer." And the Justice of the Peace, who seemed to have his wits with him, solemnly asked, "Is this Court to understand that you are a farmer and not an agriculturist?"

And far away on the horizon a sea-gull called to its rival, "Rubber, rubber, rubber!" 🐾

The Gallic Strain

SAMUEL P. COLT descends from an illustrious line of ancestors.

He traces to Bannockburn, where a lot of Englishmen went up to Scotland—and are there yet. The Colts are Scotch, but the thistle in Colonel Colt's make-up is modified and changed by being crossed with the violet.

¶ His mother was a DeWolf, and the DeWolfs were French—far enough removed, however, to be thoroughly Americanized 🐾

The DeWolfs were interested in the shipping business of New England for over one hundred years. They were privateers in the year Eighteen Hundred Twelve, and owned the ship *Yankee*, which supplied the *Emden* precedents on the high seas in the days of President Jackson.

Colonel Samuel P. Colt now lives in the house, built in Eighteen Hundred Ten, in which his mother was born, and in which she died.

Theodora Colt was an extraordinary woman. She possessed intellect plus, was poetic, kindly, gracious—a magnetic personality, and a woman who wielded large influence in her time, and who has left her impress for good upon the world.

She lived in the early days of the New England Lyceum, and had much to do in extending its vogue. She managed a lecture course in Bristol, engaged the talent, and entertained in her home Emerson, Greeley, Wendell Phillips, Doctor Holmes, and others high in literary repute.

Among the cherished remembrances that have come down to Colonel Colt from his mother are a silver pitcher and wash-basin. These were used by four presidents on their visits to the home of Colonel Colt's father and mother: James Monroe in Eighteen Hundred Seventeen; Andrew Jackson in Eighteen Hundred Thirty-five; Ulysses S. Grant in Eighteen Hundred Sixty-eight; and Chester A. Arthur in Eighteen Hundred Eighty-three.

Colonel Colt did me the delicate and beautiful honor of bringing out this silver set for my use on the occasion of my visit to his home.

The Colt Memorial School

WHAT more fitting monument to a great woman than a Schoolhouse! Yet there are schoolhouses and schoolhouses. But here is a schoolhouse that symbolizes the soul of the great woman in whose memory it was built.

¶ Mrs. Colt possessed the great welling mother heart. Also, she was an artist in spirit. She stood for the beautiful, the useful and the true. And to her these three things were one. "Beauty and use are one," she used to say. Moreover she was an economist, for waste and idleness she could not endure.

¶ So here is a monument beautiful as a dream of Athens at her height, that will pay a dividend every year in minds made better.

¶ It is a place where happiness abounds, because the pupils are busy at congenial tasks. Practical work with the hands has a big place in the curriculum. Youth is taught how to earn a living; how to get under the burden to benefit self by helping humanity. Education for honors is not enough—honors must come, if at all, as a result of a service rendered.

The Colt Memorial School cost three hundred thousand dollars—the whole a gift to the town of Bristol from Colonel Colt, as a loving memorial to his mother.

The Colt Museum of Fine Arts

AND as if this superb schoolhouse were not enough, I discovered that adjoining the Colt Memorial School, a Museum of Fine Arts is under way—also the gift of Colonel Colt.

This Art-Gallery will be an adjunct to the school. It will afford a home for the superb collection of art-treasures that now belong to Colonel Colt. Instead of allowing these priceless properties to be distributed at his passing, he provides, now, that they shall become the property of the people. And so a suitable home is being built for them.

In the collection which is to be transferred to the Colt Museum are three marbles by Rodin, numerous bronzes by Borglum and Barrias, and over a hundred canvases by Rosa Bonheur, and others of the world's great artists living and dead. It is just a practical plan by which an art-collector perpetuates his collection, and gives it to the people.

Theodora Colt

ONE of the loveliest books ever printed and bound by The Roycrofters is a volume of poems written by Theodora Colt.

¶ The poems reveal great delicacy of thought and purity of diction, with a clear and steady gaze into the heart of things.

Only a great and noble woman could have penned these poems.

The range of subjects is wide, and the themes are those that can never grow old—motherhood, work, song, love, play, laughter, and the religion which recognizes the eternal spirit of the Creator in all things. In the work there is a quiet dignity and reserve that mark the superior person. There is nothing cheap, trite or trivial.

The author's Quaker ancestry is apparent. With the Society of Friends, equal rights was n't something to be fought for—it was assumed.

The Voice spoke through women—aye, even more than men.

This woman was a woman's woman. She was the sister of all women and in spirit the mother of all children. She was the friend and the defender of the helpless.

In spirit she was one with Elizabeth Fry,

Lucretia Mott and Florence Nightingale. Colonel Colt is the son of his mother. All that love of beauty—the joy in music, poetry and painting—and the restless ambition, patience and persistence, the grasp on the practical—the knowledge of values, revealed in gentle, kindly humor—all these are the gifts of mother to son.

A Woman of Genius

MRS. COLT read Shakespeare, Addison, Carlyle, and she knew her Emerson by heart. She could repeat whole sermons by Fenelon, and give you essays by Montaigne in French without the book.

Somewhere she read that Macaulay had such a good memory that he could repeat offhand the names of sixty-two Roman Emperors. And she smiled and said, "If Macaulay could do that, so can I."

And so she did, to the delight and wonder of her children, who tried it, too. Not only could Mrs. Colt name the Emperors of Rome, but she could give you the date of the reign of each.

Likewise she could name you the Kings of England, the books of the Bible, the plays of Shakespeare.

She could call the stars by name, and when Henry Ward Beecher once lectured in Bristol she gently corrected him on his astronomical distances and put him right as to the rate at which light traveled.

She memorized scenes from Hamlet, and could recite the Book of Job word for word, with an inflection, emphasis and intelligence that would have done credit to a Siddons or a Rachel.

Mrs. Colt passed away in her eighty-first year, with mind unimpaired and faculties acute to the last. On the very day of her death, when her children were gathering at her bedside, she smilingly named the sixty-two Emperors of Rome, just to show that though her body was weary, her brain was on duty.

And thus, even though she were an Athenian, she had in her make-up a goodly trace of the Spartan, for not even Death could affright her.

¶ She had tasted of life and found it good, and her faith was firm that the Power which had cared for her here, would never desert her there.

And so she fell asleep; and her beautiful, helpful hands were folded forever.

Living the Full Life

COLONEL COLT traces to William Bradford, who came over in the *Mayflower*, a ship which we are told was somewhat overcrowded.

The father of Colonel Colt was Christopher Colt.

Samuel P. was the fourth child.

He was born in Paterson, New Jersey, where his father was in the business of weaving silk.

¶ Young Samuel got his early education at Hartford, Connecticut, where he lived with his uncle, Samuel Colt, inventor of the revolver, and also the maker of a wonderful little printing-press of which there are a full dozen in the Roycroft Shop.

If the testimony were sifted, the fact would be found that Samuel Colt was not only the originator of the revolver, but that he was also the first inventor of the submarine.

Education is a matter of shifting your environment and fitting into new conditions.

At the age of eighteen, Samuel P. was given his choice between Harvard and Massachusetts Institute of Technology. He chose the Tech.

Many of Colonel Colt's nearest and dearest friends are Harvard men, but in merry quip he keeps up the ancient feud. "You can always tell a Harvard man—but you can not tell him much," said Colonel Colt in a speech delivered at a Tech dinner, twenty years ago.

¶ And the remark has passed into the current coin of language.

Tech and Harvard have always been at war. But now Harvard has gotten even by putting in several Tech courses.

Samuel P. Colt, named after his uncle, was a pet of the great inventor, and if the boy did not revolve he certainly evolved.

His uncle used to refer to the lad as his finest discovery.

Colt's love for mechanics and also his pride in the achievements of his uncle had turned him into the direction of the men who do things rather than the men who talk about things. It was the practical education that he wanted, rather than the classic.

Samuel graduated in Eighteen Hundred Seventy-three, went to Europe for a year, changed his mind about going to his uncle's factory as assistant foreman, and decided on a career of his own.

He entered Columbia Law School, New York,

graduated in the Spring of Eighteen Hundred Seventy-six, and was admitted to the Rhode Island bar in Eighteen Hundred Seventy-seven ❧ ❧

He was a handsome rogue, with a military bearing, and combined the graces of the French with the shrewdness of the Yankees, all flavored with the "hoot mon" economy of the Scotch.

He was made a member of the staff of the Governor, on account of his faultless form ❧ Shortly after he was elected a member of the General Assembly of Rhode Island. He was re-elected four successive years, on account of the shape of his head and what there was in it.

❧ He was made chairman of the Committee on Corporations, and in order to fill the position he studied Corporation Law assiduously ❧ ❧

Emerson says that any man who studies anything fifteen minutes a day for three years will be pointed out as an authority on his particular subject.

Samuel P. Colt at thirty years of age was looked upon in New England as an authority on Corporation Law.

He was made Assistant Attorney-General of Rhode Island, and served during the years Eighteen Hundred Seventy-nine, Eighteen Hundred Eighty and Eighteen Hundred Eighty-one ❧ ❧

He became Attorney-General in Eighteen Hundred Eighty-two and served until Eighteen Hundred Eighty-six.

He was one of the Committee appointed to revise the Constitution of the State.

He made various trips to Europe on business for different New England corporations, and when he was appointed as receiver of the National Rubber Company in his own town, it was just a matter of course.

Lawyers, usually, are very fond of the juicy receivership.

Nothing gladdens the heart of the average attorney quite so much as the joy of winding up a bankrupt concern, or mixing in of Jarndyce versus Jarndyce.

Usually he makes the job last until the creditors get discouraged or die or accept anything in order that they may forget the past ❧

Ten Commandments of Business

IN all the history of industrial operations in America I do not know of another case, excepting that of the United States Steel

Corporation, where as great a success as this was worked out by taking a bankrupt concern, putting it on its feet, teaching it to walk, and eventually making of it an Olympian athlete ❧ ❧

I am positive that money is not the big thing in the heart of Colonel Colt.

He plays the game of life. Dollars are the counters in the game.

The money that Colonel Colt has made has come incidentally to a service rendered.

When I think of Colonel Colt I take back all of those remarks tinctured with essence of the Mesabe Range which I have made about lawyers ❧ ❧

Colonel Colt knows the law and he knows humanity, and humanity to him comes first. He has used the law to build, to instruct, to create, and not to embarrass and tie down.

❧ If Colonel Colt should be called upon to revise the Ten Commandments, he would make every one affirmative, and they would read something like this:

I. Thou shalt think well of thyself and well of thy neighbor.

II. Thou shalt add to the health, wealth and happiness of the world.

III. Thou shalt be on good terms with sunshine, fresh air and water.

IV. Thou shalt get eight hours' sleep a day.

V. Thou shalt eat moderately, and exercise every day in the open air.

VI. Thou shalt love the memory of thy mother, and be true to the friends that have done so much for thee.

VII. Thou shalt recognize the divinity in all men.

VIII. Thou shalt remember the week-day to keep it holy.

IX. Thou shalt remember that thee can only help thine by helping other people, and that to injure another is to injure thyself, and that to love and benefit others is to live long and well.

X. Thou shalt love the stars, the ocean, the forest, and reverence all living things, recognizing that the source of life is one.

The Divinity of Service

THE only negative commandment Colonel Colt would introduce would be, "Thou shalt not take thyself too dam serious." ❧ Both the family of Colt and the family of DeWolf trace a royal pedigree and find place in Burke's Encyclopedia of Heraldry.

However, when I asked Colonel Colt for a bill of particulars as to times and places, he gently pooh-poohed the whole proposition and quoted Bobbie Burns, "A man's a man for a' that."

The brother of Colonel Colt, Judge LeBaron Bradford Colt, is United States Senator from Rhode Island, taking the place so ably filled by Senator Aldrich.

Senator Colt is a man of culture and an honor to the body in which he serves.

Had Colonel Colt addressed himself to politics instead of business, he would have climbed pretty nearly to the limit. However, it is fortunate that business absorbed him.

His strong point is his ability to mold men to his own way of thinking. He is the prince of traders. Thus has he been a most important unit in the evolution of this Age of Co-operation in which we live.

However, the strange part is that Colonel Colt thinks of himself as a mechanic and an inventor, and occasionally sighs because he has not the leisure to work out several mechanical inventions which have been seething in his brain.

Next to mechanics Colonel Colt is a farmer. He will talk to you on art, books, business or the rotation of crops. Or, he will try again the old case of the Jerseys versus the Holsteins until you cry, "Hold, enough!"

It is this diversity of interests that has kept the man sound, sane, sweet and wholesome, enabling him to carry great burdens jauntily, by his genius setting vast multitudes at work, adding to the welfare of the world, helping self by helping others.

Business will yet do away with graft and begging. Reciprocity, co-operation and mutuality are the important words now.

WORK is for the worker! Work is for the worker! Did I say that once before? Very well, I think I will print it twelve times a year. Work is for the worker!

We become robust only through exercise, and every faculty of the mind and every attribute of the soul grows strong only as it is exercised. So you had better exercise only your highest and best, else you will give strength to habits or inclinations that may master you, to your great disadvantage. Work is for the worker, and work is a blessing.

TAKE an inventory of your spiritual assets. How do you stand on these? Mark yourself ten where you are perfect; then the rest mark down to about where you are, and see how it looks. Faith, system, energy, service, loyalty, purpose, kindness, economy, industry, courtesy, initiative, intention, frankness, evolution, education, fellowship, patience, courage, responsiveness, tenacity, ambition, harmony, prudence, integrity, obedience, thoroughness, mutuality, mastership, fraternity, endurance, enthusiasm, equanimity, good-cheer, reciprocity, cleanliness, helpfulness, personality, self-respect, orderliness, punctuality, self-control, co-operation, self-reliance, truthfulness, self-sacrifice, perseverance, individuality, concentration.

Man's business is to work—to surmount difficulties, to endure hardship, to solve problems, to overcome the inertia of his own nature: to turn chaos into cosmos by the aid of system—this is to live!

THE world bestows its big prizes, both in money and in honors, for but one thing. And that is Initiative.

What is Initiative? I'll tell you: It is doing the right thing without being told.

But next to doing the right thing without being told is to do it when you are told once. That is to say, carry the Message to Garcia!

¶ Next, there are those who never do a thing until they are told twice: such get no honors and small pay. ¶ Next, there are those who do the right thing only when Necessity kicks them from behind, and these get indifference instead of honors, and a pittance for pay. This kind spends most of its time polishing a bench with a hard-luck story.

Then, still lower down in the scale than this, we find the fellow who will not do the right thing even when some one goes along to show him how, and stays to see that he does it: he is always out of a job, and receives the contempt he deserves, unless he has a rich Pa, in which case Destiny patiently awaits around the corner with a stuffed club.

To which class do you belong?

At last we must admit that the man who towers above his fellows is the one who has the power to make others work for him; a great success is not possible in any other way.

MAN'S RIGHT TO THE OPEN MARKET

By Alice Hubbard



THE reason that the Government investigated, and in a few cases dissolved, trusts, or indicted the officers of the trust, was because they violated the Sherman Act. They carried on their business to the disadvantage of smaller but competing businesses.

It is the law of the jungle, it is the practise of men, for the powerful to overcome the weak. That has been called "Victory."

But "Lord Bobs" said, "There is no victory except that one over a superior people."

Nations have grown great by overcoming small nations. Then they declared that the small nation no longer existed, and proved it by collecting taxes from the conquered.

Belgium is now in this unhappy state. So are Alsace-Lorraine, Poland, the Transvaal.

It was Napoleon's purpose to make the civilized world, France. It was Cæsar's ambition to make the world, Rome. Alexander sighed, then died when the world was his.

New Ethics

THOMAS JEFFERSON set an example to the world, by increasing a nation's real estate through purchase. He it was who called the attention of civilization to national business principles.

It was only a little while ago that "might" made "right." It is only now that we are questioning the right of might.

Men have evolved through business, we say. Business has evolved as men have evolved. Business methods have improved with the morals of men, and the morals of men have improved with the improved methods resulting from justice in business. Each has acted and reacted upon the other. Each is the result of the other and concomitant with it.

Better business makes better men. Better men make better business.

Disagreeable, hard and unjust as some of the investigations of trusts and big business have been, the net result of the agitation is good. It has made, and is bound to make for some time, everybody talk, and then many will think.

The officers now in any trust would blush with shame to smother, forcibly annex, or in any other way act in restraint of the trade of any competing business.

Advertisers no longer hope to increase business by decrying the qualities of the other man's wares.

If you speak detrimentally of a competitor, even the ordinary salesman who has any recognition of values does not echo your sentiments. In fact, he comes to the defense of his competitor; because it is dimly dawning upon him that co-operation is the law of real progress. Men of prescience are anticipating the fulfilment of it, before it is legislated into common use.

We win now through co-operation, not through competition, nor by arraying ourselves in battle-line. We emulate. We respect the other man's right to his own. We let him alone, and we spend our time and strength in work. The only weapon that the laboring man once had, was his ability to stimulate sentiment. He knelt before his master, clasped his hands together to emphasize his helplessness. He wept, and with voice and gesture tried to arouse the sentiment of pity in his master. He confessed weakness, defenselessness—both facts abhorrent to the strong.

Capital and Labor

WHEN labor and capital were at war with each other, labor had but one weapon. It is possibly the only one which the weak and defenseless now have—the negation of a strike. First, "We will not work for you." Then, "We will not let you get others to work for you."

Capital is dependent upon labor and labor

upon capital. It seemed to labor that capital had the whip-hand. And it did, until labor formed a trust or labor-union.

Before that time, the laborer could be smothered, put out of business, had to come to terms, just as the small business had had to respond to the demands of the trust, the powerful ❧❧

Then the labor trust used its formidable weapon, the strike.

It is said by a new rich man, bespangled with diamonds—"Them as has shiners, wears 'em." ❧❧

Those who have power use it. And until they learn how to use it well, they use it ill.

But the net result of labor activities, even the suffering, misery and destruction attendant upon strikes, has resulted in much good. For capital and labor are coming to a degree of understanding that co-operation is their only opportunity for success.

It is the business of Necessity to make everybody think.

The most successful part in this entire struggle is the educational value to both capital and labor ❧❧

The only victory is that of understanding. Every intelligent act is done with our heads.

❧ Labor had to pass through the same stages of development that capital passed. To labor, the joy of the exercise of power, was and is just as sweet, just as desirable, as it is to capital ❧❧

Labor-unions unconsciously insisted upon just as serious hardships for business, as business had imposed upon them, although the period of their tyranny has not been so long.

They had been taught.

"We but teach

Bloody instructions, which, being taught,
return

To plague the inventor. This even-handed
justice

Commends the ingredients of our poison'd
chalice

To our own lips."

Tyranny and Democracy

LABOR'S right to strike was recognized by lawmakers.

Men could work for whom they pleased, when they pleased. They could not be compelled to work for any business for which they did not wish to work.

But a time came when labor assumed the power of lawmaking or legislating for the operators of business; also the power to execute its own laws, without the consent of the governed.

Until a few months ago, labor was contemplated only from the side of pity, and it was dealt with sentimentally.

At the same time the executives of the Government were very busy executing the Sherman Act as applied to trusts and punishing offenders. The labor trust was made an exception ❧❧

Any person sympathizing with capitalists in their efforts to get work done, was considered hard, almost inhuman and wicked. Both of his eyes were cash-registers. His purpose in expressing such sympathy was for gain only. He was filled with greed. He had neither conscience nor morals. His services were for sale to the highest bidder.

The facts that capital had its troubles, was giving employment to labor and serving humanity, were not considered.

Tears of pity for labor were abundant; so was eloquence.

With such popular applause and support, naturally, labor became bold.

On one of the public buildings of Athens, the Greeks carved on three sides, "Be bold," "Be bold," "Be bold," but on the fourth side, "Be not too bold!"

Labor, in the fulness of its strength, forgot that capital, too, was human and had rights: that individuals outside of labor-unions had rights ❧❧

Like the early trusts, it was greedy for more power ❧❧

Labor has its presidents, just as trusts have theirs. Labor leaders did the thinking for all labor, just as capital used to do all the thinking for labor.

The resulting despotism and tyranny of labor are just as vicious and detrimental to society, as the despotism and tyranny of capital. It is just as far away from democracy.

Tyranny and democracy are separated only by the gulfs of ignorance and the heights of intelligence ❧❧

Tyranny thinks for its subjects and compels them to act as he wills, and for his own benefit ❧❧

Democracy thinks and acts for itself, and these thoughts and actions are for the benefit of all.

¶ Finally non-union laborers, their wives, their families, were in fearful danger. Business suffered, and consequently labor.

Labor dictated to capital whom it could hire and whom it could not; how many hours it could work, how many it could not; what wages it should pay. And labor dictated some of the conditions under which labor should be performed ♣ ♣

The Right to Action and Opinion

FINALLY, labor began to look like an Ohio flood, great, terrible and to be feared ♣ Something must be done to direct into safe channels this great power.

We have moved very rapidly in the last few months ♣ ♣

On January Twenty-fifth, Nineteen Hundred Fifteen, the Supreme Court of the United States upheld the employer's right to make certain employment conditions.

"Just as labor organizations have the inherent and constitutional right to deny membership to any man who will not agree that during such membership he will not accept or retain employment in company with non-union men, and just as a union man has the constitutional right to decline proffered employment unless the employer will agree not to employ non-union men, so the employer has the constitutional right to insist that the employee shall refrain from affiliation with the union during the term of employment."

This is a governmental recognition of the fact that labor must not tyrannize over capital, or over individual labor or laborers.

¶ Labor has had sympathizers, many more in number than has capital. The proof of this statement is so plain that it is axiomatic ♣ So when magazines and newspapers began their war on Big Business, they received the support and applause of the many. They built up great institutions for themselves by these methods. Success is sure to those who can please the many.

The pendulum swung so far to the side of sentiment that the time came when it took genuine courage, hardihood, to speak or write in the defense of the enterprisers, those who are carrying the colossal burdens of Big Business ♣ ♣

The men who met the payrolls, paid the taxes, maintained the business, organized it, held it together in spite of panics and dangers, received universal condemnation, if they suc-

ceeded well in accomplishing their work. If a man had much money earned in big business to use in big enterprises, he was a bad man. Yet everybody envied him the results of his work ♣ ♣

The day is not yet past when a person can safely speak or write radically to show the benefits of big business to society at large ♣ The shout goes up instantly that such writers' opinions are bought; that they are not writing as they think; that big business pays them to write, without conscience, for business monopoly. The sentiment of the many is that there is but one honest opinion, and that is the opinion which espouses the cause of the poor, the laborer.

Justice has been pictured as a woman blindfolded, holding a scale at balance in one hand and a sword in the other.

Justice has no blinds over her eyes. She is all-seeing, all-wise.

We are only a little civilized. We are a mob.

¶ But we are growing. For the consensus of opinion of the populace has allowed the Judiciary of the United States to express its decision, to the effect that injustice is no more just when practised by the supposedly weak, than by the supposedly strong; that each has its right to action and opinion.

The Rights of Labor

THE days should be past when we persecute people for expressing their opinions.

Thomas Jefferson tried to make free speech legal. Robert Ingersoll helped to enforce the right ♣ ♣

But there are degrees and degrees and degrees of freedom recognized. Even yet we are not really free to express an opinion which is unpopular, though it may not have in it one of the elements of war. Try suffrage in the South; prohibition in Saint Louis; economic independence for wives in an audience of husbands, and State support for mothers anywhere ♣ ♣

Charlotte Perkins Gilman, in a recent article, very clearly and attractively states, that we recognize it as a crime for which one may recover in money what is termed "damages" for injuring the salability of a man's goods ♣ The laborer has but one thing to sell, and that is labor.

The laborer can receive money for injuries received which impair his ability to labor ♣ The writer has but one thing to sell, that is his

opinion. Whether he expresses it in the form of poetry, a play, letters, novels, short stories, editorials, essays, or advertisements, makes no difference with regard to his right. He has opinions to sell or he would not be a writer, not even of advertisements.

Has the writer the right to offer his opinions for sale where there is a likelihood of their being marketable? ❧ ❧

Has the laborer the right to offer his labor where he can get work?

Has any one the right to boycott a writer because he sells opinions that are not popular?

❧ Has any one the right to destroy or injure the market value of a man's opinion, because his opinions are not sentimental, melodramatic or popular? ❧ Should not the writer's right to sell his opinion be protected as is a man's labor or his merchandise?

Thomas Paine and Mary Wollstonecraft wrote during a time when there were recognized only a few human rights for any but the "Privileged Classes." They made a bold fight for human liberty. Both were denounced and neither of them recognized as saviors, liberators in their own generation. But now we see them as heroes who worked for the equal rights of all humanity.

Spiritual Understanding

WE move from the seen to the unseen. Man's material rights were the first granted protection. It is just now that we have granted the necessary protection to labor. And close upon these is insistent the subtle protection of man's right to think and express his opinions with the safety granted the marketing of produce and of labor.

If a man will not read anything that does not accord with his belief, has he not built for himself a prison, the walls of which his mind can not scale? And has he not made himself as hopeless a prisoner as ever was shut in the Bastille? ❧ ❧

I am not sure that absolute, perfect justice comes to everybody in this world; but I do know that the way to get justice is not to be too anxious about it. As love goes to those who do not lie in wait for it, so does the great reward gravitate to the patient man. It is but common to believe in him who believes in himself, but if you would do aught uncommon, believe yet in him who does not believe in himself ❧ ❧

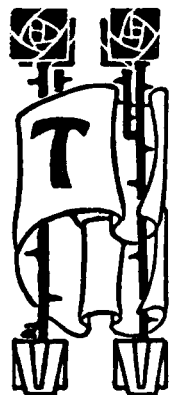
IN all likelihood it will be impossible to keep women a great deal longer from a share in the governments under which they live. It will be useless to offer "something else just as good"—that she shall undertake, for example, to check those arch terrors of the conservative, socialism and divorce. It will be equally futile to threaten that she will lose her property privileges in localities where they are accorded her. It is with women as with men—they "are not led by promises of ease and comfort, by sugar-plums of any kind." Those who seek what they believe to be a right will never cease from fear of a pecuniary loss. What should we say of men who vote or withhold their vote from financial motives? Women will be ready to stand upon a property equality with men when they stand upon political equality. It is safe to say that women will be ready to give their purses to a principle for which men have given their lives ❧ This, in fact, is the actual test of their fitness for the franchise, this and that they shall understand the thing they seek to be no mere gratification, but an added and onerous responsibility.

That which seems too little considered is what men themselves will gain by having woman on an equal footing by making of her a peer who must be judged as such. It will go far toward putting an end to that sense of privilege and exemption upon which woman falls back more and more as advancing society lessens the need of work and effort, making her a parasite, a creature out of touch with the realities of toil and fundamental things.

It is not expedient, not even good worldly policy, to be satisfied with less than the utmost perfection we can conceive, but only those who are given every opportunity can justly be blamed for failing of the best attainment. Yet throughout the ages this blame has been accorded woman, for, despite valiant efforts to idealize her, she has never been to civilized man what he actually wished. She has left him always vaguely unsatisfied, apologizing for her by the phrases of the poets and by the makeshift of a dual standard. But if he would do at least his best to remedy this unfortunate condition of affairs, he must needs face the realization that responsibility begets the power to meet and be worthy of it; and that the highest, the most desirable results are never to be obtained from a restricted and inferior class.—*Gwendolen Overton.*

AMERICA'S GREATEST ACHIEVEMENT

By Doctor James A. Macdonald



THE greatest achievement of America is the joint achievement of her two English-speaking nations. That supreme achievement which North America can show the world is an international boundary-line between two nations, across which in a hundred years neither nation ever once launched a menacing army or fired a hostile gun. Think of that achievement! A thousand miles up the mighty Saint Lawrence, a thousand miles along the Great Lakes, a thousand miles across the open prairie, a thousand miles over a sea of mountains—four thousand miles where nation meets nation and sovereignty meets sovereignty, but never a fortress, never a battleship, never a gun, never a sentinel on guard! Four thousand miles of civilized internationalism—that is North America's greatest achievement.

The Men of America

AND why America's achievement? Why America's alone? Not because these two great nations are spent and wasted forces, degenerate sons of coward sires, weak to defend a national right and slow to resent a national insult.

No redder, prouder, hotter blood ever beat in British veins than the Pilgrim blood of New England, the Cavalier blood of Virginia, the Celtic blood of North Carolina, or the blood of the Ulster Scot of Kentucky and Tennessee. The same blood, red, proud, hot, throbs through Canadian veins from Cape Breton to Vancouver. Not blood from Britain alone, but from France as well, and from Germany. All the great war nations of Europe, through the generations, have poured their best blood into the heart of America. If blood tells, that blood should tell in us. And that blood has told. The men of America, in the United States

and Canada, have never belied their breed. On the battlefields of the Revolution the American Republic justified its breed; and in the deadlier Civil War, with more prodigal hand, South and North alike paid the full measure of devotion to causes they deemed to be great. Canada's half-century of national history has no war page, and no battlefield consecrated by the blood of her sons; but, not once or twice in Britain's blood-writ story, the sons of Canada, by their deeds of valor in the Empire's wars, have proved to the world their British heritage.

No, whatever else may be true, Europe can not say that North America's greatest achievement was wrought by nations of the lesser breed and the craven heart. Nor can it be said that this continent has been without excuse for war. Again and again questions have arisen, situations have been created, tempers have been aroused, which in other times and for other nations would have involved the excuse of national honor and vital interest, and the gauntlet would have been thrown down.

To all the boasted defense policies of the war nations of Europe, North America offers straight contradiction, and through a hundred years of peace these two civilized nations have given to Europe's war-lords the unflinching and triumphant lie. The Great Lakes are not barbarized by the black menace of forts and battleships, because the two nations they divide desire supremely to be free, are fit for freedom, and have each united all their peoples in unchallenged devotion to freedom's great experiment. Through this one great lesson in North America the American Republic and the British Empire are working into the public opinion of the world this maxim of international politics: Any nation that desires to be free and is fit to be free, and stands for national freedom, must be given freedom's unfettered chance.

Europe's Colossal Failure

A CIVILIZED international boundary and a century of peace—that is America's greatest achievement. That thing, unique, original, North America alone has done, and because of that achievement these two nations have earned the right, when this wicked war is over, to stand up in the councils of the nations and teach the home-lands of American colonists the more excellent way. What the sons in America have done on the Great Lakes, on the Saint Lawrence, on the Niagara, and across the sweeping plains, the fathers in Britain, in France, and in Germany might do, ought to do, on the North Sea and in the Channel. It can be done on all the continents. The jungle can be made a neighborhood. The remainders of barbarism can be swept away on every boundary-line. If America takes her stand and leads the way, all the continents will do it.

Here we stand, we of America, facing the colossal failure of Europe. The boundary-lines between European countries are yawning with forts, bristling with bayonets, and most of them bedabbled with blood. For forty years those defenses have been a growing menace to all the world. Europe has been an armed camp. The nations lived in the Fool's Paradise of Armed Peace until they found it the Fool's Hell of Bloody War. They all said, "In Peace prepare for War." Here in North America our two nations for a hundred years have been saying, "In Peace prepare for More Peace." In Europe they got, as they were bound to get, the thing they prepared for—War. In America we got, as we deserved to get, the thing we prepared for—a hundred years of More Peace.

The New Day

BUT this hundred years of peace has not saved America from the colossal failure of Europe's half-century of preparation for war. North America has become a neighborhood; but England remained a jungle. The world is too small for any continent to live to itself, or for any country to stand alone. The United States in this war is neutral, and neutral I hope and pray it may remain. But neutrality has not saved the people and the interests of this Republic from its share of the world's sorrows, or of the incalculable suffering and loss which this war entails. Canada was worlds away from the mad vortex

of European militarism, but the widening circle of that awful maelstrom has swept Canada into its deathful whirl. We had all thought a war in Europe never could come nigh our dwelling. But it has come. And it shall come nearer still, into our homes, into the bleeding places of our hearts. We have been parties to the world's uncured folly. The Republic and the Empire both have said, "In Peace prepare for War." With half the homes of Europe bleeding at every pore, we can not expect and we can not ask that our homes and our countinghouses and our nations and our continent alone in all the world shall be spared the world's awful baptism of blood. ¶ But a new day shall dawn. Out of this weirdness and welter a new world shall rise. Up from this horror and death America must come with its schools and colleges and universities and churches: America, having seen enough of blood and carnage in the old world, to take a fresh stand for the new; America, with its eye undimmed, its faith unbroken, and its hope triumphant in a new life, a larger life, a life not of militarism and world-mastership, but of love and justice and the brotherhood of man!

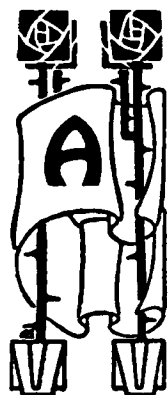
If you think a thing is right, never mind what the many say—stick to it.

THE idea of allowing a government tribunal to fix prices at which a private business concern shall sell its goods, is based on the hypothesis that the men composing this committee that names the rates shall be wise and just in their decisions, free from prejudice, and have the interests of the entire country at heart.

It is the idea of the absolute monarchy carried one step further. No better form of government exists than one-man power—provided the monarch is wise and just. Experience, however, has shown that men are fallible. And to place undue power in the hands of an individual, or an oligarchy, is fraught with very great danger. We have done away with kings in America, but we place the power of life and death over our greatest industries in the hands of men singularly incapable. ¶ The result is that, through stubbornness or ignorance, or both, the entire business of the country is suffering from creeping paralysis.—*Henry Watterson.*

FINANCE AND BUSINESS

By B. C. Forbes



AMERICA is a big country. It has won its way by doing big things in a big way. To still forge ahead, it must do bigger things in a bigger way.

Savages do not know enough to effect organization. Each goes his own way. Co-operation in supplying wants is unknown. Consequently they get no farther. But the United States can not go back to the happy-go-lucky individualism of the savage. And no Administration can turn the hands of the economic clock backward. Bigness is too often confounded with badness.

Littleness is not necessarily a virtue.

Will any sane man argue that America could hold her own in the world's market-places were every large business concern to be split into small units? In the hurly-burly of foreign competition the giant is apt to overcome the pigmy, the powerful to defeat the weak. The ten-thousand-dollar organization stands slight chance of conquering a new continent if a hundred-million-dollar combination is also in the field.

Corporations represent co-operation. And surely co-operation is not in itself a crime. Is not virtually every great movement a species of co-operation?

Government is nothing but one form of co-operation; indeed, it is the biggest of all combinations.

Educational systems are the embodiment of co-operation.

Religion is propagated by co-operation and counsels it.

Without co-operation we would have had no transcontinental railroads. An individual can run a stagecoach, but can not build or operate a railroad.

Steamship services are established and main-

tained through co-operation. But an individual can row a small ferryboat.

When nails were made by hand, an individual could set up as a nail-maker. But the Twentieth Century iron-foundry or steel-mill calls for co-operation.

Machinery invariably involves co-operation, both for its manufacture and for its operation. And machinery is only in its infancy.

Industry has graduated from the rudimentary one-man stage. It now necessitates grand-scale action. It demands more capital than one purse can supply. It needs the pooling of many purses and the co-operation of more than one pair of hands.

Our Government's whole conception—misconception—of economic laws must be changed. And the sooner it is changed, the sooner will idle men find work and hungry men food. In a nutshell, Big Business must be regulated. It can not be abolished.

To seek to tear apart every large enterprise is the quintessence of pin-headed folly.

But to effectively regulate every enterprise in the public interest were the height of statesmanship.

The Great Needful

THE thing can be done. Most of our business leaders are willing to aid in bringing it about. If the politicians would study fundamentals more and their own aggrandizement less, the task could be carried out peacefully and expeditiously. Some of the so-called anti-trust—but in reality anti-business, little as well as big—legislative proposals reveal gross misunderstanding of the very rudiments of trade and commerce. If enacted into law and rigidly enforced, chaos would be precipitated. The framers of these impossible bills profess to mean well; so do all schemers. But in this workaday world men are usually judged by results, not by their intentions. The public have little patience with ignorance that brings ruin to innocent parties.

Were America to prohibit bigness in business her foreign competitors would quickly pass her in the race for markets. Co-operation is essential to Twentieth-Century industrial success. And the puny co-operation of today will doubtless look Liliputian to our descendants of the Twenty-first Century.

When co-operation is abused the door for successful competition opens. Under proper governmental regulation abuse can be summarily dealt with. In future the alternative of Government Ownership will enter more prominently into consideration whenever any dominating clique of men or trusts persist in flouting the public will and convenience. Really big men already realize this.

Only little people, only little politicians, are obsessed with the notion that what the nation needs is Little Business. Brains that think big understand full well that America needs Big Business—Bigger Business than we have yet conceived

Obedience is not slavishly to obey this man or that, but it is that cheerful mental state which responds to the necessity of the case, and does the thing without any back talk—uttered or unexpressed.

A MUNICIPAL CREED.—Said the Spirit of the Modern City: I believe in myself, in my mission as defender of the liberties of the people and guardian of the light of civic idealism

I believe in my people, in the sincerity of their hearts and the sanity of their minds, in their ability to rule themselves and to meet civic emergencies, in their ultimate triumph over the forces of injustice, oppression, exploitation and iniquity.

I believe that good food, pure water, clean milk, abundant light and fresh air, cheap transportation, equitable rents, decent living conditions, and protection from fire, from thieves and cutthroats, and from unscrupulous exploiters of human life and happiness, are the birthright of every citizen within my gates; and that in so far as I fail to provide these things, even to the least of my people, in just this degree is my fair name tarnished and my mission unfulfilled.

I believe in planning for the future, for the centuries which are to come, and for the many thousands of men, women and children who

will reside within my gates and who will suffer in body, in mind, and in worldly goods unless proper provision is made for their coming.

I believe in good government and in the ability of every city to get good government; and I believe that among the greatest hindrances to good government are obsolete laws, which create injustice; outgrown customs, which are unsocial; and antiquated methods, which increase the cost of government and destroy its efficiency.

I believe that graft, favoritism, waste or inefficiency in the conduct of my affairs is a crime against my fair name; and I demand of my people that they wage unceasing war against these municipal diseases, wherever they are found and whomsoever they happen to touch.

I believe that those of my people who, by virtue of their strength, cleverness or thrift, or by virtue of other circumstance, are enabled to lead cleaner lives, perform more agreeable work, or think more beautiful thoughts than those less fortunate, should make recompense to me in public service for the advantages which I make it possible for them to enjoy. I believe that my people should educate their children in the belief that the service of their city is an honorable calling and a civic duty, and that it offers just as many opportunities for the display of skill, the exercise of judgment, or the development of initiative as do the countinghouses and markets of the commercial world.

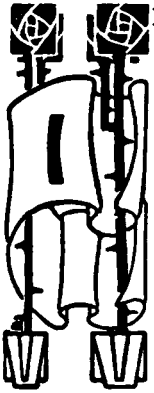
Finally, I believe in the Modern City as a place to live in, to work in, and to dream dreams in, as a giant workshop where is being fabricated the stuff of which the nation is made, as a glorious enterprise upon whose achievements rests in large measure the future of the race.—*Thomas L. Hinckley.*

The man who can lose himself in his work is the man who will succeed best.

GOD bless our home" is a motto we love. God bless our flat, or boarding-house, or stag-quarters or furnished room is a pleasantry. A local habitation, with the name called "home," is humanity's greatest need. Winds may rove, waters run, birds fly, but man needs a fixed place with moral obligation if he is to make the most of his material, mental and moral nature.—*Rev. Golightly Morrill.*

THE GRIMMEST JEST IN ALL HISTORY

By David Starr Jordan



IN a recent number of a popular magazine a well-known writer uses these words:

"Towering over the Carnegie Plein glitters the Peace Palace, history's grimmest jest and the world's greatest monument to failure." ❧ ❧

Let us look at the facts.

Those people who have struggled to prevent this war and who have worked for the supremacy of law and decency over intrigue and greed in international affairs have found in Holland for the last twenty years a hospitable reception. Holland lies outside the currents of militarism and of rival exploitations, which in an accelerating degree have threatened to ruin Europe. The courtesy of the capital city of Holland has found place for the meeting of those conferences and tribunals devoted to the extension of security and law. The friends of peace have also met in other capitals, notably in Brussels, Berne and Stockholm, but of all available cities, The Hague has been usually the most convenient ❧ ❧

In recognition of these needs, Mr. Carnegie gave to the Government of Holland something over a million dollars, to be used for the erection of halls adequate for the varied purposes of international activity. The people of Holland have put up a handsome building in the Dutch style of red and white brick, and they have surrounded it with a beautiful garden ❧ The building does not glitter, nor is it in any sense a "palace," though its Dutch name, "Vredenspalast," translates itself as "peace palace." ❧ ❧

No one expected that a hall of meeting would, of itself, bring peace to a careless, greedy world which spent half its earnings on the cultivation of hate. It was simply a meeting-place for those who believed in the future rule

of sanity, and who served a cause that must ultimately triumph, a cause which must outlast armies and navies and kings and empires. Not to believe that civilization can be made law-abiding would be to despair of human destiny ❧ ❧

Just now we can not meet in those halls, for the lawbreakers of Europe have brought chaos in all international relations. It is understood that one of the faithful, Professor Ludwig Quidde, of Munich, finds his place there, and when the channels of travel are opened we shall find a thousand men ready for the war against war to where there was one in the careless and cynical days before Nineteen Hundred Fourteen.

What of the Future?

SHALL we ever need these halls again? Is the riot of murder and robbery for which no man nor nation dare stand sponsor the last word in history? Is all human achievement to go the way of Malines and Louvain and Rheims? Is there no power higher than the armed State? Is there no public opinion, no voice of God, above the voice of the howitzer? Is the crush of rival military efficiencies the end of our Christian civilization?

We do not believe this. We have faith in man and, therefore, in the God within him. We have been heading straight toward war, gathering our weapons in the sacred name of peace. We shall fill the halls again when the pirates are swept from the lanes of traffic. There are a hundred, maybe a thousand, who see war today for what it is, where there was one a year ago.

When we have buried our dead and fed the starving millions that war has robbed, we shall come to The Hague again, and this Hall of Peace will be only one of ten thousand we shall need and find all over the world.

What, then, is the grimmest jest, the costliest failure in all history? Its name is Military Efficiency. It is the search for peace through

hate. It is the armed peace, the use of barbarism as a defense against barbarism. Europe has spent ten millions of dollars a day to hire men and buy guns to defend itself against itself. Armies and navies have their destined purpose, and this purpose is not security nor peace. To be prepared for war is to get it. Military Efficiency may bring victory. It never brought peace. The race for armament became the race for the abyss, and its end is the ruin of Europe. Exhaustion, pestilence, death, the weirdest imagination could conjure up nothing worse than what is happening today ❧

"To safeguard peace we must prepare for war." This is the watchword of the grimdest jest, the costliest failure in history.

The Terrible Lesson

SINCE the writer began this note, barely an hour ago, the war has already in that short time cost more than the Peace Palace at The Hague. Every day of war costs forty times Mr. Carnegie's gift. Every six hours of daylight Europe spends in destruction as much as all the world has ever paid to bring on the peace of security and mutual trust. And the greatest part of the few millions given to this work has been American money. All that the continent of Europe has spent for a century in abating hatred and suspicion would not keep the war going for an hour.

Every week this war must cost us of America, non-combatants, under the flag where hatred dies away, the cost of a peace palace. The war paralyzes our enterprise, while on the other hand it forces on us the duty of feeding the nations crushed under the war-god's heel ❧ Indemnity! There is not coin enough in the world to make good the sufferings of Belgium and Servia and Poland, torn by the rivalries of her three flags.

It is for us to bind up the wounds, to soften the hatreds, to hold charity toward all and malice toward none.

But the one terrible lesson we must never forget: War breeds war, and there is nothing so costly as impersonal hate. "The world's grimdest jest, the costliest failure in history," is the use of military efficiency as insurance for peace.

It is easy to get everything you want, provided you first learn to do without the things you can not get.

BOOKS should be owned and read for the same reasons that other necessities and desirable possessions are purchased and retained. Mind and soul require development and reinforcement equally with the body, and no man or woman is normal who does not recognize the needs of the spirit and provide for it the refreshment necessary for its sustenance and growth.

It is doubtful if a borrowed book has the same effect and influence on its reader as a book that is a personal possession ❧ Its reading is apt to be that of casual acquaintanceship rather than responsive friendship, and when returned, is very often as promptly out of mind as out of sight.

But a book of one's own selection, bought with one's own money, read with the joy of ownership, and kept on the table or put on the shelf, grows day by day an ever dearer friend ❧

There are people who at times have to make a choice between books and bread. There are times when the bread needed is—books.

—Kate Langley Bosher.

Conscription! By all means. But let it be intellectual and handicraft conscription of all youths and maidens of the United States between the ages of thirteen and twenty every day from nine A. M. to two P. M.

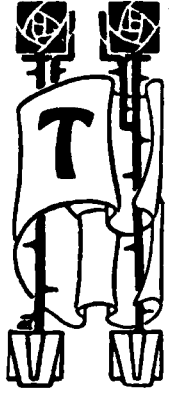
If it pays to conscript to make destroyers, surely it would pay to conscript to make creators! ❧

DO you know what it is to be failing every day, and yet to be sure—humbly, but deeply sure—that your life is, as a whole, succeeding? You want to do the best work that a man can do—to make life brighter and nobler for your fellowmen. Not a day passes that you do not try somehow to do that blessed work. But every time you turn away after one of those attempts to give sympathy or inspiration to your brethren, how ignoble are the words which you mean to be so generous and warm! And yet, after all, you know that the whole life does not fail. Still there is the purpose! It does not die ❧ It is not given up. It presses forward more and more determined every day ❧ Every day it grows clearer and clearer to you that without that wish and hope and resolution life would not be worth living.—Phillips Brooks.



THE BUSINESSMAN AND POLITICS

"The Railway Review"



THE scarcity of businessmen in all departments of government is becoming more and more a matter for serious consideration. Generally speaking, our laws are made by lawyers in legislative bodies, construed by lawyers in courts, and administered by lawyers in executive positions. When a bureau or commission is created with mixed administrative and judicial functions it is filled with lawyers or (a recent innovation) professors from colleges. The lawyers on the bench may, and do, disagree with the lawyers in legislative halls and their deputies in boards and bureaus. In considering the question, "Who is a businessman?" we may, perhaps, proceed, first, by way of elimination. The members of the learned professions are not businessmen. Their knowledge of business is acquired from the outside, and is theoretical. They consider that the limitations of their own profession are well defined, and, of course, magnify their calling. They look upon business as an undefined, indeterminate, lawless and unscientific pursuit. Anybody can go into it without any special preparation. Its special end is the acquirement of money, which is accomplished by blundering when not by plundering. It is a "catch as catch can" affair, in which "he may take who has the power, and he may keep who can." It is a thing to be looked down upon, just as aristocracy and caste have for ages looked down upon "trade." It may be a necessary evil, but it is evil; and the professions exist, through a merciful Providence, to set it right.

The Laws of Business

IN recent years the lawyers in office, not content with the heavy tribute that business pays them at all times, have sought absolutely to control business. Business, or commerce, has been the predominating element in modern

civilization. Always reaching out, expanding and necessarily controlling, it has availed itself of all of the ingenuity of man to accomplish its purposes. It offers the greatest rewards, and in a free community every individual is dependent upon it, and interested in its growth and development. Naturally it has been and doubtless still is, in many of its stages, ruthless and unjust. But the development of business has been constantly toward the elimination of savagery and brute power. The "business idea" has been gradually changing from mere shrewdness and conscienceless selfishness to one of a high grade of honor, in which service and fairness predominate. This improvement has come principally from within, influenced, of course, by religion and morals, and supplemented by law. Business is no longer a mob of unprincipled men struggling wildly for personal advantage. It is becoming an organized and disciplined army, moving according to a code of principles, evolved not in cloisters or law chambers, but in the actual work of the world, in the shops, the field, and the office. The laws of business have made themselves and they are founded upon the immutable facts of human nature and social progress. They are stronger than written law, and in the end prevail over adverse statutory force. They have developed, not in the minds of dreamers, but in the forge and heat of human contact. The businessman is not made in the schools. Preparation is undoubtedly of great value to him, but experience is his great teacher. Some theories are workable—others are not—and some may be feasible, but not worth while in net results. The man of successful business experience is not the dull, lumbering brute that some modern theorists and reformers would make him out. He reads and thinks and discriminates. He proves all things which look good, and adopts those which work out well in practise.

The Business Instinct

WHO would willingly submit his case on any question of fact and business policy to a jury of lawyers instead of a jury of solid businessmen? Yet we as a people are doing just that thing. We mistrust business success and we ignore counsel which money could not buy, because it is not in itself an article of commerce, as professional services are. The quality of business tact, or ability, is the highest-priced of any, because it brings its possessor the greatest returns. For this reason, among others, it is not employed in public service, because the public will not pay what it is worth. But doubtless the principal reason is that the election and the appointment are to the smoothest talkers and to those who want the jobs most; and because appointing powers generally select their own kind. Until businessmen of all degrees get into politics as businessmen and undertake to secure fair treatment of business by law, the existing evils will continue.

We are far from claiming that business methods are always all right, or that business does not need regulation. The game may be killed by rules, and it is possible to regulate business to death. What it needs is sane regulation—a harmonizing of theory and practise. And this never can be reached through regulators who have had no experience in the game, and are full of theories for the revolution of everything except their own particular profession. Human relations are complex. For righting them the wisdom of those whose philosophy has been acquired in experience is needed not less than that of the theorists overconfident in their own infallibility.

Surely it is not too much for the business world today to demand that it have a voice in the movements for bettering its own condition. We have the spectacle just now of a business-regulating body whose decisions are practically final, composed of men not one of whom lays any claim to individual experience or any right to be called, in the common acceptance of the name, "a businessman"; and as a result practically the entire business of the country is paralyzed. Such a condition could not have occurred with a properly balanced commission. Is the country to learn nothing from this untoward experience?

When in doubt, mind your own business

THERE is a picture in the State House of Minnesota which tells the story of American experience. A prairie-schooner with its oxen is toiling westward, bearing a plain family to some undiscovered home, and above this prosaic caravan hover the angels of hope and faith and love, pointing the way to go. Below is the spirit of commercialism, and above the spirit of idealism, and the plodding life of America marches on between the angels and the soil.

Here, then, we stand, in these days which are testing the American character, and in the conflict of these two forces lies the problem of our future. Are we to be the victims of our own prosperity, and robbed of our ideals by the very magnitude of our commercial gains? Then we shall go the way of earlier nations, Persia, Egypt, Rome, and the history of our decline will become a warning and a byword to the world. Or, is it possible that the very conditions of our commercial life are likely to create among us a new idealism—not the languid and esthetic taste which drives people away from our democracy and makes them at home among aristocracies, monarchies, castles and ruins, but the robust and virile idealism which issues from great tasks, summoning to their service the best that is in men? Many signs of the times, I think, may encourage one in the belief that this emergence of a new idealism is actually occurring at the present time, and that our future may be surveyed with a confident, even though it may be an anxious, hope.—*Francis G. Peabody.*

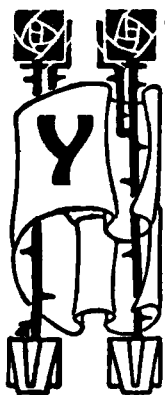
This is a busy world, but the age is calling for men who can help bear its burdens, who can do things, whose faces are turned toward the sunrise

WE naturally dislike being taxed more heavily, for fear the money will be wasted or stolen; but are we not reasoning around a circle? Can conditions be better until a great deal more is spent upon worth-while education, which means greater taxation? Can the masses become property-owners except as we give up something? Let us take time once in a while to follow our arguments through to a final conclusion. The very fact that the "cheap politicians" exist is to me a reason why we should spend more to eliminate them.

—*Roger W. Babson.*

WILDERISMS

By Marshall P. Wilder



YOU know in rough weather they build a fence round the table to keep the dishes down. I was just pursuing a piece of bread when the ship did a figure eight, and the lady opposite me got my bread, and I got her fish. For the rest of the meal we fed each other.

I was getting them over the plate with an inshoot when she stole home on a wild pitch.

The day I was feeling the worst, the passengers asked me to get up a concert. I had gotten up everything else, so I said I would try. We had a prima donna on board who was having her voice cultivated in Paris. I guess she was going over to get it. I know she did n't have it with her.

She told me she had a wonderful voice, but people don't mind what they say on shipboard.

¶ The night of the concert was rough, and she chose a fitting selection, *Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep*. She was well started, when the ship gave a sudden halt and threw her under the table. I was accompanying her on the piano, and so had to follow her—and the piano followed me. “Beg pardon,” I said, “but is this a concert or a knockabout act?” She thought she was down for a solo, but she was down for an hour and ten minutes.

Afraid He Would

A FRIEND of mine was raffing off a clock. He approached an Irishman and urged him to take a chance on the timepiece.

“No,” said the Irishman; “Oi ’ll not take it. Oi hov no use for a clock and would n't know what to do with it if Oi had it.” ¶ “Oh, never mind,” came the reply in a reassuring voice. “Take a chance; you may not get it.”

Taken at His Word

GROVER CLEVELAND was out hunting one day when he was overtaken by darkness, and coming to a fisherman's hut knocked

at the door. The family had retired, but after repeated knockings a man put his head out of a window and asked:

“Who's there?” ¶ “I—Grover Cleveland.”

“Well, what do you want?”

“I want to stay here all night.”

“All right, stay there!”

He Probably Did

THE kind father took little Isadore to Coney Island. Little Issy was a very cross kid on the way down. The father tried to keep him quiet with an offer of pennies and one thing or another, but Issy yelled louder and louder. His father hit upon a new scheme. ¶ “Look, Isadore, I vill take my hat und throw it oud der window und ven you vistle it vill come back.”

The father kept putting the hat out and bringing it back with an air of mystery every time little Issy whistled. It worked wonders with Isadore's conduct, for he soon stopped crying, and was in a gay mood in a jiffy. Finally, when the father was n't looking, Isadore took the hat, held it out of the window, and let it drop. The hat went sailing down into the dirt along the tracks. Isadore poked a scared face out after it, and then yelled:

“Fadder, der hat iss gone—VISTLE!”

Badly Needed

GENERAL SHERMAN, whom I had the honor to count among my closest friends, once told me a story about a chaplain in the army whose powers of conversation were so extraordinary that he had brought to the mourners' bench almost every man in the battery. He said to the sergeant one day that he was much gratified at the results of his work, but there was one man, Johnson, who was a terrible blasphemer, on whom he could seem to make no impression.

“For goodness' sake, chaplain, don't try to reform Johnson!” exclaimed the sergeant, aghast; “for if you do there won't be no one left to swear at the mules!”

DESTRUCTION OF KANSAS

By Henry J. Allen



THE Distillers' Association is sending out a new argument against prohibition. It says that prohibition "ruined the grape industry in Kansas." It claims that in the Eighties this industry was over two hundred thousand dollars a year, and it is estimated as less than twenty-five thousand dollars now.

The grape industry was n't the only industry ruined by prohibition. There was the mint industry. Prohibition killed the mint-julep; hence there was no more demand for mint except in a few homes where they made mint-sauce for Spring-lamb dressing.

Then there was the blow to the egg industry. Men no longer use eggs for eggnog, since the eggnog departed. When prohibition came, the hens had been doing their best in their free way to keep the egg industry alive, and you could get eggs for eight cents a dozen. Since prohibition hit the egg industry, you have to pay two cents apiece for eggs. Prohibition took the life out of the hens. They do not seem to have anything to cackle about since the saloon left us.

A man over in the eastern part of the State used to make roulette-wheels. He was a fine cabinetmaker, and the wheels he turned out for roulette and other games of chance were mounted with ivory and mother-of-pearl. Prohibition killed that industry also.

In fact, prohibition has killed about every industry in Kansas except the raising of wheat and corn and alfalfa and fruit and livestock; potatoes and peas and cabbages and "garden sass"; chickens and ducks and geese, and horses and mules.

It busted up many of our prominent gamblers, paralyzed the beer-gardens, and absolutely killed the bartenders' union.

Bleeding Kansas

PROHIBITION has left very little of Kansas except the growing crops in her fields, the stock in her stock-pens, the dreary round of work, work, work in her factories and stores and other industries. It has left us little to do in hours of leisure except just to fall in love, to get married, send our children to school, go abroad occasionally, join the church when we feel like it, run into each other with expensive automobiles, and store our money away in dusty bank-vaults, instead of giving it to cheerful gentlemen with white aprons, who used to stand in front of cut-glass bars and say, infrequently, "This one is on the house."

Where once you saw long lines of men on Saturday night going joyfully into rooms where the doors always swung in, never out, where there was sawdust on the floor and a merry crowd standing around the mahogany bar, where they were treating all around, and a man could get his salary check cashed and spend it right there on his boon companions, and then go enthusiastically home and break up the furniture and give his wife a black eye—instead of all those manifestations of a care-free people which characterized the saloon day, we now have nothing but gloom.

We see men going quietly into butcher-shop or grocery-store or department-store to get their weekly salary checks cashed, and then going moodily home with shoes for the children and beefsteak for supper and the fixings for a heavy Sunday dinner the next day, and you know instinctively that there will be no hilarity in that home that night and nothing to cheer the lives of these people except such sober activities as mother may introduce into the family circle.

There is nothing in that family to look forward to except a comfortable Sunday dinner, and possibly a decorous ride around town in the family motor-car in the afternoon.

THEY ARE ALL GOOD ROADS THAT LEAD TO EAST AURORA



THE Roycroft Inn is open throughout the year ; a modern hotel, with steam heat, electric lights, running water, hot and cold. Baths aplenty — and Out-of-Door Sleeping-Apartments.

The Roycroft Inn is the home of Elbert Hubbard and The Roycrofters.

☛ The reception-room is large and roomy. It has a big fireplace where logs crackle from the first signs of frost in the Fall, until the birds and flowers are here. There are Morris chairs in abundance, and visitors may dream before this fire in all the comfort that such surroundings can bring.

The Roycroft Inn is furnished throughout with beautiful, strong furniture made by The Roycrofters.

Oak, mahogany, bird's-eye maple, and ash are the woods used.

The music-room has mural decorations painted by Alexis Fournier. This is a beautiful room, unlike any other that you can see anywhere.

The dining-room is also unique and different. The tables are furnished with food fresh from the Roycroft Farm ; with vegetables, meats, milk, cream, butter, fruits in their season.

☛ There is a modern bakery that furnishes most appetizing and digestible foods.

Why not plan to spend your Easter vacation at the Roycroft Inn? Rest, read, recreate in a beautiful, comfortable, unique hotel.

Rates, \$2.50 to \$5.00 a day, American plan. Single rooms, connecting rooms, outdoor sleeping-rooms, suites with bath.

Write for Roycroft Inn Booklet.

THE ROYCROFT INN, EAST AURORA, N. Y.

COWARD *and* KING CRISPIN



WHEN I think of Coward, America's Quality Cobbler, I do a cerebral bee-line to Saint Crispin ♪ ♪

♪ Ever heard of Saint Crispin?

♪ He is the patron saint of the shoemakers' craft. If you doubt me, interview your *Britannica* ♪ ♪

♪ Legendary chronicles of Crispin go back to the Eighth Century. He was a member of a noble family in Rome.

♪ Crispin and his brother, Crispinian, tramped the open road to Soisson, where they preached Christianity and pegged shoes. Needless the pun, but they saved both souls and soles.

♪ One day Emperor Maximian ordered both executed. So the Crispin brothers became martyrs. And even today in some parts of England and Scotland we find King Crispin day celebrated by the shoemakers' guilds. October Twenty-fifth is the day.

♪ In this country we do not hear much of Crispin Day. But there is a day that corresponds.

♪ In the land of "Made in America," Crispin Day has been displaced by COWARD DAY.

♪ COWARD DAY is not celebrated on October Twenty-fifth. COWARD DAY is an every-day, all-the-year-'round festival. For Coward is the King Crispin of today, and wearers of the Coward shoes are always ready to pay him tribute.

♪ Like the legendary Roman missionaries, Coward attends to your sole needs, and, incidentally, your soul has a better chance, futuristically, when your feet are in comfort.

♪ Coward has been a disciple of Crispin, in one location, for fifty years, lacking three, come Saint Crispin's Day.

♪ Better send for a Coward Catalog.

SOME COWARD MODELS FOR 1915

<i>The Coward Good-Sense Shoe (made especially for tender feet)</i>	<i>The Coward Arch-Support Shoe</i>
<i>The Coward Bunion Shoe</i>	<i>The Coward Orthopedic Shoe</i>
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DEVOTED TO
THE BUSINESS
OF ... LIVING

Vol. XV

MAY, 1915

No. 2



ALBERT HUBBARD
EDITOR
EAST AURORA, N.Y.



Building Better Babies

BABY brings with him many problems. His wants are few. If you give him the right kind of food all other problems are simple. You have been eating Shredded Wheat Biscuit as a breakfast food all these years. You know it is good for adults—but did you know that nothing equals Shredded Wheat as a food for the baby? When mother's milk fails and cow's milk does not "agree" with him, just try

SHREDDED WHEAT BABY FOOD

One pint water, one-half pint milk, one Shredded Wheat Biscuit, one-sixteenth teaspoon salt, two teaspoons granulated sugar. Bring the water to a boil, then add the Shredded Wheat Biscuit and cook slowly for fifteen minutes. Remove from the fire and add the milk, salt and sugar, then strain through a fine cheese cloth. When ready to use heat the required amount to 98° F., and give by means of a feeding bottle.

Thousands of babies have been saved by this Shredded Wheat Baby Food and we have hundreds of letters expressing the gratitude of mothers. A baby will thrive on this food when its stomach rejects all other foods. It contains the life of the wheat in a digestible form. We tell you more about it in our new booklet, "Building Better Babies" which is sent free for the asking.

The Shredded Wheat Company, Niagara Falls, N. Y.

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THE MARES OF DIOMEDES



THE place of honor in the New York Metropolitan Museum is given to *The Mares of Diomedes*. ¶ This is a bronze piece of statuary, modeled by Gutzon Borglum. ¶ Borglum spent his boyhood days in the Far West, and he can not remember a time when he did not ride horses.

Only a horseman, familiar with all kinds of horses—including wild, running, terrified, frenzied animals—could ever have worked out this wonderful piece of modeling. ¶ Beyond the marvelous technique lies a story, the myth of Diomedes.

¶ Diomedes was a fabled character of Greece.

Perhaps all fabled characters were once men. But let that pass.

Diomedes was a soldier who rode horseback; and not content with one horse, he trained a whole herd of mares so they followed him and did his bidding.

These mares would rush, headed by their master on the back of a horse, upon the enemy, and with teeth and hoofs would bite, strike, kick and destroy.

For a time this novel plan of Diomedes was a great success. But alas and alack! There came a day when the enemy captured Diomedes and corralled his herd of horses.

And behold, the horses were trained to do the bidding of their captors, and they fought the forces of Diomedes with the same fury that he had taught them to exercise on his own enemies.

¶ And then one day the enemy took Diomedes, the captive, and put him on one of his own horses, and turned the herd upon him. ¶ This is the incident so vividly portrayed by sculptor Borglum.

¶ Diomedes is represented by a man of magnificent physique. Lean, bony, sinewy, strong, he clings to the back of the mare. One arm circles her neck, the other arm is free and is warding off the teeth of an oncoming horse that is about to seize him.

Diomedes is just a little in the lead, but behind him troop the herd of horses—mad, frenzied, fighting horses intent on the destruction of their master.

Diomedes is strong, able, resourceful, but his actions have invited disaster. Death, in horribly tragic form for him, you are sure, is just ahead.

The average person, if asked after looking at this piece of statuary how many horses there are in the group, would say there are at least twenty-five. The fact is there are exactly seven.

The movement, the motion, the onrush are terrific.

Of course the idea is poetic. The actual fact is that the horse is a timid animal and when he strikes, bites or kicks it is only for his immediate protection, all of which Borglum knows quite as well as we. ¶ Borglum points no moral.

He leaves that for us, but the plain conclusion is that any man who uses horses, or engines of destruction, or men, for the purpose of dissolution and death and visiting vengeance on other men, is going to be eventually destroyed by the machinery of his own invention.

"The villainy you teach me, I will execute; it shall go hard, but I will better the instruction."

THE AGE OF ELECTRICITY

CIVILIZATION has passed through several distinct stages: first, the savage stage; next, the barbaric; third, the purely agricultural; fourth, the feudal; fifth, the competitive; and now we are passing out of the age of competition into the age of co-operation, and the principal agent in this evolution is the use of electricity.

Electricity supplies heat, light, power, transportation and quick communication.

Individuals can not produce electricity profitably. Its production requires large capital and the co-operation of a vast number of people working together for a common end and a common good.

The United States has one-sixteenth the population of the world, but we have one-third of the wealth of the world.

The North American Indians had all the raw stock which we possess, but they did not know how to use it. All wealth has come to us from the ability to combine raw materials into forms of use and beauty, and in the process we are evolving ourselves, getting an education out of our work, at our work, and all wise men understand now that they can help themselves only by helping other people. Only by adding to the wealth and the happiness and the welfare of the world are we ourselves benefited ♣

Electrical Prosperity

MODERN millionaires do not hoard. They invest, and they invest that they may use. The modern businessman is always a builder. He is always and forever widening, extending and improving, and this all in the line of human betterment.

To exploit society is to fail, and wise men everywhere know it.

As a class, the men who own and manage our public utilities are active, healthy, intelligent, good-natured individuals. They are men of simple habits, direct in their dealings. Their work is not bounded by the eight-hour clause. At times they may work in three shifts of

eight hours each. They are playing the game and they play it honestly. There is no such thing for these men as liquidation, no such thing as rest. They find their rest in change.

¶ While the price of almost every commodity necessary to life has increased in price within the last few years, electricity and electrical appliances are cheaper today than ever before.

¶ Big business may need supervision, but its regulation must be done by sympathetic, kindly, intelligent men, and not by professional politicians, poets, reformers and gentlemen adventurers.

Electrical prosperity means better homes, gardens, parks, books, music, good roads, schools—safety, happiness, peace, prosperity.

¶ I fasten my faith to the sons of Jove ♣

The valuable man in any business is the man who can and will co-operate with other men. Men succeed only as they utilize the service and ideas of other men. Co-operate!

THE employee who drives a sharp bargain and is fearful that he will not get all he earns, never will. There are men who are set on a hair-trigger—always ready to make demands when there is a rush of work, and who threaten to walk out if their demands are not acceded to. The demands may be acceded to, but this kind of help is always marked on the time-book for dismissal, when work gets scarce and business dull ♣ Such men are out of employment about half the time, and the curious part of it is, they never know why. As a matter of pure worldly wisdom—just cold-blooded expediency—if I were an employee I would never mention wages. I would focus right on my work and do it.

Men are changed only as you change their surroundings. Transportation changes environment. And the railroads are the most important thing in the world today—barring nothing.



MAN: A MACHINE

MAN is a machine—that is trite, but true.

¶ And curiously enough, efficiency is peculiarly associated with machinery. As a matter of fact, the word efficiency was, originally, almost always applied in that connection.

It represented power—controlled energy—service—a smooth-running, well-lubricated machine that produces the goods.

A well-appointed factory is a joy.

The dynamo runs smoothly, almost noiselessly; the machinery hums as it works; the helpers are alert, bright, intelligent. The whole place mirrors efficiency.

And why? Because each wheel, wire, cog and pulley is in its proper place, doing its own work. Every employee is on to his job.

But put a “crank” in the place of a “main shaft” (either a man or a machine), and there is a whiz, a whir, confusion and a breakdown ♪ ♪

The mechanical efficiency of the whole factory depends as much upon the cog in the wheel as upon the huge dynamo in the power-house ♪ Efficiency is a matter of “fitting in”—“getting in line.”

And the wise manufacturer is he who has the most up-to-date equipment—who scraps the wasteful and useless and installs machinery which is efficient.

Our bodies and brains constitute our productive plant, and to keep our bodies efficient we must keep them well nourished.

A factory is known by its services and its products; and upon the quality rests the demand. The firm that “produces the goods” gets the business. Sympathetic service and quality products presage progress.

And the man who has crowded out inertia by initiative, and is endowed with energy instead of embonpoint, is sure of success.

Responsibilities gravitate to the man who can shoulder them and power to the man who knows how.

The Efficient Man

EFFICIENCY is confined to no class.

¶ The day-laborer can be as efficient as the professional man. Each is efficient in his own particular way.

A man with a job can be as efficient as a man with a position. And whether you receive a salary, a stipend, an honorarium, or just wages, makes no difference. Efficiency is just making good.

It is a state of mind—the possession of adequate skill or knowledge for the performance of a duty, occupation or calling.

Efficiency implies action; and our actions are the index of our mental and moral character—they are the interpreters of our thoughts ♪ Life is a working-day; to be happy we must be busy.

And whether it be by pick, plow, pen, press, profession, platform or pulpit, the fact that it is work, and work worthy of our best efforts, is what counts.

And an added value is given to our work if it is performed with the skill and graciousness that comes with superior knowledge, whether quarried from the rich bequests of others or dug out of our own practical experience.

Not only does efficiency give a higher marketable value to our services, but it improves us physically, mentally and morally.

The efficient man is the man with the healthy body and a trained mind—a properly drilled and skilled person.

And even as want of physical exercise results in disease, so mental laziness militates against efficiency ♪ ♪

The efficient man is the able man—the man of skill and right intent.

Moral qualities enter largely into the make-up of the efficient man. His criterion is conscience—his rule is reason—his tape-measure truth.

The man of elastic conscience, who has no settled convictions, is a witness against himself, and often his own avenger.

The efficient man passes his judgment through the furnace-fires of reason, conscience and truth, and his opinion is eagerly sought and relied upon.

Character predominates, his utterances command respect, his personality is magnetic, and his influence of inestimable value.

He is trusted, consulted, believed in, because he believes in himself, and what is right, and in you ~ ~

This mutual helpfulness is one of the prime essentials of efficiency. To have the faculty to reach down as well as to reach up, to climb and to help the climber, to make friends as well as to make money, is to add to your efficiency and to your advancement.

The efficient man is forceful. He has vim, grit and determination.

Even the handicap of bodily weakness and deformity is nullified by these qualities.

Edison is deaf; Milton was blind; Pope was a bodily interrogation-point.

Determination—stick-to-it-iveness—is one of the factors in the making of an efficient man.

¶ To give up, to cry, "All is lost!" is the action of a person who is either a coward or lazy, and the world has no use for either ~ History's page is full of examples where physical disability was discounted by indomitable will. Stick!

My opinion is, that the great business houses of the country are influencing civilization for good to an extent that only the children of the coming generation will realize—and realizing, will thank us.

GENIUS is only the power of making continuous efforts. The line between failure and success is so fine that we scarcely know when we pass it: so fine that we are often on the line and do not know it. How many a man has thrown up his hands at a time when a little more effort, a little more patience, would have achieved success. As the tide goes clear out, so it comes clear in. In business, sometimes, prospects may seem darkest when really they are on the turn. A little more persistence, a little more effort, and what seemed hopeless failure may turn to glorious success. There is no failure except in no longer trying. There is no defeat except from within, no really insurmountable barrier save our own inherent weakness of purpose.

EVERYTHING is grounded in mystery. Everything is swimming, and the stable does not exist. Nothing is permanent but change. Life is a series of guesses, and there is mystery in a match. The commonplace is the habitual, and the habitual is a mystery that has grown stale from sense-insistence. Life undulates; there is no such thing as a level; a straight line is a myth, and all directions are indirections. Up and down are movable points on horizons that do not exist; focus is an eye-trick, and motion is cell-palpitation.

All things radiate from a common point, and differences are the same looked at from various angles. The sap that flows in the tree, the blood that flows in the veins, the fires that flame from the sun, the waters that run to the stars, and the passion litanies breathed by lovers, are aspects of Force. Star-shine and eye-glance and water-gleam are the same. The star sees itself through the medium of the human eye, and the moon shines on itself. Law created the brain, and the brain is a crucible of Law.

So each thing is a compendium of all things, and still the All is not found.

All acts are multiplied in the doing. Our breathing builds or destroys unknown universes, and a gesture is a signal to eternity. The cells are chalices of desire. Every act is a breeder of beings. On what shore breaks the last vibration caused by the lowering of an eyelash? Does the lover alone throb with ecstasy when his beloved's eyes gather with love-mists? And who shall say that our most subtle smile does not stir to life a thousand unseen existences that have been quivering on the thresholds of life?

No act ever succeeds or fails; it does both. We influence the unknown at every turn. We are unknown workers in an unknown world. We weave tomorrow on the shuttle of today, and unravel the past each minute. All things are trying to stand still and go at the same time. Men desire rest and motion simultaneously. They desire to go on in order to be able to rest. Self-conservation is the basic principle in both rest and motion. It is an everlasting ebb and flow. But the mind ravished by Wonder is beyond the tide of things ~ ~

I work because I want rest; and he who never works is always tired—tired of himself. Sanity lies in service.

JUSTICE AND CASH-REGISTERS

THE case of the Government against the National Cash Register Company has been quashed by judicial decree.

John H. Patterson is a free man. The case will not be tried again.

The reversal by the United States Circuit Court is a cause of congratulation—not so much to Patterson as to the whole country.

¶ Patterson could stand a year in jail, and he could also pay the fine of five thousand dollars; but the United States, this land of the free, could not afford the stigma of putting this distinguished man behind the bars.

Father Taylor once said, "If God sends Emerson to hell, Waldo will change the climate and start emigration in that direction."

¶ If Patterson's sentence had been carried out he would have popularized the prison, exactly as John Bunyan made Bedford Jail a place of pious pilgrimage.

The Merry Indictment

THE reversal of the verdict is in accord with the best public opinion. It mirrors the will of the Zeitgeist.

It was Patterson's success that made him a target for the inquisitor.

The alleged offense was "conspiracy to monopolize trade."

You will not find this sin mentioned in the Decalogue. Concerning it the Ten Commandments are silent.

At the worst Patterson did to his competitors what they were trying to do to him. Patterson is today and always has been in accord with the business conscience of his time.

No claim was made by the Government that society had been injured. It was admitted that the machine made by Patterson was most useful, and the price at which it was sold was fair. The consumer had no complaints to offer.

The blizzard of zeal that caught Patterson and his score of faithful helpers was a variant of the same judicial brainstorm which fixed a

fine of twenty-nine million dollars on John D. Rockefeller.

When a judge becomes obsessed with the thought that his duty lies in resolving himself into a section of the Day of Judgment, the blind goddess would do well to duck and cut for cover. ¶ "Beware of an excess of zeal in well-doing," runs a Japanese proverb.

Granted that all the accusations made by the prosecutor against Patterson were true, the lay mind gives him credit for the good he has done and strikes a balance.

And the net result is that John H. Patterson stands out as one of the great men of America. He bought up a number of impractical patents and after great toil and vast expense perfected a most useful machine.

Patterson has made it easy for every employee who handles cash to do right, and difficult to do wrong.

Patterson has helped millions on their way to health, wealth and happiness.

He is the father of all factory betterments. He gave us light, ventilation, beauty, order and education in industrial institutions.

He shamed the employing world, by his example, into cleaning house.

John H. Patterson has been and is a great teacher of businessmen.

A Beneficent Tyranny

YES, I know, of course, that he made his foremen ride horseback, eat spinach, swing dumbbells and get under the cold shower.

¶ But he paid them big wages, bigger than they had ever dreamed of before, and if he compelled the spinach it was on company time, and John H. supplied the spinach. I also understand that Patterson arranged the Dayton flood so as to play meller-drammer.

¶ This may be true, but like the report of Mark Twain's death, it is slightly exaggerated.

¶ The simple fact is that Patterson will not talk "flood," nor allow others to, in his presence.

He is intent on flood prevention, not on flood conversation.

As for his work when Dayton had that heavy dew, he pooh-poohs it and declares he only did what any other man would have done under the same circumstances.

"When men are swimming for life is no time to put up the price of lumber. I had a few loose planks and I pushed them into the stream—that's all," says Patterson.

When plans were under way to secure a pardon for Patterson, he vetoed the whole business and scoffed at Carnegie medals by saying that his conviction had not anything to do with a matter of moisture or watered stock; and later when someone pushed at him a fountain-pen and asked him to sign an application for a pardon for himself he balked, but agreed to make application for his helpers who were indicted with him.

A Goodly Company

I AM not sure that John H. Patterson has always been excessively good, but he has always been good for something.

At least the newspaper-men always found him good for a paragraph.

No, Patterson was not always so awfully "good," but neither was Ben Franklin, nor Columbus, nor Saint Peter who smote off the ear of the servant of the high priest. Nevertheless, it was Peter who founded the Church of Christ. "On this rock I build my church."

¶ Perhaps Patterson has n't exactly been like Ivory Soap, ninety-nine per cent pure. Men too good would n't be pleasant to have around.

Patterson is a human being, and he is a better human being today than ever before. And when it comes to intelligence, health, poise and power, he was the peer of any man in that courtroom where he was tried and sentenced.

Even when the praetor rubbed into him a little gratuitous cantharides, he never winced nor lost his fine equanimity.

And the men who were being tried with Patterson were nearly as fine—athletic, earnest, intelligent—not a rounder nor a boozier in the bunch.

Not only has Patterson taught the world how to keep its count, but he has also taught it how to keep its temper, how to eat, to work, play and study. ¶ The philosophy of John H. Patterson, which he not only teaches but

practises, would eradicate sickness, insanity, poverty and misery from the world.

There is an idea abroad that John H. Patterson is on the financial preserve with John D. Rockefeller, Andrew Carnegie and Henry Ford. The fact is that Patterson is possessed of only a few decent millions.

All of his money is closely invested in the National Cash Register business.

To invent the cash-register was a cinch compared with the task of getting people to use it. The world had got along with the open cash-drawer for quite some time, and was willing to try it for some years more.

Patterson's job was to educate the world into keeping a record of its receipts and expenditures. And when this was done, a great many leaks were stopped that formerly led to bankruptcy, the bughouse, the gambling-joint and the penitentiary.

This educational campaign cost millions on millions and cut what would otherwise have been big profits into microscopic dividends. Nevertheless the National Cash Register Company made head, and today its credit is beyond cavil, for behind it are character and high intelligence.

To defend this suit must have cost Patterson a million dollars, counting his actual expenses and losses through having his whole corps of foremen under Federal fire for several years. And for this vast expense there is no such thing as restitution. ¶ When the Government robs one of its citizens it does it legally.

But Patterson does not complain. He accepts it all as a part of the great game of life. Patterson knows that the kicks and cuffs of unkind Fate have their uses in the great economy of existence.

John H. Patterson is seventy-one years of age, but you would never guess it to look at him. His step is light and elastic, his eyes are bright and keen, his body is lean and sinewy.

¶ I met him soon after the United States Circuit Court had gently let him down and out. He was smiling, but not unduly elated.

For the men who had railroaded him toward the Miami County calaboose he had no words of reproach. He simply said, "Now I am free to go ahead and do my work—work for the good of all—work as I never have before."

The best preparation for tomorrow's work is to do your work as well as you can today.



DESTINY AND DEATH

GERMANY today is a victim of ironic mimicry; one of those sublime pieces of unconscious and side-splitting buffoonery that Clio gives to us every once in a while. There stands the mighty protagonist of the German dream—Friedrich Nietzsche, the profoundest and most daring and most subtle psychologist that the world ever knew; a great cosmic and mystic poet; a prophet of Anti-Christ; a dancing, effulgent, Dionysiac spirit who embodied a smashing reaction against the Vale-of-Tears doctrine; a realist, gigantic, frenetic and as awesome in his thunderous prose as a tropical hurricane. He taught nothing; he unmasked. He was not a propagandist; he was a revealer.

The World-Spirit had a new message, that blind World-Spirit which acts and reacts through the consciousness of man with the same precision as the Earth turns on its axis.

¶ It was the doctrine of the Will-to-Power. Everything that lives, desires domination of some kind.

It is a life-condition. Power and life are synonymous. Pity itself is power; mercy is power; forgiveness is power; weakness is a form of power.

There are a million masks for one Fact—the Will-to-Power.

Nietzsche knew his time was near; that time which was to transvalue all values, overturn all the old ideals and motives to action.

In *Zarathustra* he stormed the ramparts of heaven, and emptied it of gods.

Dionysius came to re-create the world through war and blood.

It is Fatality—the fatality of law. It spoke through Nietzsche.

Treitschke, flaming and gorgeous ranter, tore from Nietzsche what was necessary, and preached war, pan-Germanism, "*Deutschland Über Alles*," and the dazzling doctrine of a cultured Cæsarism.

It inflamed the weak brain and the brooding

imagination of William the Second, and in the name of God (and Treitschke's God) he set forth to conquer the world.

In the name of God they preach Nietzsche, the supreme atheist of philosophy! Superb irony! Who would have enjoyed it more than the great author of *Zarathustra* himself, who saw the subtle diabolism that moved the springs of the human soul as few men have ever seen; who proclaimed the glory of the eternal Tartuffe—Don Quixote, whose veils and masks and auto-deceptions and ethical fakery make life livable.

Buddha as protagonist of juggernaut and suttee; Christ as protagonist of Torquemada; Rousseau as protagonist of Robespierre; Nietzsche as protagonist of the Tartarin of Potsdam and the peasant supermen!

Another of History's chef-d'oeuvres.

It is the glory of genius to be misunderstood. Treitschke, the Marat of Pan-Germanism, and William Hohenzollern, the Christianized Nero—both are disciples of Friedrich Nietzsche. How completely and hopelessly and amusingly they are that satiric creation known as a "disciple," they will never know.

From Valhalla, Nietzsche the Overman smiles his sealed and inarticulate smile over the shoulder of Machiavelli.

Think less about your rights, more about your duties.

THE word "business," first flung in contempt, like Puritan, Methodist and Quaker, has now become a thing of which to be proud. Idleness is the disgrace, not busy-ness.

The world can be redeemed through business only; for business means betterment, and no business can now succeed that does not add to human happiness.

We believe that only the busy person is happy, and that systematic, daily, useful work is man's greatest blessing.



WOMAN'S SPHERE

A LECTURER once asked, "What is Woman's Sphere?"

Then he paused to take a sip of water and got his answer from the gallery, thus: "Woman's Sphere is anything she can spear."

¶ Woman's work is any useful thing she can do well ♪ ♪

The advent of women into the world of business has worked a peaceful and beneficent revolution ♪ ♪

Up to the time of the Civil War a woman schoolteacher was a curiosity.

The typical schoolmaster, with his handy birch, can yet be vividly remembered by many ♪ ♪

Women teachers came in as an innovation, and they have brought beauty, gentleness and love where before there were fear and force ♪

"The teacher is the child's other mother," said Froebel. ¶ We did n't believe it at first, but now we accept it.

Eighteen Hundred Seventy-six

A BOUT Eighteen Hundred Sixty-two the discovery was made that women could serve as clerks in the Government offices at Washington. Women whose husbands, fathers and brothers had gone to the front took the places of the men at Washington, and lo! the work went on just the same.

By Eighteen Hundred Seventy women were acting as clerks and saleswomen in shops and stores ♪ ♪

At the Centennial Exhibition the typewriter was one of the wonders of the time.

In Eighteen Hundred Eighty-five I sent a manuscript to a publisher, and got it back with a note saying they respectfully declined to read any manuscript that was not type-written ♪ ♪

I lifted a wail that could be heard a mile—how could I ever learn to use a typewriting-machine!

I then wrote an article on the arrogance of publishers.

The Typewritist

THE typewriter ranks in usefulness with the electric car. Rapid methods are as necessary as quick transportation.

Women receive wages in America now of more than three hundred million dollars a year ♪ It is said that the lady typewritist has at times disturbed the domestic peace; but trolley-cars, too, have their victims.

And I am told by a man who married his typist that such marriages are quite sure to be happy, because the man and the woman are not strangers—they know each other! ♪

The woman who has looked after a man's correspondence is familiar with his curves. She knows the best about him and the worst; and he knows her tastes, habits and disposition. This is better than the old society plan of getting married first and getting acquainted afterward ♪ ♪

Honesty as a Business Asset

NO longer do you hear men talk of making their pile and retiring to enjoy it.

The man who fails to get enjoyment out of his business will never enjoy anything, and, what is more, will not succeed in business.

Good men enjoy work, and wise men know that there is no happiness outside of systematic, useful effort. The introduction of the one-price system has been a leaven that has worked its influence through the whole lump.

Honesty as a business asset is everywhere recognized. If the goods are part cotton and look like wool, you are now frankly told that the article may be a yard wide, but it is not all wool ♪ ♪

We keep faith with our customers. We make our money out of our friends—our enemies will not do business with us. Thus, through the conservation of friendship in business, we are gaining an education and evolving qualities ♪ And the fact that honesty in business and truth in trade arrived with the advent of women, is no mere coincidence.



PRESIDENTIAL TIMBER

THE Governor of the State of New York is Charles Seymour Whitman.

He is the son of a clergyman—passing rich on forty pounds a year.

Whitman was born in August, Eighteen Hundred Sixty-eight.

Consequently, the Governor of New York at this writing is forty-seven years of age.

In two years he will be forty-nine years of age—if my arithmetic does not fail me.

From fifty to sixty a man who has lived rightly is at his best.

Charles Seymour Whitman has lived rightly.

¶ At fifty, time has tamed a man, and he has molted a good many of his illusions.

Governor Whitman has ripened slowly.

He has come by the thorn road, fighting the way step by step. He has also been in the trenches, and any victories that have come to him have been hard-earned.

Fate has decreed that in these modern days no man can be President of the United States unless he be a college graduate.

This in spite of the fact that the principal advantage of going to college lies in the discovery that there is nothing in it.

If a man goes through college and does not ascertain that a college degree has no value as collateral, he has had his trouble for his pains.

¶ Governor Whitman is a graduate of Amherst. He also has degrees from "Williams," the University of New York, and the University of Hard Knocks.

A Commonsense Man

NOBODY ever referred to Governor Whitman either as a genius or as a good fellow.

¶ He is earnest, honest, intelligent. He has a saving sense of humor, without trespassing on the preserve of the cut-up.

He can talk well on occasion, but his strong point is that of being a good listener.

He has memorized that wonderful book, *The Essay on Silence*, and has a habit of repeating passages to himself.

He belongs to many clubs, but seldom attends any of them—which is beautiful and right.

Governor Whitman is persistent and patient, but he is n't brilliant, scintillating, nor yet handsome.

He is n't quite safe from old Doctor Johnson's interrogation, "Sir, are you anybody in particular?"

Governor Whitman can fade into the landscape and look like a piece of the drop-curtain.

¶ He is a man of commonsense, and I once heard a woman say he was "good-looking," because anybody is good-looking who looks good.

He was not born under the sign of Taurus, nor yet Capricornus. He deals not in rant, cant and fustian.

Governor Whitman carries his own grips, rides on the street-car, takes an upper on the Pullman without protest.

He is an average man, focused and concentrated. He has grown strong by doing.

A Good Pilot

GOVERNOR WHITMAN owes much to his wife. Mentally she is geared to a higher speed than her liege. She is a kindly woman, gentle, capable—earnest, with positive ideas on the subject of woman's work.

A good deal of the Governor's education is in his wife's name. While Mrs. Whitman is neither fussy nor frivolous, she is never dowdy and indifferent. Yet people who know the Governor can not think of him apart from her.

They are an eminently commonsense couple, and represent all of the old-fashioned virtues for which science has never found a substitute: industry, economy, truthfulness, self-reliance, self-respect—helpfulness.

They are good neighbors, and have a habit of speaking well of other people.

They have the virtues of the people who go forth to their labors until the evening.

These are the folks who make the world go

round; for without them there would be neither literature, science, art, nor any such thing as civilization.

Whitman's instincts are for peace.

Militarism exists in his cosmos only as a chemical trace. But if you backed him into a corner you would probably find that you had subscribed for a large block of assessable stock, and had taken on a liability.

Whitman fits in. He does not brag, boast nor bluster. He does his work and holds his peace.

¶ He would be a good pilot, even in stormy weather, and on a rock-bound coast.

And if disaster came, he, like Jim Bludsoe, would "hold her nose to the bank till every galoot was ashore."

A good pilot, yes, Hezekiah—that's what I said, "A good pilot!" The staunch ship "America" needs no captain except our Uncle Samuel, and it will be a sorry day for this country when we fire him.

Whitman could take out a locomotive on the Twentieth Century Limited, and hit 'er up eighty-five miles an hour, and never wink an eyebrow—nor mention the fact afterward. He could climb telegraph-poles in Winter and hang on to the cross-arms until he made all snug and secure.

He is as poised as Old Walt, his distant relative, but he is without Old Walt's eccentricities ¶

He is n't rich; yet he never will be poor.

He can not be stampeded, coerced or bribed.

¶ You can not surprise him by jumping out of a corner and shouting, "Booh," or "Bah," or "Pooh!"

He is at home with all sorts and conditions of people ¶

Whitman has enemies and is going to make more—but we will love him for these.

The man who does not make enemies is n't doing anything.

Whitman is not so very wise nor so awfully good. But he is wiser than he knows and better than the men who berate him.

His name is Cummings, not Goings.

¶ The habit of expectancy always marks the strong man. It is a form of attraction; our own comes to us because we desire it; we find what we expect to find, and we receive what we ask for. All life is a prayer—strong natures pray most—and every earnest, sincere prayer is answered.

SUCCESS is in the blood. There are men whom Fate can never keep down—they march jauntily forward, and take by divine right the best of everything that earth affords.

¶ But their success is not attained by the Samuel Smiles-Connecticut policy.

They do not lie in wait, nor scheme, nor fawn, nor seek to adapt their sails to catch the breeze of popular favor. Still, they are ever alert and alive to any good that may come their way, and when it comes they simply appropriate it, and tarrying not, move steadily on ¶

Good health! When you go out of doors, draw the chin in, carry the crown of the head high, and fill the lungs to the utmost; greet your friends with a smile, and put soul into every hand-clasp ¶

Do not fear being misunderstood; and never waste a minute thinking about your enemies.

¶ Try to fix firmly in your own mind what you would like to do, and then without violence of direction you will move straight to the goal.

Fear is the rock on which we split, and hate is the shoal in which many a bark is stranded ¶

When we are fearful, the judgment is as unreliable as the compass of a ship whose hold is full of iron-ore; when we hate, we have unshipped the rudder; and if we stop to meditate on what the gossips say, we have allowed a hawser to befoul the screw.

Keep your mind on the great and splendid thing you would like to do; and then, as the days go gliding by, you will find yourself unconsciously seizing upon the opportunities that are required for the fulfilment of your desire, just as the coral-insect takes from the running tide the elements that it needs ¶

Picture in your mind the able, earnest, useful person you desire to be, and the thought you hold is hourly transforming you into that particular individual.

Thought is supreme, and to think is often better than to do.

Preserve a right mental attitude—that of courage, frankness and good-cheer.

¶ The world's greatest prizes in the future will go to the businessman. The businessman is our only scientist, and to him we must look for a Science of Economics that will eradicate poverty, disease, superstition—all that dissipates and destroys. The day is dawning! ¶



THE UNRULY MEMBER

ISRAEL ZANGWILL once visited the City of Chicago. Among other places of interest, he was taken to the Stockyards, where luncheon was served for the party. During the meal, a pert miss, seated next to the guest of honor, asked him this: "Mr. Zangwill, how do you like Chicago Ham?"

The Dreamer of the Ghetto raised his sorrowful face and said quietly, "I like it, I like it—much better than Chicago Tongue!"

Scandal

A PERSON who repeats an unkind remark is probably doing a much greater mischief than the one who first voiced it. The man who repeats the story, and thus retails the poison, fails to supply the antidote. Let his name be anathema!

A ludicrous-tragic feature of "tongue" is that those who deal in it most, always are full of grievances and wails, because, they allege, other folks are talking about them. Indeed, this is their excuse for the constant use of the hammer—that some one is "knocking on them." They mistake the sound of their own hammers for that of others. Any man who plots another's undoing is digging his own grave.

The hate we sow finds lodgment in our hearts, and the crop is nettles, which Fate unrelentingly demands we gather.

Those who live by the hammer shall perish by the hammer.

If you work in a department-store, a bank, a railroad-office, a factory, I beg of you, do not knock. Speak ill of no one, and listen to no idle tales. Whether the bitter things told are true or not, has no bearing on the issue. To repeat an unkind truth is just as bad as to invent a lie. If some one has spoken ill of me, do not be so foolish as to hope to curry favor by telling me of it.

And of this never for a moment doubt, that the man who successfully manages a great railroad, bank, factory or other enterprise, is

one who neither listens to, nor bears tales to any person of what this one says or does. He treats all with courtesy and fairness, and like the great and loving Lincoln, when his generals were accused, deducts seventy-five per cent from every accusation and throws the remainder in the wastebasket. Actions alone count.

Where many men are employed, there are always some who are full of plots and of schemes for more pay, shorter hours or favors generally. They scheme to have one foreman "bounced" in order to have another man, who will help their cause, put in charge. Should success follow their efforts, and the old foreman be replaced, the first move of the new man will probably be to discharge the conspirators who helped him.

The Winners

MEN who conspire and plot, and who lend a ready ear to the idea of a strike, are marked on every time-book for dismissal when the hour is ripe. And whenever you find a man who spends half of his time looking for a job, you can rest assured that he is one who carries a large cargo of "tongue."

You can never stand in with the boss by telling him of those who are laggards. The only way you can win his favor is by setting the loafers a pace. He knows all about the loafers. For if he did not, he could never successfully manage an institution.

No man can ever succeed who hopes to get a better position by defaming or dragging down the reputation of another. There is but one way to win, and that is to do your work well, and speak ill of no one, not even as a matter of truth. Any other course leads to fears, tears, woeful waste of life-force, and oblivion.

There is only one way to win the favor of good men, and there is only one way you can secure the smile of success, and that is to do your work as well as you can and speak ill of no one.



THE AGE OF THE ENGINEER

THE city of Cleveland ranks sixth in point of wealth and population in the United States.

In order to shut off interrogations, let us name the others: first, New York; second, Chicago; third, Philadelphia; fourth, Saint Louis; fifth, Boston.

Anticipating a kick from Baltimore, let the truth be stated that the City of Monuments is growing in wealth and population faster than any other city in America. Where it will fetch up let the prophets tell. Also, Pittsburgh is not standing still—far from it. But at the present, Cleveland seems to be IT.

Buffalo, Pittsburgh, Cleveland, Rochester, Detroit, used to be spoken of in one breath. And there was a time when we talked of Chicago, Saint Louis and Cincinnati, and made bets as to which would outstrip the other. Ohio is the fourth State in wealth and population in the Union. First comes New York, next Pennsylvania, third, Illinois, fourth, Ohio. Cleveland has a diversity of industries, enterprises, transportation facilities, and manufacturing plants, unequaled by any other city in the world.

Three thousand different lines of commodities are manufactured in Cleveland, and a slump can never occur in all of 'em at once.

More iron-ore is handled here than at any other one place in the world. And next to Pittsburgh, more iron and steel are worked up at Cleveland for the use of man than at any other one point in America.

A Great Engineering Enterprise

AND now Cleveland is distinguishing herself by an enterprise in engineering, which makes the late Col. Cheops of Egypt look like a vocal conquistadoro—a vicarious energizer.

This engineering enterprise is for the purpose of supplying the city with pure water. All cities have waterworks, but the water they supply is just water—water from rivers, springs, lakes. As long as this water does not

carry immediate death-dealing germs, it is called "pure." This means that compared with cesspools and ponds it is all right.

But many laundries, everywhere, put in softening and filtration plants of their own. Steam-users do the same. For instance, the Southern Pacific Railroad in the past five years have expended over a million dollars for filtration-plants.

They had the water all right before—clear, sparkling water—but what they wanted was a water so pure that its use would add ten per cent and more to the power of an engine, and double the length of life of a boiler.

And why should n't we be as careful about our bodies as we are about machinery?

And the city of Cleveland says, "We will!"

Soft Water

MAN is an aqueous proposition. Over seventy per cent of his body is water. Next to air, water is the first requisite. Water has a great affinity for electricity, and electricity is the secret of life.

Water, however, has a bad habit of picking up all impurities in the atmosphere, and in the ground over which it passes.

If we could get water direct from the clouds we would find it pure, but in its descent to the earth it picks up a vast number of floating particles. Rain-water is approximately pure, yet rain-water that stands still in the good old rain-barrel at the corner of the house, quickly becomes a moving mass of pollywogs, visible and invisible.

Spring-water is supposed to be pure. Nevertheless, in coming from the earth it carries with it a deal of sediment, and always reveals the quality of the strata over or through which it passes. All water that issues from the ground is more or less charged with calcareous matter, most of which is lime in solution.

When this water is used in steam-boilers you get a precipitation and encrustations very similar to the formations we see in the Yellow-

stone Park. ¶ Thus comes the necessity of water-softening, and Kennicott has his day. ♣ The Biltmore Hotel, in New York City, advertises that all of its bathrooms are supplied with soft water. This hotel has a special softener plant, where, by chemical purification, the water is relieved of its lime and other calcareous qualities.

We are told that man grows old on account of lime in his bones, which is an actual truth. With age the bones become dry, hard, brittle, and the apertures in the bones through which run the nerves and arteries create a pressure that, in degree, cuts off circulation.

Pressure on nerve-tissues and arteries by calcareous matter causes a great many diseases. Let the osteopaths and chiropractors open up their cut-offs and explain.

Renal deposits, and stone in the bladder, correspond to sedimentation in a boiler.

Arteriosclerosis, which is simply hardening of the arteries, is a matter of imperfect flushing and a question of sludge and slag.

A Filtration Plant

THE dream of pure water for the whole city of Cleveland is now coming true. ♣ Here is being constructed what is modestly called "A Filtration Plant." But it is more than that: it is also a softening and purification plant. Pure, soft water is to be supplied to the entire city. ¶ Cities along the Great Lakes usually secure their water-supply from the Lake, running pipes out a certain distance, and there providing an intake.

The City of Chicago formerly had a "crib" or intake two miles out from shore. Then it was sent out five miles, because it was discovered that the sewage from the city being run into the lake plainly contaminated the water-supply to the extent of two miles. ♣ All cities and towns along the Lakes run their sewers into the water. As population increases, there is bound to be a contamination which has an ill effect on the health of the people. ♣ Of course the intent was to go out so far that the sewage would not catch them, but every once in a while with the aid of wind and tide the sewage made a home-run.

That we all have to eat our peck of dirt, is a village aphorism that does not contain even a chemical trace of truth. The less dirt, slime, sludge and refuse we take into our "Erie Canals," the better.

"Filtration" usually means the filtering of

water through a bed of sand or gravel. ♣ All still-water reservoirs, open to the air, afford a water-supply which at best is approximately pure.

Here at Cleveland science is married to engineering skill, and a purification plant is provided that takes the water directly from the Lake and pumps it into vast underground chambers. These concrete chambers before the water is turned in look like great cathedrals, with their vaulted roofs, their groined aisles, and rows of pillars. With this difference: the floor is corrugated, so as to aid the action of the water and accommodate sedimentation. ♣ These various chambers are peculiar in size and shape so as to keep the water in motion to the best advantage. Then, with the aid of chemicals, sedimentation takes place. Heavy particles go to the bottom, and the water is moved gently, slowly, surely, until gradually all calcareous matter and impurities are removed. It is then pumped directly into the mains, and reaches homes, factories, apartment-houses, hotels, without air contamination. ¶ No longer will the Beauty Doc need to send over to the laundry for a gallon of water to wash the fair customer's hair. ♣ Every bathtub and every faucet in Cleveland will be supplied with soft water.

Some mathematician has figured out that this will mean a saving in soap of twenty-five per cent, or a total saving of a dollar a person to every inhabitant, which means a gain of eight hundred thousand dollars a year—not to mention the increase in life.

What it will mean in saving in the health of the people, to be able to drink pure, soft water, water such as you would get from the clouds if you went up in an aeroplane after it—and to use pure, soft water in the thousand ways where water is used, no man can say. ♣ That similar purification plants must eventually be put in, in Buffalo, Detroit, Chicago, and all of the principal cities on the Great Lakes, there is no doubt.

A Notable Contract

THE scientific principle of the purification plant has been worked out thoroughly, not alone in the laboratory, but in plants made to supply several thousand people. Cleveland's problem was to make a Purification Plant that would serve a million people.

The city engineers having decided upon what they wanted, plans were made and bids were

asked for. ¶ The contract was for the placing of seventy-two thousand cubic yards of concrete. ¶ The contract was finally awarded to the John F. Casey Company of Pittsburgh, at, say, a million dollars. This was in May, Nineteen Hundred Fourteen.

The contract called for the completion of the work by July First, Nineteen Hundred Fifteen.

¶ A "penalty and bonus clause" was inserted in the contract to the effect that the contractors would be penalized four hundred dollars a day for every day after July First, Nineteen Hundred Fifteen, that the work was uncompleted. For every day saved they were to receive a bonus of a like sum.

A Remarkable Engineering Feat

JOHAN F. CASEY COMPANY is a concern that is used to doing big things.

They felt it a matter of pride that they must be able to put this contract over well within the limit, and do the work in a masterly way. It was a new thing—an innovation in engineering—a public service unapproachable, and without precedent. ¶ A chart was made by months, showing the amount of concrete that must be placed every month in order to complete the work by July First. A second chart was made by the contractors, showing the amount of work to be done each week if the job was completed by December Tenth.

Mr. Casey held a consultation of his chiefs, and they decided that they could have the whole thing done by December Tenth, Nineteen Hundred Fourteen. ¶ And they went at it with this intent—to place the seventy-two thousand yards, according to the plans and specifications, before January First, or in one-half the time allowed.

The first concrete was mixed July First. ¶ By September Twentieth, fifty thousand yards of the concrete was in position—solid, substantial, beautiful, artistic, complete, satisfying—and given the "O. K." by the municipal engineer in charge, which was better than the K. O. ¶ By December First the whole seventy-two thousand yards was placed, to the satisfaction of everybody concerned.

In all the history of engineering I do not remember another case where a penalty and bonus clause was inserted, and the contractors did their work in less than one-half the time that the contract called for.

And yet there were contractors who criticized the specifications, claiming that it was impos-

sible to carry out the program, and complete the job in fourteen months.

There was no disposition on the part of the Cleveland municipal engineers to "renig." They stood by their offer. And the result was that the John F. Casey Company received a bonus of four hundred dollars a day, for one hundred eighty days, which means the tidy sum of seventy-two thousand to the good. ¶ I spent a day with the workers on this Filtration Plant job. Eight hundred men were employed—four hundred in the day-time, four hundred at night. ¶ At night the place was lighted so you could read the blueprints almost anywhere on the premises.

Where the municipal engineers miscalculated as to time, was this: They figured that in mixing concrete the regulation big business bucket containing two cubic yards would be used. ¶ Instead of this the John F. Casey Company had quietly gone ahead and made buckets that held five cubic yards.

A cubic yard is approximately two tons, so when you lift a bucket of five cubic yards you lift twenty thousand pounds, not counting the weight of the bucket.

The first thing that the John F. Casey Company did when the contract was given them was to erect their cable-towers on each side of the ten-acre plot of ground where the filtration plant was to be.

Cables were strung across and electric lines were placed. Trestles for railroad were built in, twenty feet, say, above the ground.

Gravel and sand were carried in on dump-cars and contents dropped. ¶ This gravel and sand was picked up as wanted, in steam-shovels, and placed in the concrete-mixer.

The law of gravitation was used in every way possible. Great is Sir Isaac Newton!

The ten-ton buckets, each one on a flat car, were run in under the mixer and filled in a fraction of a jiffy, and away it went to the spot wanted. ¶ The mixers were operated by electric power. The cement was run direct from the cars up into the mixer.

A certain amount of cement was stored away in a convenient warehouse near at hand, but this was only for emergency purposes.

The expectation was that the railroad should have carloads of cement right on hand as fast as it was needed, so that when the car was unloaded the cement would go directly into the mixer.

Caseytown

THE ten tons of concrete in the jumbo bucket is run to the most convenient point. The big hook is dropped, the concrete-bucket picked up, carried to the particular spot where it is needed, then lowered and by a pneumatic arrangement the concrete is dropped out of the bucket, little or much, just exactly as it is desired. ¶ With the aid of the electric cable the bucket can be manipulated and moved from point to point ¶ Here we get a minimum of shoveling and handling. Pneumatic power and electric power do the whole thing, plus gravity.

From the time the contract was awarded in May, to July First, a million feet of wood for frames was in place. The John F. Casey Company have their pneumatic engines, their own wood-shop, their own blacksmith-shop, their machine-shop, their offices right on the spot. It is a little transient city called Caseytown, that will be pulled up in a night when the job is done and be sent on to Kalamazoo, Oshkosh or East Aurora—wherever it may be needed.

A World-Maker

JOHAN F. CASEY, the head of this business, is Irish—transplanted Irish, of course. Born at Lambton, Ontario, only a little way from where Jim Hill was born and brought up, amid similar surroundings, with plenty of difficulty and a modicum of hardship mixed up in his experiences.

Associated with Casey is Ottomar Stange, the man who built the Connecticut Avenue Bridge in Washington, which is today regarded as the best piece of concrete-work in America, although it was built a dozen years ago.

Stange is German by birth—big in body and big in brain—and through some miracle he is a Teuton who drinks no beer, uses no tobacco, plays no pinochle. His business is scientific engineering, and when he has spare time he works out problems in algebra and trigonometry. He has dreams of preparing a book on mathematics that will revolutionize the world. He certainly had me dizzy when he read one of the chapters to me!

Mayor Baker said to me, "Of course it is a success—for Casey's at the bat!"

But Casey has a great nine back of him, with subs of the Wally Schang and Napoleon Lajoie kind.

Every big man who does things in a superior

way succeeds through the utilization of the efforts of others. At the same time he must know details, but he must be big enough not to allow himself to be submerged in detail ¶ An engineer must be a mathematician, a financier, an executive, and the proposition that "an executive is a man who decides quickly and is sometimes right" is mere pleasantries. An engineer has to be right not only fifty-one per cent of the time, but he has to be right ninety-nine per cent of the time. Casey has surrounded himself with the biggest and most practical men in the whole concrete line, men without silly pride, who put on their old clothes and go to it.

Men of Mark

FOR this great Pure Water betterment of Cleveland the people must thank, first Mayor Baker; C. W. Stage, Director of Utilities; next comes R. Winthrop Pratt, Consulting Engineer; next, F. H. Stephenson, Engineer of Design, and last but far from least, R. S. Jones, Engineer of Construction—then Casey!

Jones is a Tech man, right on the job, nights, days and Sundays, inspecting every part of the work as it was evolved.

Jones is the man who will get the disgrace if the thing does not work. If it goes through all right, and pure, soft water is supplied to a million people, some one else will get the medal of the Legion of Honor, but that does n't bother Jones.

Jones is a Massachusetts Yankee, slight, sinewy, agile, with a complexion that matches his mud-bespattered khaki suit.

On the job I noticed colored men, Slavs, Poles, Italians, Germans, Irish. The thing is a collaboration, a bouquet if you please, composed of representatives of all the nations ¶ Casey is big enough to get these able and efficient men to do team work, and eliminate the grouch.

In the handling of men, the josh, the jolly and the glad hand form very important parts.

I never saw a big force of men entering into work with more good-cheer, earnestness and determination, all cemented into a fabric flavored with fun.

And out of it all, the people of the City of Cleveland are to get a tangible benefit in the form of a plentiful supply of soft, pure water, unequaled by that found in any other city in the whole wide world. Congratulations!

MEN AND WOMEN NECESSARY TO EACH OTHER

HYSTERIA," says Doctor Charcot, "is a sex manifestation, and represents an electric explosion resulting from lack of ground-wire."

Near the Doctor's office in Paris was a "female academy," to which he was one day called by a messenger who came in hot haste. The Doctor lost no time in getting across the street, and running upstairs found a class of twenty young women, fifteen of whom were crying, laughing, screaming, singing, and three girls were stretched out seemingly lifeless.

The terrified teacher explained that one of the girls had fainted, and when she came to her senses began to laugh. Two of the girls that were waiting on her then began to cry, and as the others sought to pacify them they too caught it until the whole room seemed like a bacchante picnic.

On inquiry the Doctor found that many girls were subject to such spells. "What, Oh, what shall we do, Doctor?" begged the matron. "I'll tell you," said the Doctor—and then he cast about in his mind, as doctors often do, for what it was best to prescribe. A bright thought came to him: "You were teaching these girls drawing, you said?"

"Yes, Doctor!"

"Well, no woman can teach drawing—that is, as well as a man. Give each girl a teaspoonful of this medicine three times a day—and I'll make arrangements to have these twenty pupils draw an hour daily at Monsieur Maumier's." ♦♦♦

"Oh, Doctor, but they are all young men in Monsieur's classes!"

"I know, but we can't help that!"

The Doctor saw Monsieur Maumier, and arrangements were made to have the twenty young women join the class each morning from ten to eleven. After the class there was a "recess" for fifteen minutes. The girls were allowed to remain, too; so they stayed and compared pictures, criticized, joked, and after

a week played tag, pussy-wants-a-corner, and little innocent, natural rough-house with the young men. And, behold, there was never another case of high-strikes in that academy.

Doctor Anna Shaw's Opinion

LET the boys and girls meet in a frank, natural and simple way, and we obviate the danger of the secret, the clandestine, and the morbid.

In a recent article on education for women, Doctor Anna B. Shaw says: "Ten women shut in together will worry one hundred times as much as ten men shut in together. So, also, a hundred women shut in together will exhaust themselves merely by being together, the sensitive temperaments eating into one another like corroding acids. One of the advantages of co-education is a distinct lessening of the emotional and nervous strain among the women students."

Just why the presence of men as teachers and fellow-workers should have a tonic and quieting effect upon the nerves of women I do not know, but there is certainly less nervous tension, morbidity and self-consciousness among college women associated with men than among those in strictly women's colleges.

¶ Of course, it is a delicate question for a man to discuss, but I am more than pleased that women are publicly acknowledging that it is not only not good for a man to be alone, but it is a deal worse for a woman. Personally, I'll admit I don't know much concerning the subject in the concrete, but I'll say right here that if there are no women in Heaven I prefer to remain in a place—no matter what the temperature—where the co-ed rule prevails.

♦♦♦

Brain-work is just as necessary as physical exercise, and the man who studies his own case, and then plays one kind of work off against another, finds a continual joy and zest in life, and his days shall be long upon the land.

GOVERNMENTAL HOSTILITY TO BUSINESS

A MAN whose knowledge of business is academic can never have a due understanding and appreciation of the struggle to keep a business going.

The better a business is managed, the more self-lubricating it seems to the outsider.

No engine, no matter how beautifully made, will run without a constant supply of power. Just so is it necessary, always and forever, to pump new steam into a business. A business that is not charged with the live wires of personality will soon be moving on momentum—and then it stops.

Business Generalship

NO two industries are exactly the same. ¶ Also, there is no business that is exactly the same one year after another. Conditions change. New modes, fashions, customs, come in. To take care of the overhead, meet obligations, face the payroll, and keep employees sweet and good-natured, is the task of the businessman.

And then, to do all this with a minimum of exhaust, keeping everything perfectly lubricated so that the outsider sees only harmony and perfect adjustment, this is generalship. In many a big business establishment somebody is sweating blood to hold the helpers to their tasks, to shut off the "indoor sports," to satisfy customers and the public at large, and keep the whole thing on a safe basis. Nights, days, Sundays, always and forever, anxiety is gnawing at the heart of this businessman. He has to be eternally on the bridge, holding her prow 'gainst "The Lizard Light, three thousand miles away."

The Ill Wind

THE men in charge of our governmental affairs should be men big enough to sympathize with the struggle that industrial leaders have to make in order to keep a concern expanding, growing, evolving. For to stand still is to retreat.

The meddlesome, harassing, critical, calum-

niating attitude of Washington towards men who maintain payrolls, injures alike every wage-earner, every retail merchant, every manufacturer, every railroadman, every banker.

¶ To fill the air with suspicion and doubt when good-nature and co-operation should prevail is absolutely criminal. This attitude of mind began with Theodore Roosevelt, and was continued for political reasons by his successor, and has found its full fruitage with the present party in power.

Happily for the present administration, the war in Europe has saved its face. This war has supplied an excuse for the financial stringency that was upon the land.

Conservation

THE general policies of protection that have built up this American civilization must not be abandoned. Wise men who have safely traversed a route do not change it for an unexplored trail.

Progress is beautiful and right. Eternal discontent must always prevail; but we must also remember Aristotle's Law of Diminishing Returns. ¶ Reform carried to extremes will land this country a floundering mass, turned turtle, in the ditch.

Let us keep to the broad highway and travel on, but as we travel it is not for us to exceed the speed-limit nor indulge in political experiments; and above all things we must preserve and conserve not only our material wealth, but we must conserve America's greatest asset, which is the animation, ambition and initiative of our inventors, originators, and industrial leaders.

No army can hope to succeed when it begins to revile, ridicule, accuse and malign its officers. ¶

Service

I STILL repeat that business is the big thing in America.

Business is a matter of human service.

Businessmen today succeed only as they

benefit both patrons and employees. We make our money out of our friends. The loom upon which the fabric of business is woven is friendship, and all wise businessmen know it. This way lies success.

He who would oppress the consumer is inviting a competition that will wipe him off the cosmic slate. ••

And another thing, we must realize that in all human efforts there is a degree of waste. A little play of the wheel on the axle is not only desirable but necessary.

A concrete roadbed for a railroad would never do. There must be a little spring of the ties. In human affairs do not imagine that things will be found ninety-nine per cent pure. Motives are mixed; and occasionally the human machine will break down.

The Crux of the Question

BUT the argument is this: The American business fabric is in the main eminently sound. The heart of humanity rings true. It will not do to demand a vastly greater degree of purity and disinterestedness from businessmen than our lawmakers.

Businessmen today know that truth is an asset and a lie a liability, that honesty pays, that sanitation, sanity, health, good-cheer, and absolute frankness in all transactions are necessary to success in business.

Sophistry, prevarication, hypocrisy, all lead to Limbus. Success is based on confidence. Credit is based on character, and character is the sum total of what a man is.

Character means clear eyes, good teeth, an even pulse, equanimity, and a perfect willingness to co-operate and reciprocate in every reasonable way.

Character demands that we eliminate jealousy, hate, doubt, and realize that at the last humanity is one. To injure another is to injure ourselves. We benefit ourselves only as we benefit humanity. ¶ This is the philosophy of the modern American businessman.

••

A business that is not safeguarded on every side by active, alert, attentive, vigilant men is gone. As oxygen is the disintegrating principle of life, working night and day to dissolve, separate, pull apart and dissipate, so there is something in business that continually tends to scatter, destroy and shift possession from this man to that. •• A million mice nibble eternally at every business venture.

The Scientist Speaks

By Charles H. Mackintosh

FIRST, I abjure all dim unreasoning patter
Wherewith the ignorant befool their kind;
Because I read among the Laws of Matter
The limitations of the human mind.

Then I will not believe, till I have cloven
Into the very heart of Law and Act;
That no one need accept what I have proven
Till he has put it to the proof of Fact.

Nor will I let the teachings of another
Absolve me from my task of *finding out*;
Just as I will not *force* upon my brother
The answer I have made to mine own doubt.

I will be true to this, though all may doubt me.
I will write on, and over, every sneer.
So will I build my Heaven here about me
And live my life within it, now and here.

••

To benefit others, you must be reasonably happy: there must be animation through useful activity, good-cheer, kindness and health—health of mind and health of body.

••

THE entire railroad world is on the verge of receivership, this through the inaction, inappreciation and inability of the Interstate Commerce Commission to comprehend the situation that confronts it. The Commission should be recast, both in structure and in personnel. It should have more responsibility and bigger caliber. It should be an economic body and not a court-martial. It should aim at a policy of construction and equity which should be broad enough to bring the whole country—not simply the shippers and the railroads—within its purview. The railroads are in partnership practically with every man in every and any line of business. We should leave shippers and carriers out of the equation and view the subject from the needs of all of the people. The dilatory, undecisive and indecisive quality of mind shown by the Commission has put a blight on enterprise, destroyed initiative and killed credit. When the railroads are prosperous the people are willing to invest their savings, not only in railroad securities but in industrial enterprises of a hundred sorts and kinds.—*President Rea, of the Pennsylvania Railroad System.*

WHY DO YOUNG WOMEN MARRY OLD MEN?

By Alice Hubbard

WHY do women marry men? The primary reason ♣ Mating is an incident common to the life of all normal, healthy, living creatures.

Both natural desire and custom would tend toward a mating. And youth is the time.

In a natural state, woman would follow her primordial instinct.

That is to say, she would be economically free and independent.

Her mating would be frankly functional ♣ Natural selection could be relied upon, as it is among wild animals.

"Do women propose?" is a subject which has furnished a theme for many discussions.

This subject is not thought of where primitive conditions obtain, for there the female always selects her mate.

She not only accepts, she rejects.

She has the power of aggressive choice.

The mother bird builds her own nest, hunts her own food, and even though deprived of her mate suffers sentimentally only.

A few wild male animals are an important part of the family group, yet none are really necessary in providing for and training the offspring.

However, civilization has made mating marriage, which involves a lifelong intimacy—economic and sentimental. Marriage imposes rights, obligations, obedience to laws, written and unwritten, habits, customs, to be maintained in the home, in society and in the world ♣ ♣

The dependencies of the wife far outnumber the items of her independence.

Marriage still limits wives to confines which were necessary when it was dangerous for women to travel alone, to go outside their own homes alone. This was when wives were openly claimed as husbands' property.

Women do not marry for one single purpose. Natural selection can scarcely be relied upon.

¶ In contemplating marriage, one of the

items that must enter the mind of any woman at the present time is a home.

Of every four women, only one is a wage-earner. The other three must be furnished with money earned outside of the home.

It is safe to presume that two of the other three are home-makers. And when these two contemplate marriage, their desire for independence must have had some bearing on their judgment in their more or less limited power to choose a husband.

Romance in Marriage

DO women marry for love alone? A few do. ¶ They are very few, however ♣ They are classed as those capable of the Grand Passion, which means that they have great capacity for love, and that the object of this love is unusually lovable. Or they who marry for love alone are indiscreet, impulsive, unschooled, unsophisticated, young.

And it might be that these have a surplus of primitive energy.

So rare is it that queens, princesses and titled women marry for love, that Queen Victoria's marriage is cited as a beautiful event in the history of England, because her marriage was not dictated by diplomacy.

Some women marry men who offer to the inducement of natural attraction, the added advantages of travel—seeing a part of the world otherwise not accessible to them.

Such are the women who have the Marco Polo spirit.

Some marry—it is regretfully said—because of the lure which ease, luxury and desire have for them. And many just marry.

But there lingers in the heart of every human being the thought and sentiment that love should be the *piece de resistance* which makes the decision to marry. So, I would say, that within the heart of the people is romance—a product of the social relation ♣ And now romance must accompany marriage, in order that society may give its complete approval.

Youth and Age

YOUTH sees beauty in youth. ¶ Youth mixes freely with youth, as chemical affinities demand each other's presence.

Age should see beauty in age.

The pleasures of youth are in the nature of their need, active, violent.

Middle age and old age naturally find mental recreations. For them, the brain is more developed. Reason, judgment, will are king.

¶ The physical retires in favor of the mental.

¶ Age admires youth.

Age should admire youth and love it.

But December and May can never mate ♡

If a young woman marries an old man, her affection for him must necessarily be filial. His affection for her must be paternal. That is natural.

The primary cause for marriage must have been waived.

There can be no real partnership, for partnership means co-operation. Co-operation implies an adjusted balance.

Young women never marry old men frankly. There is always an implied reason. Friends condone the fact by some explanation or apology or plea of peculiar circumstances ♡ The parties most concerned are rarely, either of them, brutal enough to be frank.

Search the records as carefully as you may, I doubt if you will find where a young woman has married an old man who had no money ♡ The pleasure which can come from spending of much moneys is an inducement never overlooked by the one, nor underestimated by the other ♡ ♡

One young woman engaged to a man three times her age was being accused (I trust I use the correct word) by her college friends, of contemplating marrying for money.

Her quick and frank retort was: "No girl should marry for money. But it is a very stupid girl who can not love a rich man." And being a student of Shakespeare, added as a whipsnapper, "It is out of all whooping that a young girl should marry a poor old man." ♡ Do old men think the girls are marrying them for love?

Rarely.

Old men are usually able to take care of themselves ♡ ♡

However, there are old men who affirm that they feel as young as ever. Age has not touched them ♡ ♡

But no old man has ever been quite successful in deceiving facts. And this stubborn fact remains: There are mental advantages which come with age. But no man has ever yet grown old and carried all of youth with him.

The sum of the wisdom of his life should be the inheritance of Age from Youth. If a man fails of this inheritance, he is poor indeed, no matter what money he may have acquired ♡ Why do young women marry old men?

They do not mate.

They do not marry them for the sole purpose of taking care of them in their old age.

But young women who marry old men must surely be capable of visions, and in those visions they must see surcease from sorrow, freedom, opportunity, and somewhere in that roseate future where tall, white lilies and red roses grow in abundance, companionship, equality, someone with whom they can walk hand in hand, inhaling the perfume of eternal Spring ♡ ♡

Woman's inaptitude for reasoning has not prevented her from arriving at truth; nor has man's ability to reason prevented him from foundering in absurdity.

Life and Death

By Ernest Crosby

SO he died for his faith. That is fine,
More than most of us do.

But, say, can you add to that line
That he lived for it, too?

In his death he bore witness at last
As a martyr to the truth.

Did his life do the same in the past,
From the days of his youth?

It is easy to die. Men have died
For a wish or a whim—

From bravado or passion or pride,
Was it harder for him?

But to live—every day to live out
All the truth that he dreamt,

While his friends met his conduct with doubt
And the world with contempt.

Was it thus that he plodded ahead,
Never turning aside?

Then we'll talk of the life that he lived.
Never mind how he died.

The rewards of life are for service. And the penalties of life are for selfishness.

CRITICIZING THE "CRITICS"

By Clarence W. Barron

It was a very natural—since so human—theme that Judge Gary took for his dissertation when receiving the degree of Doctor of Science from the University of Pittsburgh. On such an occasion the recipient of honors is usually expected, if he speaks, to discuss something of substantial and general concern which also is something whereof the speaker has expert knowledge. Both criteria fit the Steel Corporation chairman's remarks upon "indiscriminate criticism." He has stood upon a corporate pinnacle affording a fine view; at the same time his words come with good grace, since he personally has achieved so much in intent and action to disarm the sort of criticism he criticizes.

To be a just critic is no easy task in any department of life; yet no role so tempts the average mortal. How truth, and therefore common interest, may suffer in the poor performance of such a task is traditionally notorious. When, therefore, we have collectively indulged in a season of promiscuous adverse criticism that has come in relation to its deserved basis to wear the aspect of an inverted pyramid, it is quite proper to call formal attention to this lack of proportion.

"With Malice Toward None"

THE Gary indictment against the hysteria of criticism, magnified in a land of free speech and by the modern appliances for reaching an audience, may be summed up in a statement quite befitting a doctor of science—that the obvious excesses spring from attitude and action that are unfair and harmful because absolutely unscientific. There is wanton disregard of facts and of relations of cause and effect.

For example, note but two general aspects among the symptoms noted. Multifarious investigations and inquisitions have been palpably biased in motive and in prosecution, and, on top of that, have been woefully incompetent; in fact, at times there has seemed to

be an inverse ratio between these characteristics and the desire or ability to find genuine truth. In a more general way, conditions have been grotesquely confused with individuals or groups; for instance, the mere possession of wealth has been often taken as prima-facie proof of evil, the mere lack of it as the warrant of wronged individual merit. Success is a new sin. In other words, there has been little or no analysis, classification or judgment of the sort that science inexorably requires; and science should speak also in sociology and civics. But a pseudo-science can not long survive, when knowledge and sense can quite readily get at the truth. Hence the sure conclusion that Judge Gary has drawn: "We are approaching the time when the investigator will be investigated; when the critic will be criticized." Whatever there has been sheer pretension or even anything of reprehensible nature here active, it can not long go masked as plaintiff or judge.

Popular weariness of an obviously overdone process does not alone explain the appreciable revulsion from the "probe" furor. With it has clearly been growing a degree of suspicion—based on the single fact that so many mountains of agitation have brought forth such tiny mice—that there was somewhere a pronounced lack of utility as regards cost, direct and indirect, and of justice as regards either motive or method.

The general converse of the proposition remains, of course, as true as always—that there should be no special privilege or immunity in the other direction. Neither possessions and station nor the lack of them should entitle any man or men to exemption from adherence to the approved code. Repetitions of any exemptions that may have heretofore occurred will not easily escape a new popular vigilance.

But the critic must be qualified, and the criticism must be just and intelligent—at peril of a reversion of the ideal.

THE REWARDS OF GENIUS

By James G. Huneker

POE was only a drunkard to his contemporaries; the gentle Emerson, our one great philosopher, was abused for his candor; Walt Whitman's book was forbidden the mails and the author prosecuted as a criminal. Thoreau was considered as no great "shakes," and Henry James is a dweller under foreign tents. Germany, too, has a little list. Goethe was early damned "immoral."

But when his land was occupied by Napoleon, the Little Corporal knew better. "*Voilà un homme!*" he exclaimed.

Heine died in exile as "M. Henri Heine, poète et raconteur," at Paris.

Schopenhauer and Nietzsche abused their native country that still glitters with irony and hatred.

Richard Wagner was exiled from Germany, and Froebel was silenced. And there is Beethoven, who lived and died in Vienna; Handel, an Englishman by adoption; Schumann, and many others, who suffered from neglect. In our own days Richard Strauss and Arnold Schoenberg are victims.

The Martyr Band

IN France the number disconcerts. Rabelais, Pascal, Rousseau. Montaigne was too sensible, Voltaire too pugnacious, to be crushed. Victor Hugo, Baudelaire, Flaubert were publicly prosecuted for "obscene" writings—Berlois was adjudged a madman. Balzac, Verlaine, Manet, Monet—how many more? Claude Monet still lives, honored in his old age. Edouard Manet was as bitterly treated as was Richard Wagner.

In Italy we have Dante, august name, mighty poet, "solitary pacer of the shore," Tasso, Columbus, Galileo, Leopardi, Carducci.

Even brave little Holland allowed Rembrandt, Vermeer and Spinoza to die obscurely.

Ireland among others can show James Clarence Mangan and John M. Synge, neglected.

Scotland has Burns as an "awful" example, while England is first in the field with her

poets—Milton, Blake, Shelley, Keats, Byron, Browning, Swinburne, Meredith, Landor; and Harvey, Darwin, De Foe, Bunyan, could all tell tales of neglect, contumely, even worse. Spain scorned her greatest writer, Cervantes; Sweden her mystic Swedenborg, and her gifted Strindberg. Ibsen, like Dante, lived in exile, solitary, and abused by the world. Lenau, of Hungary, died mad.

Russia was not too gentle in her handling of Dostoevsky, who was shipped to Siberia for ten years.

Tolstoy was hated by the throne.

Turgenev was self-exiled, but was imprisoned on his country estate by the authorities. Poland's bard, Adam Mickiewicz, fled to Paris; even the spiritual Chopin, physically brave, as his music proves, left Warsaw forever for Paris. This list might easily be lengthened. I avoid mention of Socrates, Jesus Christ, Mohammed, Moses, Maimonides, Luther, Loyola and Savonarola, because they were victims of the worst passion of mankind—the passion aroused by theological odium. Such serene souls as Shakespeare, Da Vinci, Velasquez, Montaigne, never became embroiled in politics or religious rows. If you are ever assailed with any of the great names above simply reply with the question: "How were they treated during their lifetime by their fellow countrymen?"

A gentleman is one whose virtues are not founded on self-interest.

TO see opportunity and to seize opportunity, the mind must be free from rubbish and useless lumber. If you are thinking of your own misfortunes, about your qualities that are not appreciated, about your high deserts and nobility of soul, your nose will be in the air, and your eyes won't be on the ground when opportunity comes crawling along.

—Arthur Brisbane.



MARCHING

By Bart Kennedy

TRAMP! Tramp! Tramp! ¶ Through the roar of London you hear the rhythmic tramping of men ♪ You hear it as you pass ♪ It is everywhere. Tramp! Tramp! Tramp! Sometimes it goes to the sound of music and song. The voices of the men rise up as they go along, marching.

They are soldiers for the war ♪ They are marching forth to change the world. They are the men of destiny.

Through the whole of the day you will hear them going. You will hear them even through the darkness of the long night. Many of them are going forth never to return.

See their faces as they pass you with their swinging, rhythmical steps. They are singing, but in their singing is a curious quality, as if behind it were Fate. It is not as the singing of soldiers on an ordinary march. Beneath it is an undertone, deep and grave. It is not to say that these men are conscious of it. Indeed there is joy in their hearts. But it is a joy serious and stern. The joy of men whose longing to go forth to the battle is being fulfilled.

Tramp! Tramp! Tramp! They march along as marched the soldiers of hundreds of thousands of years ago. They march as marched the soldiers of civilizations now forgotten and buried under the dust. Not for them is the thought of coming back from the battle. Heedless are they of the face of death.

The Soldiers of the World

TRAMP! Tramp! Tramp!

The soldiers of the world are marching. From over the waters, and over the lands, there comes to the inner ear the sound of their distant steps. It is plain to you as the sound that you now hear through the roar of London. Soldiers are marching over the wide plains of Russia. They are marching through Germany, through France—through Europe. Soldiers are marching through far, burning India ♪ They are marching through the lands of the North, South, East and West. For the world is at war.

The Cry of the Little Peoples

TRAMP! Tramp! Tramp!

Aye, the world is at war. The dread steel is dimmed with blood. Sullen guns are thundering, shells are bursting, the air is filled with the leaden rain of death. Destruction reigns through the hours of the day and the hours of the night. Burning are homesteads, burning are towns. The heavens are filled with a redness as of blood. Yea, the blood of men is reflected in the dreadful burnings. The cries of women and children go up to God.

Tramp! Tramp! Tramp!

Human Destiny

POWER of the sword!

It may be that the time will come when man will not have to invoke it. It may be that there will come into the world an era of peace.

¶ But man lives not in the future. He lives in the present—now. Double-edged though the power of the sword be, he must invoke it. There is no other course.

Should he not do it, he must become a slave. He must become a thing whose life is not worth the living.

So let him grasp it joyously, whatever the cost may be. And let him not forget that, though it is double of edge, it has still won for him all that is worth having.

Power of the sword!

Let us boldly face the fact. It is the present arbiter of human destiny.

♪
Your neighbor is the man who needs you.

THE paradox and scandal of the world is that for eighteen centuries, since the adoption by the Continent of Christianity, European history has been a tale of blood. To resolve that paradox, to abate that scandal, to substitute concert for conflict, and to teach mankind to grow great in common, is the international future of civilization.

—Hon. George Peel.

MANICURES—HOLDING HANDS

By Reverend "Golightly" Morrill

HOLDING hands is dangerous business. The hand is the lightning-conductor of love and lust. The manicurist, like Othello, would find "occupation gone" if hand-holding were practised by men or old women. It is the sex element that usually attracts and holds.

Many modest and decent manicurists go regularly and professionally to the homes of their patients, or are found in office, parlor or barber-annex position. Anywhere and everywhere they are pure and true womanly.

Too often the manicure profession wears the livery of heaven to serve the devil in. The time, the place and the girl are often occupied in meeting the husbands, brothers and lovers of others.

People who won't work with their hands are known by the manicures they keep.

Nails are peeled, paired, polished and painted while the owner's rough mind lives in the cellar and garret of mental and moral poverty!

¶ Manicuring is a society luxury for men and women who form the polished horde of bores and bored. ¶ The world is still deceived with fuss and feathers and people who hide grossness with fair ornament.

The Idlers

THE manicure is a necessity for musicians, doctors, dudes and darlings in society, who, beyond the actual care of their body in food, dress and drink, think their hands were made only to wear gloves, rings, be manicured, held or united in a "good catch" marriage. The rich are manicured, who have money to burn.

The idle are manicured, who have time to waste.

The idiots are manicured, who have no idea of the value of time or money.

Libertines are manicured, who play guilty Fausts to pure and innocent Margarets.

Hotel lechers and loafers are manicured, who forget mother, sister, wife or sweetheart. They

have no time or money for church or charity, but sit by the hour holding a girl's hand, looking into her face, trying to fan a spark of passion into their burnt-out cinder body, while with hand, foot, eye and tongue they try to "make a date."

The word "hand" means to hold or seize, and is to man what claw is to bird, fin to fish and hoof to horse.

The hand is marvelously made with twenty-seven bones, of which eight are in the wrist, five form the palms, and fourteen the bones or phalanges of fingers.

The hand was made for work, as proved by anatomy and Scripture—"Go work," "Work earnestly with both hands."

"Handsome is that handsome does," and black or white hands are fine which do good work. Angelo carving marble, Raphael painting Madonnas, Shakespeare writing immortal dramas, Beethoven copying heavenly symphonies, Washington drawing his sword for liberty, and Lincoln penning the Emancipation Proclamation, spent little time and money in manicure-parlors.

Beautiful are the hands of wife, sister, man or friend which have directed, led and lifted us by pitfall, through marsh and despair, to mount the height on which we stand—hands perfumed with prayer, baptized with tears, clasped with affection and generous with charity.

The man ought to be horsewhipped who uses the words "hard," "homely," "unmanicured," of the hands of a father, calloused that they might give daily bread; hands of a mother, blistered and aching for work never done until they were crossed white in the coffin and God gave them rest; baby hands, which twined around the trellis of our hearts and were unclasped by death.

To make mistakes is human, but to profit by them is divine.

FACT AND COMMENT

By B. C. Forbes

THE man who will steal for you will steal from you.

The employee who will obey your instructions to be crooked will turn a crook toward you.

The employer who asks an employee to do wrong places himself in that employee's power.

¶ Guilt hereafter is to be brought home to individuals, not to firms or corporations.

The official who tells men to break a law will not, by and by, be able to have his company shoulder the responsibility. The law will fasten upon the official who transmitted the order. If the official can prove that he acted under orders from "higher up," then the individuals "higher up" will have to toe the line.

"You can not be honest and stay in business nowadays" is an oft-repeated statement.

"You can not be dishonest and stay in business" promises to be the new rule.

A Case in Point

THIS article is inspired by an incident of which I have personal knowledge. Here it is:

A large concern had as accountant and semi-confidential man a friend of mine who was straight. Business became bad. Surpluses were deteriorating into deficits. Heavy bank-loans were necessary. To induce the banks to hand over the thousands wanted, a good financial showing had to be made—a true record would have killed negotiations. The heads of the concern decided to pad their accounts, to distort facts and figures, to lug in as assets utterly worthless debts, etc., etc. The accountant refused to be a party to the deception. The money obtained under false pretenses kept the company on its feet for a while, but the inevitable happened—the crash came. From the wreckage another firm was formed, but the honest accountant's services were dispensed with. His code was not elastic enough to suit their purposes!

"I am out of work," he told me, "but I can

at least face my wife and play with my children. I'll get another job, all right. And next time honesty may not be a drawback."

The Paths of Righteousness

THE truth is that a shocking amount of misrepresentation is indulged in by business concerns of doubtful standing. And deception is also the rule with many corporations, some of magnitude. The Havemeyers and the Morses are not all dead.

But the path of the business crook is not to be pleasant by and by. Honesty will prove the best policy in practise as well as in theory.

¶ One profession in America is only in its swaddling-clothes. I refer to accountancy. The charge will be resented, yet it is absolutely true, that American accountants subscribe time and again to statements which are designed to mislead the public. Often the consequences are costly. The accountants guilty of such things are either dishonest or incompetent. And they ought to suffer in either case.

Every company and corporation whose securities have been sold to the public ought to be compelled by law to have their books audited annually by certified public accountants. And should subsequent developments reveal that crookedness was O. K.'d, the accountants should be haled to court and given opportunity to exculpate themselves or receive exemplary punishment.

I believe that our accountants could tell more about underhand business practises than any other set of men in America. Sometimes, let it be said to their credit, they refuse to indorse statements which they can not in conscience approve. But many a padded and crooked balance-sheet has borne the signature of supposedly reputable accountants.

The whole standard of honesty is to be raised. True, you can not make men honest by law—but you can make dishonesty so dangerous that most men will shrink from risking it. This course is to be followed.



AT RHEIMS

By Victor Hugo

DURING the three days of the coronation there were great crowds in the streets of Rheims, at the Archbishop's palace, and on the promenades along the Vesdre, eager to catch a glimpse of Charles the Tenth. I said to Charles Nodier, "Let us go and see his majesty the cathedral."

Rheims is a proverb in Gothic Christian art. One speaks of the "nave of Amiens, the bell-towers of Chartres, the facade of Rheims." A month before the coronation of Charles the Tenth a swarm of masons, perched on ladders and clinging to knotted ropes, spent a week smashing with hammers every bit of jutting sculpture on the facade, for fear a stone might become detached from one of these reliefs and fall on the King's head. The debris littered the pavement and was swept away. For a long time I had in my possession a head of Christ that fell in this way. It was stolen from me in Eighteen Hundred Fifty-one. This head was unfortunate—broken by a king, it was lost by an exile.

Nodier was an admirable antiquary, and we explored the cathedral from top to bottom, encumbered though it was with the scaffolding, painted scenery and stage side-lights. The nave being only of stone, they had hidden it by an edifice of cardboard, doubtless because the latter bore a greater resemblance to the monarchy of that period. For the coronation of the King of France they had transformed a church into a theater, and it has since been related, with perfect accuracy, that on arriving at the entrance I asked of the bodyguard on duty, "Where is my box?"

The Cathedral

THIS cathedral of Rheims is beautiful above all cathedrals. On the facade are kings; on the absis, people being put on the torture by executioners. Coronation of kings with an accompaniment of victims. The facade is one of the most magnificent symphonies ever sung by that music, architecture. One dreams for a

long time before this oratorio. Looking up from the square you see at a giddy height, at the base of the two towers, a row of gigantic statues representing kings of France. In their hands they hold the scepter, the sword, the hand of justice, and the globe, and on their heads are antique open crowns with bulging gems. It is superb and grim. You push open the bellringer's door, climb the winding staircase, "the screw of Saint Giles," to the towers, to the high regions of prayer; you look down and the statues are below you. The row of kings is plunging into the abysm. You hear the whispering of the enormous bells, which vibrate at the kiss of vague zephyrs from the sky. ••

I gazed down from the top of the tower through an embrasure. The entire facade sheered straight below me. I perceived in the depth, on top of a long stone support that extended down the wall directly beneath me to the escarpment, so that its form was lost, a sort of round basin. Rainwater had collected there and formed a narrow mirror at the bottom; there were also a tuft of grass with flowers in it, and a swallow's nest. Thus in a space only two feet in diameter were a lake, a garden and a habitation—a bird's paradise. As I gazed the swallow was giving water to her brood. Round the upper edge of the basin were what looked like crenelles, and between these the swallow had built her nest. I examined these crenelles. They had the form of fleurs-de-lys. The support was a statue. This happy little world was the stone crown of an old king. And if God were asked, "Of what use was this Lothario, this Philip, this Charles, this Louis, this emperor, this king?" God peradventure would reply, "He had this statue made and lodged a swallow."

The Pomp of Power

CHANCE took me to Rheims. It was August Twenty-eighth, Eighteen Hundred Thirty-eight.

I was returning from Vouziers, and seeing the two towers of Rheims in the distance, was seized with a desire to visit the cathedral. I therefore went to Rheims.

On arriving in the cathedral square I saw a gun drawn up near the portal, and beside it gunners with lighted fuses in their hands. As I had seen artillery there on May Twenty-seventh, Eighteen Hundred Twenty-five, I supposed it was customary to keep a cannon in the square, and paid little attention to it. I passed on and entered the church.

A priest took me in charge and conducted me all over the church. The stones were dark, the statues dismal, the altar mysterious. No lamps competed with the sun. The latter threw upon the sepulchral stones in the pavement the long white silhouettes of the windows, which through the melancholy obscurity of the rest of the church looked like phantoms lying upon these tombs. No one was in the church. Not a whisper, not a footfall could be heard.

This solitude saddened the heart and enrap-tured the soul. There were in it abandonment, neglect, oblivion, exile and sublimity. Gone the whirl of Eighteen Hundred Twenty-five. The church had resumed its dignity and its calmness. Not a piece of finery, not a vestment, not anything. It was bare and beautiful. The lofty vault no longer supported a canopy. Ceremonies of the palace are not suited to these severe places; a coronation ceremony is merely tolerated; these noble ruins are not made to be courtiers. To rid it of the throne and withdraw the king from the presence of God increases the majesty of a temple. Louis the Fourteenth hides Jehovah from sight

The Real Presence

WITHDRAW the priest as well. All that eclipsed it having been taken away, you will see the light of day direct. Orisons, rites, bibles, formulas, refract and decompose the sacred light. A dogma is a dark chamber. Through a religion you see the solar spectrum of God, but not God. Desuetude and crumbling enhance the grandeur of a temple. As human religion retires from this mysterious and jealous edifice divine religion enters it. Let solitude reign in it and you will feel heaven there. A sanctuary deserted and in ruins becomes almost an element, and possesses the virginal and religious grandeur of a savannah or of a forest. There something of the real Presence is to be found.

Such places are truly holy; man has meditated and communed with himself therein. What they contained of truth has remained and become greater. Extinct dogmas have not left their ashes; the prayer of the past has left its perfume. There is something of the absolute in prayer, and because of this, that which was a synagogue, that which was a mosque, that which was a pagoda, is venerable. A stone on which that great anxiety that is called prayer has left its impress is never treated with ridicule by the thinker. The trace left by those who have bowed down before the infinite is always imposing.

In strolling about the cathedral I had climbed to the triforium, then under the arched buttresses, then to the top of the edifice. The timber-work under the pointed roof is admirable, but less remarkable than the "forest" of Amiens. It is of chestnut-wood.

These cathedral attics are of grim appearance. One could almost lose one's self in the labyrinths of rafters, squares, traverse beams, superposed joists, traves, architraves, girders, madriers and tangled lines and curves. One might imagine one's self to be in the skeleton of Babel. The place is as bare as a garret and as wild as a cavern. The wind whistles mournfully through it. Rats are at home there. The spiders, driven from the timber by the odor of chestnut, make their home in the stone of the basement where the church ends and the roof begins, and low down in the obscurity spin their webs in which you catch your face. One respires a mysterious dust, and the centuries seem to mingle with one's breath. The dust of churches is not like the dust of houses; it reminds one of the tomb, it is composed of ashes

The Ways of Kings

THE flooring of these colossal garrets has crevices in it through which one can look down into the abyss, the church, below. In the corners that one can not explore are pools of shadow as it were. Birds of prey enter through one window and go out through the other. Lightning is also familiar with these high mysterious regions. Sometimes it ventures too near and then it causes the conflagration of Rouen, of Chartres, or of Saint Paul's, London. ¶ My guide the priest preceded me. He looked at the dung on the floor, and tossed his head. He knew the bird by its manure, and growled between his teeth:

"This is a rook; this is a hawk; this is an owl."

"You ought to study the human heart," said I.

A frightened bat flew before us.

While walking almost at hazard, following this bat, looking at this manure of the birds, respiring this dust, in this obscurity among the cobwebs and scampering rats, we came to a dark corner in which, on a big wheelbarrow, I could just distinguish a long package tied with string and that looked like a piece of rolled-up cloth.

"What is that?" I asked the beadle.

"That," said he, "is Charles the Tenth's coronation carpet."

I stood gazing at the thing, and as I did so—there was a deafening report that sounded like a thunderclap, only it came from below. It shook the timber-work, and echoed and re-echoed through the church. It was succeeded by a second roar, then a third, at regular intervals. I recognized the thunder of the cannon, and remembered the gun I had seen in the square.

I turned to my guide:

"What is that noise?"

"The telegraph has been at work and the cannon has been fired."

"What does it mean?" I continued.

"It means," said the beadle, "that a grandson has just been born to Louis Philippe."

¶ The cannon announced the birth of a king.

Hate is a ptomaine, good-will is a panacea

TO secure prosperity I urge the imperative necessity of taking business out of the atmosphere of attack into the old-fashioned, go-ahead atmosphere of business initiative and American enterprise.

I urge relief from the fads, fancies and "isms" which have filled the streets with unemployment and put away the dinner-pail of the workman empty on the shelf of the impoverished home.

I urge the restoration of confidence in the fact that American businessmen are the peers of any in the world.

I urge that the public interest in transportation is that it shall be prosperous in order that it may be a successful and energetic aid to all the business it is designed to serve.

—William Sproule.

IF you only want to hard enough you can accomplish anything. You can make yourself stronger and happier than you have ever been. Mental determination can accomplish greater marvels than anything else. I don't believe that miracles can happen contrary to the law, but I don't believe we know all the law. The wonders and mysteries of unknown continents are pebbles on the seashore compared with what is waiting for the explorer of the human mind, the world that we've never been able to explore.—*Frank L. Packard.*

Business consists in the production, transportation and distribution of the things that are necessary to human life. Through this exercise of our faculties we educate the best that is in us: in other words, we get an education. Inasmuch as business supplies the necessities of life, it is impossible to have a highly evolved and noble race except where there is a science of business.

WHERE is the liquor which God the Eternal brews for all of His children? Not in the simmering still, over smoky fires choked with poisonous gases and surrounded with the stench of sickening odors and rank corruption, does our Father in heaven prepare the precious essence of life—pure, cold water; but in the green glade, the grassy dell where the red deer wanders and the child loves to play—there God brews it. And down, low down in the deepest valleys, where fountains murmur and the rills sing; and high upon the tall mountain-tops, where the naked granite glitters like gold in the sun; where the storm-cloud broods, and the thunders crash; and away far out on the wide wild sea, where the hurricane brawls music, and the big waves roar—the chorus sweeping the march of God—there He brews it, that beverage of life, health-giving water. And everywhere it is positively a thing of beauty: gleaming in the dewdrop, singing in the summer rain, shining in the ice-gem till the leaves all seem turned to living jewels, spreading a golden veil over the setting sun or a white gauze around the midnight moon, sporting in the cataract, sleeping in the glacier, dancing in the hail shower, folding its bright snow curtains softly about the wintry world, and weaving the many-colored iris—that seraph's zone of the sky, whose warp is the raindrop of earth and whose woof is the sunbeam of heaven.—*John B. Gough.*

BIG BUSINESS VERSUS WAR

By Alice Hubbard

WAR is destruction, not progress. ¶ The war now in progress claims the best interest of the entire world.

Man's energies are being absorbed by fear, apprehension, distress, pity. We reach feverishly for the morning mail anticipating some new horror.

To carry first aid to the suffering, temporary relief to the starving, are all that America can do now.

War was once legitimate, because it was the only way the savage knew to acquire property. One savage tribe dispossessed another of its possessions.

War was once picturesque, startling, thrilling, and developed qualities which have evolved courageous, brave, strong, reliable men and women ♪ ♪

The greatest manifestation of power when Homer wrote his Iliad was the warrior. Vergil's epic was the alluring history of fighting men. ¶ Milton formulated a theology and enmeshed it in the history of a battle in the skies where the enemies in the colossal fight were God and his Rival.

The history recorded in the Old Testament is of wars and warriors. Glory was given to him who killed most men. "Saul has slain his thousands, but David his tens of thousands."

The Spirit of America

THE most striking feature of the history of the United States was the record of its wars, the heroes of the war, causes that led to the war, results upon the country.

This—until the age of invention.

The Scotch have a proverb that pride brings war, war brings peace, peace brings prosperity, prosperity brings pride, pride brings war, war brings poverty—and thus the eternal round ♪

The greatest problem that confronts Americans today is to show the world by example how to utilize prosperity so that it shall not bring pride which shall be followed by war ♪ This is America's great work.

One evidence that it can be done or, at least, the time of prosperity prolonged, is in the fact that a great leveling process is at work.

Investigations, muck-raking, agitations by Socialists, Anarchists, I. W. W.'s, have been educational. The defense brought forward by accusations against big business, great corporations, trusts and combinations of men of power, has illumined conditions so that accused and accusers have a better understanding ♪ "Welfare work," "Business betterment," "Safety First," "Workmen's Compensation Law," limited hours, minimum-wage laws, although severe and in some cases bringing hardship to the employer, yet they have brought enlightenment to everybody, and a better understanding to laborers, directors of labor, and financiers.

The trend of the entire course of business management is toward co-operation. And co-operation means accumulation. Co-operative communities have found no difficulty in growing rich. They can not help it.

Competition is waste and extravagance. In competition the best strength, the best time is spent in fighting the competitor.

In co-operation, all energy is expended in the direction of progress.

The spirit of America is toward co-operation, the unifying and amalgamating of the people.

¶ America's opportunity is to teach herself to use her prosperity for the good of all, and not for the few.

The pride that brings war resides with the few—the o'er-ambitious, to kings and courts. It does not belong to the common people ♪ The fight which has been followed by this unprecedented, tragic war is between individuals. The nations are not fighting because they have a quarrel. There are only a few men in each of the belligerent countries who wanted war ♪ ♪

And these men are anachronisms. They are the relics of barbarism monopolizing Twentieth-

Century civilization. They have prostituted the uses of science to destruction. The result is wholesale slaughter.

Co-operation

PEACE-LOVING Americans have held our Ship of State close in her path of progress and prosperity for all.

What has caused American people to have the wisdom? It is the lessons taught unconsciously by big business.

The fascinating game, the gamble which gives zest, joy and perpetual hope to mankind, is now found in business.

All the courage, bravery, hardihood, honor that could come from war, now comes in business ❧

Business brings all that war sought for, and gets it comparatively without the destruction of life. ❧ Business is built on principle. Business has introduced to us a justice, of which war knows nothing.

The principle of business is to hold the scales at balance. You give so much commodity and you receive its equivalent in the other side of the scale. That is the basis of business.

Business is not cheating. Business is not getting the start of the other fellow. Business is not "doing" somebody for something ❧ Business is giving so much for an equal value. It is refined barter. It is the most satisfactory and convenient way of giving to you that of which I have a surplus, for that of which you have a surplus. As a convenient medium of exchange, we use money.

The difference between little business and big business is, that big business gives those who work in it an opportunity for a broad outlook, a wide horizon, a universe.

It is the difference between the provincial and the cosmopolitan, petit and grand, the child and the man.

It is the difference between fragments and organization; the single unit and the combining of units into one system.

And big business tends toward co-operation.

❧ What is co-operation? The intelligent working together of many for a single result. And there is involved in the working together of many an all-around development.

Business means progress for the individuals and progress for the nation.

War is annihilation of individuals and nations.



Bring me cheerful messages, or none!

AFTER all, the hope of the world is not in Things, but in Ideas. Ideas are the prime causes of revolutions. Ideas have made wars. Ideas shall make war impossible. A vital idea released and set free, incarnated in a strong personality, touches one here and another there to a nobler life and a loftier service, and returns not until it changes some human character, and influences, it may be, the destiny of nations. Things are finished and finite, weigh so much, measure so far, and may be bought for such a price; but ideas are the dynamic of the world, the inextinguishable spark that disturbs the clod, the soul that saves the body from decay.

The man who does things—great buildings, continental railroads, super-Dreadnoughts—is greater than the thing he does by as much as the painter's dream is greater than the painted canvas. The measure of his greatness is the measure of the idea he sets free. " 'T is not what man does which exalts him, but what man would do ": the idea, not the thing, is supreme. And for this reason theirs is the highest calling whose life-work it is to set free ideas, to widen the bounds of thought, and to open the eyes of men to the farther vision, their hearts to the diviner passion, and make their sluggish natures yield response to "each stung that bids nor sit nor stand but go." The preacher, the teacher, the writer—blessed are they among men, for into their hands are put the spiritual forces that reshape private character, direct public opinion, and write the history of the world.

Democracy lives or dies by the ideas which inspire it. The rule of the despot is the dominance of force; but the rule of the people is the resultant of the ideas and emotions and motives that are strongest in the average man. The light and power of "government of the people by the people and for the people" are measured by the light and power that radiate from the preacher's pulpit, the teacher's chair, the writer's desk. The thing done the world may see and wonder at, but not the power that does it. Behind every great movement is a great man incarnating and setting free a great idea.—*Dr. J. A. Macdonald.*



He who will not accept orders has no right to give them; he who will not serve has no right to command; he who can not keep silence has no right to speak.

THE ASSAULT ON SUCCESS

By Elbert Hubbard

THE action brought against the United Shoe Machinery Company under the Sherman Law has been dismissed by Federal Judges Putnam, Dodge and Brown, who heard the case in Boston, and the concern has been given a clean bill of health. Not only does the Court find the Company not guilty, but the opinion intimates that customers and competitors alike have been treated with great fairness, and that the public has prospered through the enterprise of this institution.

This action was begun in Nineteen Hundred Eleven, with a fierce beating of the political tomtom, and much space was given by the newspapers as to how the public was being oppressed.

Over a hundred thousand dollars of the people's money was spent by the prosecution, and the Company was forced to expend as much or more in defense.

The big-game hunt ends in a squirrel-track, and Washington is now right glad to forget it.

The Verdict

EACH of the judges presented a written opinion as to why the suit should be dismissed, and also gave a few reasons why it should never have been begun.

They viewed the case from every possible angle, with great impartiality.

The concurring sense of the combined decisions is that there had always been free competition in the shoe-machinery business, but on account of the excellence of its organization and the co-operation and economy of its departments, the United Shoe Machinery Company had given the public a superior service and outstripped its competitors.

These opinions show a deal of literary facility and insight into the heart of things.

We sometimes hear the bromidial dum dum that judges decide questions offhand—using big dice for big cases and small dice for little cases.

I hardly think that this is true. Even the average judge is interested in an endeavor to bring cosmos out of the chaos of a lawsuit. I imagine, from reading the opinions in this Shoe Machinery case, that two of the judges were, before the trial, inclined to believe that the defendants were oppressing the "deer pee-pul." But their prejudices—if they had any—were gradually, slowly and surely dispelled.

The Government certainly presented its case with a plausibility that showed rare skill.

Through using the services of a former attorney of the concern, who was a stockholder in the Company, and employed in a confidential capacity, criminal indictments were found against four high officers.

Indictments of course are ex-parte propositions. And in this instance they were peculiarly infamous. The intent of bringing a criminal indictment, and at the same time entering a civil suit, was a clever piece of Wicker-shaming.

In addition, we had the sly sleuth in the case—the former trusted counselor—busting into various magazines, trying the case in newspapers, giving public addresses, and posing generally at banquets and conferences as an economic Moses.

This attorney was on the board of directors until it came to the kiss.

But Colonel Judas is not a typical Jew.

The Jewish people make no claim to "looking like Lincoln." This man is without the pale—an Ishmaelite. He has nothing in common with such great, simple souls as Nathan Straus, Jacob Schiff, Sigmund Sonneborn and Julius Rosenwald. Your typical Hebrew is a builder, not a sapper and a destroyer.

I know many intelligent people who were deceived by the specious pleas of Colonel J. Dumdeis into the belief that every time you bought a pair of shoes you were forced to drop a dollar into the capacious lap of a com-

mercial strumpet known as the United Shoe Machinery Company.

Now, we get the cold, calm, analytical intimation from three able judges, who have taken two years to deliberate on the case, that through the work of the United Shoe Machinery Company the world has been given better shoes at a less cost than it ever had before.

The route to political preference via the office of public prosecutor is a popular one.

To reach the heart of a lady by defending her virtue is not a patentable procedure.

The man who supplied the legal lyddite, furnishing the bumdeis that was to blow up the alleged octopus, is still in the employ of the Government, ready and willing to dynamite payrolls and lengthen the bread-line.

Business Combinations

LET the truth be stated that the present Administration was the unfortunate heir of this business persecution.

Teddy Da Roose popularized the idea of assaulting success as a political move to corral votes. Since then his successors have merely followed his bad example.

Now behold the turn of the tide. President Wilson has quietly instructed the Interstate Trade Commission to study the European "cartels," or business combinations, and find out how we can best realize the co-operative idea to extend American trade.

And methods of co-operation are the very ones used by the United Shoe Machinery Company for which they were prosecuted.

Had Brother Wickersham started his sleuths on a still hunt to ascertain the good in the United Shoe Machinery Company, and made a public report of the findings, we would all have been the gainers.

In France and Germany business has been encouraged, not repressed and prosecuted. It was discovered that, in order to get South American trade, say, one big organization captained by men with a well-defined policy was a deal better than for a dozen warring little concerns to go after the business, each sniping on his own account.

American statesmen are yet obsessed with the thought that we can sell American products to the people of South America if we can only impress them with the fact that our goods have superior merit. But this is n't the case at all.

The first thing we have to do is to devise a way by which we can use South American products. When we begin to buy goods from them, then our goods will flow in their direction as a natural consequence.

Here comes in the cartel, or the combination of a large number of concerns working together under one common leadership and everybody thriving.

In America we have been told we must compete, but we must be careful and not compete too much.

If we did not compete at all we were in danger of the penitentiary, and if we competed too much we might land in the Miami County calaboose, and if we did n't do any business at all we would gravitate to either the bughouse or the bread-line.

It's a sorry day, my lords, when the servants of the people, elected to office by the people, use their high estate to destroy the good name of the people who maintain big payrolls, pay vast sums for taxes, and generally give us our place in the sun.

Four years to find out that the United Shoe Machinery Company was one of our big assets, and a concern of which to be proud! Well, we found it out, anyway.

And now why not a Commission that will look for the good in Big Business!

A little music, uplift, Brother Rodeheaver! All rise and sing!

•••

Success is the most natural thing in the world. The man who does not succeed has placed himself in opposition to the laws of the universe. The world needs you—it wants what you produce—you can serve it, and if you will, it will reward you richly.

•••

ARE you aware that although occupying but one-sixteenth part of the globe, and having only one-fifteenth of its population, these here United States are able to produce nearly seventy per cent of the world's corn, over sixty per cent of the world's petroleum and the world's cotton, about fifty-five per cent of the world's copper, some fifty per cent of the world's iron-ore and the world's coal, about thirty-five per cent of the world's tobacco, about thirty-five per cent of the world's lead, silver and livestock, and about twenty per cent of the world's gold, the world's wheat and the world's timber?—Roger Babson.

THE FRA



DEVOTED TO
THE BUSINESS
OF ... LIVING



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HENRY B. JOY

President Packard Motor Car Company

President Lincoln Highway Association

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25 CENTS A COPY 2 DOLLARS A YEAR



The Car You Want—a "Six" —at the Price You Like

See and Test This Car and So Be Satisfied of Its Quality

HERE is the big—powerful "Six" with all the luxury that men previously had associated only with cars of much higher price.

At the price of \$785 it offers, we believe, more headline features—and a finer value—than any other touring car in the world.

And because it is light in weight and well designed, it is economical. No owner of a Saxon "Six" has ever complained about upkeep.

Note These Specifications

Motive power? The Saxon "Six" has, we believe, the greatest high speed, light weight motor yet produced. It develops 30-35 horsepower. It keeps cool and "sweet" under all conditions. Of course, everyone recognizes the superior advantages of a six-cylinder motor in a touring car.

Comfort? Saxon uses cantilever springs of vanadium steel—the newest and best type of spring suspension; 32 x 3½ inch tires; 112-inch

wheelbase; good upholstery.

Looks? One of the strongest appeals of the Saxon is its handsome, stylish appearance, as exemplified by its streamline body, crowned fenders, tapered bonnet—and its high quality body finish. Twenty-two operations are required in finishing a Saxon body.

Plenty of Room for Five

Room? No car selling below \$1,250 has more width of the tonneau seat than you get in the Saxon "Six." It is a five-passenger touring car of generous all-round dimensions—plenty of leg room. All passengers ride comfortably.

Sound mechanical features? Well, there's the six-cylinder motor, honeycomb radiator, Atwater-Kent ignition, Rayfield carburetor, dry plate clutch, three-speed transmission, floating rear axle with full roller bearing equipment, drop forged I-beam front axles, best type artillery wheels, big brakes—everything sound and good.

The Saxon "Six" is fully equipped and every feature is of uniformly

high quality—Gray & Davis electric starting and lighting system, speedometer, dimmer attachment for headlights, double ventilating rain-vision windshield, one-man top, quick-acting curtains, electric horn, robe rail, tools, tire kit, extra demountable rim, tire carrier—everything complete.

You can now see this car at your dealer's. We urge you to inspect it. Again we say, "See and test this car for yourself and so be satisfied of its quality."

Judge This Car Yourself

Your own eye will tell you if it is beautiful.

Your own ear will tell you if it is quiet and smooth and "sweet" in operation.

Your own observation will tell you if it has power and snap and flexibility.

Your own nerves will tell you if it is comfortable to ride in under all conditions and easy and safe for the driver to handle.

Your own business judgment will tell you if there is in this car, as we claim, an all-round value that is extraordinary.

We invite the test and are sure, in advance, of your verdict.

Saxon Motor Co.
Detroit - - Michigan

THE FRA

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THE GOLDEN RULE AS A WORKING POLICY



GOING unto others as you would be done by requires faith in your fellowmen. Faith in your fellowmen implies a belief that down deep in the heart of every man, somewhere, is the germ of goodness. Your faith may be a vitalizing ray of sunshine reaching that particular germ. In order to perceive the germ of goodness beneath the rough husk of the workaday world, imagination is required. Imagination is the power to see the unseen. ¶ Faith and imagination mean prescience, prophetic intelligence, or scientific psychology.

When Marshall Field adopted the maxim, "The customer is always right!" he displayed great prescience. ¶ And the order went forth that no employee should ever dispute the word of a customer; so all claims were adjusted instantly on the word of the customer. ¶ We all like to be thought honest and true. Marshall Field complimented his customers—his maxim made friends—the trade increased. So successful was the policy of faith in the customer that today all great department-stores do business on the money-back basis.

Warden Osborne of Sing Sing says that prisoners who do not respond to the Golden Rule are diseased in body and mind and must be classed as sub-normal.

"Customers first!" is a matter of politeness; also it is a matter of diplomacy. And as the word "diploma" means a certificate of merit, so is diplomacy itself an example of truth carried into action.

Diplomacy is politeness—consideration for the rights and feelings of others. It tokens kindness and faith in others. ¶ Diplomacy is not a mere surface pretense.

Insincere politeness is counterfeit diplomacy. If two men meet in a hallway and begin to converse, then argue, and finally fight, it is a reasonably sure sign that diplomacy has broken down.

¶ And the reason it has broken down is because one or both of the men lack either one or both of two things. These things are commonsense and right intent. ¶ Burglars lack both; and the proof that burglars lack commonsense is that they adopt a very costly way of securing things. Men who consider themselves better, wiser and more able than other men will not be diplomatic.

¶ Such know nothing of the Golden Rule, save as a theory. They believe in the rascality of others, not their goodness. Hence they appeal to force.

It is the same with nations. When diplomacy breaks down, war follows. And war never occurs until diplomacy is cast aside.

If governmental diplomats were really diplomatic, war would be an impossibility.

The Golden Rule in trade has been proven a safe, sound and paying policy.

Salesmen who sell goods have to sell themselves first. We give no orders to people we regard as possible rogues, cheats, pretenders and hypocrites. ¶ Diplomats who resort to violence are salesmen who have failed to sell themselves. In order to "sell yourself" you must be both buyer and seller. You must in imagination put yourself in place of the other man. Then only can you do unto others as if you were the others. ¶ Personal quarrels and national wars mean that somebody was n't big enough to live up to the Golden Rule.



A NEW DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE

WHEN in the course of human events it becomes necessary for one people to dissolve the industrial bands which have connected them with others, a decent respect for the opinions of mankind requires that they should declare the causes which impel them to the separation.

We hold these truths to be self-evident :

That all men should exert themselves mentally, morally, spiritually, physically, up to their highest and best.

We are endowed by our Creator with certain inalienable rights, and among these are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. We believe that whenever any habit or precedent becomes destructive to these ends, it is the duty of the people to alter or abolish it and to institute new methods and plans, laying the foundation on such principles and organizing their powers in such form as to insure safety, happiness, prosperity and progress.

When one-half of the human race is engaged in a war of extermination, prudence requires that we should separate ourselves in spirit from these concrete examples of woe, waste, want, misery and death.

The Coming Age

NATIONS grow, just as individuals grow, by leaps and bounds, by throes and throbs ♪ ♪

Men are born again.

You go on a journey, you read a book, you meet a person ; or death comes to one near and dear to you, and you hear the clods fall and echo on the coffin of your dead hopes ♪ You feel the sky shutting down on less worth in the world. Perhaps financial explosions occur ; riches take wings. You find yourself beggared, alone, misunderstood, falsely accused. ¶ At such times do you feel like giving up the fight? Out upon the thought!—never entertain such an idea, even though the mood sweep over you. This is your opportunity! You are being born again.

Maturity to men or nations does not come at any certain age or period. We have seen a boy of sixteen become a man between the rising of the sun and its setting, through the calamity of sudden death coming to his father, and this lad suddenly thrown on his own resources with the responsibility of caring for his mother and brothers and sisters ♪ Just so it is with nations ♪ ♪

America will have to pay her share of the awful destruction going on in Europe. On the other hand, the Law of Compensation never rests, and a new world is ours.

We are reaching our majority. Childhood and youth lie behind. The dreams of the night are passed. The day is at hand.

America's Duty

THE population of the world is sixteen hundred million. The population of America is one hundred million.

We have one-sixteenth of the population of the world, but we have one-third of the wealth of the world.

And in two years we will have one-half the wealth of the world.

The wealth of the world will be siphoned in this direction for the next ten years, at least.

¶ In degree, we will have to feed starving Europe. We will have to rebuild the homes, rehabilitate the factories, and finance many industrial institutions.

The habits and qualities of so-called European nobility have been for us unmasked. No longer shall rotting royalty provide us precedents for the business of life and living.

We have new standards, new ideals, new ambitions, and loss and calamity have only nerved us to a degree of power which before we wot not of.

America has everything that God has ever given to His children, and this in abundance. We have the land, rich beyond the dreams of avarice, which only needs to be tickled with a hoe to laugh a harvest.

We have the glorious sunshine; the running waters; the winds that invigorate.

We have the schools, the shops, the railroads, the steamship-lines. All these must be bettered, strengthened, braced against any coming possible disaster. And best of all we have the men and women, the healthy, happy, rollicking children.

We have the willing hands, the cunning brain, the desire to do and dare, the ambition to express ourselves.

American Leadership

TIME was when we even got our food from Europe, and this only two hundred years ago

George Washington, who fought the War of Independence, sent his measure to a tailor in London and got his clothing from across the sea

For years we looked to Europe for railroad iron, steam-engines, iron steamships, and even unto our own generation the American gentleman looked to the London tailor for sartorial satisfaction.

Today many of the best-dressed men in Europe are wearing American clothes; and all of them wear American shoes, for in the manufacture of shoes, as in the manufacture of plumbing supplies, and as in dentistry, America is without a competitor.

American women have clung longer to European fashions than have the men. The tyranny of Paris has been upon us. Somewhat humiliating is it that the Parisian *nymph du pave* has set us our style.

Clothing has its purpose in protection, warmth and luxury; but beyond that we express the joy of life through our clothing.

Only a happy, growing, prosperous people should set a style in millinery. Fashion is a matter of education.

Fashion is a harmonious arrangement evolved into an art, and art is not a thing. Art is a way. Art is the beautiful, kindly, gracious, effective way

Clothing that hampers exercise will have to go. Simplicity, effectiveness, modesty, good taste, are coming into America as they never have before.

We are going to use our own productions Cotton goods are now being manufactured and finished here in America that carry with them the sheen of silk, the lasting qualities of linen, the light, airy, graceful, beauteous style

which tokens health, intelligence, animation, happiness, ambition.

Cotton is king, yet for those who prefer it, America produces wool and will produce more.

¶ But the lightness of cotton appeals to the growing intelligence of the time.

Weight in clothing is not desirable. Health, strength, ability to co-operate with the seasons and enjoy all kinds of weather—this tokens lighter clothing.

Cotton is coming into its own—thanks to the inventive genius of American manufacturers, and the art manifest by our designers, both men and women.

In the Vanguard

WE have evolved a new banking system, making panics impossible.

We have still many things to do; for instance, we must make our banking capital more fluid, so it will flow to the farmers at the seasons when they need it most. Also, we need American ships floating the Stars and Stripes, to carry our products to the nations of the world.

¶ We must study the markets, not only to sell, but to consume the productions of the Tropics

Our new Declaration of Independence does not mean that we are going to shut the world out, but it does mean that we are going to lead the world in many ways.

But we are going to be students of what the world has done and is doing. Also, we are going to school to one another, as we never have before.

Instead of hunting for faults and foibles in our neighbors, we are going to organize investigating committees whose objects will be a search for the beautiful, the good and the true.

The Heroic Attitude

THE war in Europe has shut off from us the imports of certain chemicals, dyes, perfumes, toilet articles, household fabrics, textiles. This will give play to the energies of a multitude of our young men. We are being thrown on our own resources, and somewhat to our surprise we are getting along without the things which formerly came from Europe and which to us were once necessities.

The great gain to us from this crisis is not, however, in the matter of things, but is rather in the heroic attitude of mind which we are evolving

We are forgetting to complain. We have ceased to whimper. No longer do we find fault

with our helpers, and berate humanity for its ingratitude. We are discovering that these things are a part of the great game of life, and it is our business to rise above unkind conditions, to be superior to circumstances ♫

Fortitude

ONE thing, the aeroplane has taught us a lesson which we knew before, but which perhaps we had forgotten: that the storms are near the surface of the earth, and that above curves the great blue sky, and shines the eternal sun.

So in spirit we can rise above the storms, and while our hearts go out in sympathy to our brothers caught in the toils of unkind Fate, yet we realize that neither our tears nor our regrets can rescue them.

We are facing the day with resolution, with gratitude, with firmness in the right.

Truth in Trade

IN history there are only a few great dates. There is the date of Fourteen Hundred Ninety-two, the date of the Italian Renaissance, when Columbus turned the prow of his caravel to the West and persistently sailed on and on, and gave the world a continent ♫ Then there is the year Seventeen Hundred Seventy-six, which was the culmination of the Great Awakening, a second renaissance or time of re-birth.

Then a hundred years passed and came Eighteen Hundred Seventy-six, when in Philadelphia at the Centennial Exposition was shown for the first time the electric light, the trolley-car, the typewriter, and when was demonstrated the telephone.

Also, practically, in the year Eighteen Hundred Seventy-six came the one-price system, or truth in trade.

The World's Greatest Year

THEN comes the year Nineteen Hundred Fifteen, which is the greatest year the world has ever seen. This year has forced on America new conditions, and it is for us to meet these conditions and overcome them ♫ Business is the science of human service. Also, business is the science of living. We are not only earning a living: we are living a life ♫ The rewards for good work are more work, more difficulties, greater responsibilities. But every burden well shouldered means increased strength. We do not pray to be relieved of our burdens, but we do pray that we may have strength to carry them.

And America today hears the call as never before, "Arise and get thee hence, for this is not thy rest."

We are proud that we are Americans.

From this time we must lead, not follow, and for the man who works with head, hand and heart there is bound to be a reward beyond his highest hopes or fondest dreams.

There can be no secret in life and morals, because Nature has provided that every beautiful thought you know and every precious sentiment you feel shall shine out of your face, so that all who are great enough may see, know, understand, appreciate and appropriate. You keep things only by giving them away.

MATERIALLY no one can imagine anything more beautiful than this earth, for the simple reason that we can not imagine anything we have not seen; we may make new combinations, but the whole is all made of parts of things with which we are familiar. This great, green earth, out of which we have sprung, of which we are a part, that supports our bodies, and to which our bodies must return to repay the loan, is very, very beautiful. But the spirit of man is not fully at home here. As we grow in soul and intellect we hear, and hear again, a voice which says, Arise and get thee hence, for this is not thy rest. And the greater and nobler and more sublime the spirit, the more constant the discontent. Discontent may come from various causes, so it will not do to assume that the discontented are always the pure in heart; but it is a fact that the wise and excellent have all known the meaning of world-weariness. The more you study and appreciate this life, the more sure you are that this is not all. You pillow your head upon Mother Earth, listen to her heart-throb, and even as your spirit is filled with the love of her, your gladness is half pain, and there comes to you a joy that hurts.

The Gentleman shows his true nature in his treatment of social inferiors; and of all damning sins, the withholding of money due a workman is, I believe, the worst. Let us pay as we go. And the cheerfulness and goodwill we give out with our money will in turn be given out by those we pay it to. Pay as you go ♫ ♫



A LITTLE CIVIC PRIDE

NEW YORK CITY is the great gateway into the New World. New York City is hostess to thousands of strangers, many of whom do not even speak her language. And the emigrants find opportunities for earning, not only food, but better clothing and shelter than they had ever dreamed could be theirs. And New York City receives them. Here they eat their first meal, sleep their first night in this new world.

New York is the great, eastern port of entry to the United States.

How has New York taken care of this cosmopolitan, human swarm that comes uninvited to be her transient guests? Wonderfully well.

No other city in the world can do what New York does in caring for this polyglot mass of people who come bewildered, inexperienced, uneducated, unsophisticated in the world, full of fear, distrust, desire, hope.

But New York has thriven because of being this great, distributing center of human beings. Unorganized herself, as is every city, every country and the world, she has, in a way, sorted and classified, chosen and kept what she could use, and sent on their way to the West, always to the West, those who do not belong to this metropolis.

The Cosmopolis

If you want to see the poor of the peoples of the world, go to New York. If you want to see any people, born in any country of the world, go to New York.

If you want to see a cosmopolitan city, go to New York. If you want to see the best, the most alert, the most energetic examples of American liberty, go to the City of New York.

Foreigners have brought their climate, customs, habits with them, modifying all of these only as necessity dictates.

They speak their own language, sing their own songs, build their own temples, weep their

foreign tears, smile the half-smile which the servitude of ages has evolved.

These people are foreigners. They will never become Americans.

But their children will. Young people are perpetually emigrating from New York City, into all American towns. From there, many go to other cities, and become first citizens, eminent businessmen in the financial and professional world of the United States.

A Human Dynamo

When people from little cities want to boast of badness, they say significantly, "I have been to Gotham"—as though New York City was the synonym of sin.

But New York City is the synonym of hospitality, protection, wisdom, patience, endurance, efficiency. It is concentrated energy, a dynamo of work, a center of art and literature, a financial power in the world.

You are safe in New York City—as safe as in your own town.

The discovery of one den of thieves, the advertising possibilities in a few systematically planned murders, are used as news which make interesting reading, even in towns where the same kind of events occur, only in miniature and lacking in picturesqueness.

The marvel is that New York represses, holds in check, dominates, controls vice-inclinations as she does. The marvel is that New York City turns the inestimable power that she has into industry, commerce, art, business.

It is well that America's Metropolis is symbolized by the Goddess of Liberty, which first meets the sight of every foreigner who comes to her shores. It is well that she is symbolized by the great, powerful mother-heart. For like Zenobia, Queen of Palmyra, she has the desire and the ability to protect, guide, foster, utilize the energy of multitudes.

Love of God can be shown in only one way, and that is in the treatment of men.



MEN AND ANIMALS

THE United States Bureau of Education has recently issued a bulletin on the subject of *Reindeer in Alaska*.

The facts given are interesting, and if the Bulletin were not authoritative you might suppose that someone of romantic temperament was indulging in "nature-faking."

In the year Eighteen Hundred Ninety-one, sixteen domesticated reindeer were introduced into Alaska by Doctor Sheldon Jackson.

Doctor Jackson was an Indian agent who saw that his charges were in sore danger of starvation a good deal of the time. These Indians had only one domesticated animal, and that was the dog, and the dog is a wolf with a college education.

The Indians depended upon hunting and fishing for food.

Doctor Jackson had lived among the Laplanders, saw their use of reindeer, and had also seen vast hordes of reindeer in Siberia.

He knew how these animals multiplied, and he also further saw that the very fact of taking care of animals tended to evolve a better type of the genus homo.

Alfred Russel Wallace says that man civilized himself through the domestication of animals.

¶ In countries where the elephant, the horse, the ox, the camel and sheep have been domesticated, civilization has grown and flourished.

¶ The North American Indian with only his dog did not evolve.

Doctor Jackson's Experiment

TODAY the reindeer in Alaska are not only a source of wealth, and an insurance against dire poverty, but the responsibility incurred in taking care of them educates the Indians.

Doctor Jackson's little experiment in presenting a tribe of Alaska Indians with sixteen reindeer was such a success that he succeeded in getting the Government to make an appropriation whereby in all twelve hundred eighty reindeer were distributed among the

Indians in Alaska between the years Eighteen Hundred Ninety-one and Eighteen Hundred Ninety-eight. And the increase from these twelve hundred eighty reindeer now represents a total of a little more than fifty thousand head of the animals. They are distributed over Alaska in sixty-two herds.

A Utility Animal

THE reindeer supplies food and clothing for these Eskimos. Also, the reindeer has replaced dogs as a means of transportation. When it comes to motor power the reindeer is a deal safer and more reliable and a vastly superior animal to the dog.

The more dogs a man has, the poorer he is. Not so with reindeer.

The reindeer lives on the lichens which grow throughout Alaska in great profusion.

The animals dig it up from under the snow with their feet and antlers.

The reindeer is the only specimen of the deer family where the females are provided with antlers the same as the males.

The female reindeer is able to earn her own living, and she produces a nice pair of twins every year, and most of these live, thrive, grow and evolve.

Reindeer are hardy, happy, most excellent animals, but they only thrive, say, north of the Fiftieth Parallel. From this up to the Eightieth Parallel, if they can get the moss and lichen, they do not mind the weather. In fact, they will dig out in the snow a great ditch, where they are protected from the wind, and snuggling up close together they laugh at Boreas, and defy the Storm King.

Their beautiful thick hair, which is practically a fur in Winter, supplies the Indians a plentiful source of material for clothing. The skins are further used for tents.

The reindeer also supplies milk, which has proved a valuable food for the Alaska Indian children. The Government Bulletin gives the rather amusing information that the reindeer

are so gentle and they mix with folks on such an equality, living in the house, practically, with the natives, that the youngsters just help themselves to milk, quite like the baby reindeer, as a matter of course.

The introduction of the reindeer into Alaska was one of the most practical, beneficial and commonsense moves in the line of Indian altruism that has ever been attempted.

A few Laplanders, men and women, were taken over with the reindeers, and these men and women taught the Eskimos how to manage the animals, care for them and break them to harness.

The result of the whole experiment has been a change in the physical, moral and mental status of the Alaska Indians which is marked and far-reaching.

"Bos Cervi Figura"

LINNÆUS wrote a little book on reindeer, and his opinion was that they were once as plentiful as the buffalo were in America. There were simply millions of them.

Carl von Linnæus quotes the *Commentaries* of Julius Cæsar, who sent an exploring party up into what is now known as Siberia, and found there vast numbers of what he calls, "*bos cervi figura*."

The reindeer can travel one hundred miles a day and will draw a sled carrying a load of three hundred pounds.

It does not need shoeing. Its cleft hoofs fit into the snow and ice. The animal keeps its equilibrium and if needs be, skates.

In the Winter the reindeer seek the forests and select their own feeding-grounds.

In the Summer they go to the seacoast in order to get away from the mosquitoes and gadflies, and there they feed on the marine algæ which are cast upon the shore.

And the simple Alaska Indians follow the range of the reindeer; that is to say, the reindeer take the lead and the Eskimos follow them in their migrations.

I wish to be simple, honest, natural, frank, clean in mind and clean in body, unaffected—ready to say, "I do not know," if so it be—to meet all men on an absolute equality—to face any obstacle and meet every difficulty unafraid and unabashed. I wish to live without hate, whim, jealousy, envy or fear. I wish others to live their lives, too—up to their highest, fullest and best.

OUT of the terrific struggle across the sea will come to America a goodly gain. We would gladly forego this gain if by so doing we could alleviate the sufferings of those caught in the toils of unkind fate, but "the moving finger writes, and having writ moves on, nor all your tears shall blot a line of it."

¶ It will be for us to feed the starving millions of Europe, to clothe the naked and rebuild the homes that are now ashes.

Up to this time we have depended upon Europe for many things; now we must evolve self-reliance and produce all that our needs require.

This will inspire the people of America and develop in them a self-reliance heretofore unknown.

With it all, the war has sobered us. It has brought about a dignity and what Lincoln spoke of as "a solemn pride."

We give thanks that this is a country devoted to business, and that business is the supplying of human wants.

We are grateful that we have discovered the law which provides that nothing is ever given for nothing; that human service pays; that truth is an asset and a lie a liability.

We are grateful for our great industrial leaders, who are perceiving more and more that every factory must be a schoolhouse and that every smokestack, as well as every steeple, points to God.

We are grateful for fresh water, for pure air, for good roads, for beautiful parks.

We are grateful to the man who invented the slogan, "Safety First."

We are grateful to the locomotive-engineers, who look down two glittering streaks of steel, by night or day, in storm or in calm, to carry us safely to our destination. We are grateful to the boys who shovel coal "to give her steam."

All of these things bespeak the brotherhood of man. They tell of the fact that we are bound together by bonds of reciprocity, mutuality and co-operation.

Gardens, parks, boulevards, trees, farms, smiling homes and beautiful schools—where organization, sanitation, kindness, health and good-cheer abound—these things cause us to lift up our hearts in gratitude.

The industrious man is light-hearted—the man who works is the happy man.



LAUNDRIES AND LABELS

IF I were asked to name one of the most beneficent and essential business institutions in the world today, I should unhesitatingly say, "The modern laundry."

The modern laundry is not the result of a fad. Neither is it a freak or foible of fashion. It is a sign of the times, a big contributor to the evolution of civilization, a factor in the sum of human happiness, sanity, sweetness and light. The laundry might well share honors with Lincoln as the great emancipator, for while he freed some four million slaves, the modern laundry has not only straightened the bent backs of millions of housewives and maids, and freed them from the drudgery of washtub and ironing-board, but has created a new industry. This industry employs some two hundred thousand people in this country.

So the modern laundry is not simply a shatterer of shackles, but a builder, a creator of big business.

And like all big business in this country, it has to pay the penalty of greatness.

Instead of knighting our big men, we indict them, and it is one of the chiefest of legislative indoor sports to tweak the nose, pull the whiskers, and twist the tail of big business.

The modern laundry has received its share of attention from the quidnuncs, and inconceivable though it may seem, there are some who look upon the laundry industry with distrust, declare its methods as destructive, and its charges as another big item in the aviating bill of household expenses.

"Blue Monday"

DISTRUST is often the result of ignorance. "I do not love thee, Doctor Fell; the reason why I can not tell, but I do not love thee, Doctor Fell."

And the reason some people distrust laundries is because they do not know anything about them. They have never taken the pains to investigate. And right here, let me assure you, Mr. Reader, that you can not spend a more

pleasant or profitable hour than you will find in the investigation of one of these Modern American Laundries.

"Blue Monday" was, until recently, one of the red-letter days in the calendar of America. ¶ Everybody washed on Monday. You lived a whole day under a cloud of steam and in an atmosphere of soapsuds.

Your breakfast was a scramble, your lunch a farce, your supper a fiasco.

Everybody was cross, tired and ill-tempered.

¶ On fine days, the lines in the yard were a flapping, flying, twisting mass of bunting. Rainy days, the veranda became an exhibition of lingerie and lace curtains.

And as the evening shadows fell, your cozy-corner near the stove was usurped by a clotheshorse, full of clean clothes, engaged in the interesting process of being aired.

Your personal inconvenience was not the only price paid for this home washing.

The wife or mother scrubbed and rubbed until her knuckles were raw. She ironed until her arms and face were red and scorched. And sooner or later, she paid the penalty by becoming prematurely old and physically impaired.

And the doctor's bill appeared on the debit side of your laundry ledger.

Thanks, however, to the ingenious equipment and scientific methods introduced by laundry-machinery and laundry-owners, "Blue Monday" is becoming rapidly relegated to a place among the things that were.

The Exponent of Service

THE women of today realize that the laundry can, and the laundry does, clean clothes more effectively and efficiently than can be done at home, and that the proper place to have the family linens cleansed, is in these modern, hygienic, laundering establishments.

¶ The laundry takes the soiled linen from the home, and returns it, a fragrant and delightful package of healthful, helpful, clean clothes.

And this result is not a matter of accident, but of design—the culmination of one of the most perfect systems yet developed—a system of assorting the different articles in their proper classifications, special processes of washing, starching and ironing, and a packing and delivery service that is superb.

Contrast the modern laundry methods with the old-time wash-day at home, or the pioneer laundries of John Chinaman, and you will no longer belong to the skeptical class of those who believe that “the old-fashioned way” is best ♣ ♣

At one time, the custom obtained of sending to the laundry, only such things as needed special processes, extra starching or ironing, collars, cuffs, etc., which there were no means of handling at home.

The modern laundry, equipped, as it is, with up-to-date machinery, is capable of handling every imaginable kind of garment, from the heaviest textile to the most delicate fabric ♣ This it does, rapidly, systematically and hygienically ♣ No other line of business has such exactness, or is such an exponent of service as a business asset, as the modern laundry.

A Growing Necessity

It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that such an intelligent, conscientious institution should ever have an increasing clientele, and that now, instead of merely using the laundry as a convenience, people are realizing that it holds a place in the community as useful and essential as a bank, a store, a post-office, a telephone-booth—or a church.

Women everywhere see the economy, the comfort, and the helpfulness that the laundry tokens ♣ ♣

Home discomforts, extras for food, fuel, utensils and laundry requisites, wear and tear of domestic articles, frazzled nerves—all these are discounted by the laundry.

Men, too, see in the passing of “Blue Monday” a happier home, a healthier wife, a rosier family, regular meals, faultless linen, and the check-book in less evidence for current expenses or overhead.

Undoubtedly, the laundry way is the economical way, and in future folks will no more think of doing their washing at home than they will think of making their own shoes or cutting their own hair.

They will pass the job on to the expert launderer—to the person and place where

laundering is both a fine art and a science ♣ To run a laundry is no peanut-stand proposition. Both the active operators of the wonderful machinery and the men behind the business must possess rare qualifications if success is to be theirs.

Laundrymen are in business for their health—and yours. They are the apostles of Hygeia, and their propaganda is one that depends upon psychology, as well as upon soap and water, for its very existence.

Dirt and disease are the laundryman's enemies, and he allies himself with the health officer and the sanitary commission, on the side of cleanliness, sanity and sanitation.

From the body's purity, the mind receives a secret, sympathetic aid.

And the consciousness of clean linen is in and of itself a source of moral strength, second only to that of a clean conscience.

A well-ironed collar and a clean shirt has carried many a man through an emergency, in which a rip or a wrinkle would have proved his undoing.

And the feeling that personal cleanliness and civic cleanliness are synchronous is one of the ethical principles underlying the modern laundry ♣ ♣

The three great requisites for successful business consist in knowing three things—yourself, your customer, your product or service.

Knowing yourself, you know your helpers, for they simply mirror your choice.

Every institution is the lengthened shadow of one man. And the incompetent employee is simply an outcrop of badly selected seed or improper planting and cultivation.

Labor is the principal item of expense in laundry-work.

And it is in the selection of the worker, and the determination of his *quality*, that much depends. Dealing with this matter, the psychological and practical laundryman has set an example which many businessmen might follow with profit.

The laundry-worker graduates from simple tasks to those which require greater skill and dexterity, and the pay-envelope takes on embonpoint accordingly.

The Laundrymen's Association

THE Modern American Laundry, such as is represented in the membership of the Laundrymen's National Association of America, is a firm believer in the gospel of

efficiency, and it employs it in its business. This means sanitary buildings, replete with modern conveniences, wonderful machinery, and corps of trained employees who can always be relied upon to meet every emergency. In most of these laundries, the employees are as one great family—they speak of the laundry as “ours.”

In many cases, rest-rooms as well as restaurants are provided, the latter usually being operated on the cafeteria plan. Periods of rest are given in the morning and again in the afternoon.

All of these things are psychologically and physiologically correct, and can not help but be to the best interest of all parties concerned.

¶ Employees work best when surrounded by clean and sanitary conditions. An abundance of light and pure air makes for physical and mental comfort.

This, laundrymen know; and the policy of careful selection, monetary inducement, and high standards of work and service, is put in general operation by them.

The successful laundryman of today must not only be a psychologist and businessman, but also something of an analytical chemist, a systematizer, and an electrical and mechanical engineer. He must be able to eliminate the deleterious minerals from water and make it as soft as the rain that falls from the April skies. He must be able to recognize stains and spots of different sorts, and know how to remove them, without harming the different kinds of materials they may happen to embellish.

A Pure-Fabric Campaign

WHAT is a blot on an escutcheon?” asked Tommy of his father.

“It’s a leaky fountain-pen in your pocket,” answered Dad.

The laundryman must be thoroughly posted on textiles, what they are, how they are made, and what cleaning process gives the best results.

And in these days of “just-as-goods,” the hunt for the proper “John Hancock” is a man’s-size job.

True, there may be a label on the goods, but often it is a terminological inexactitude—a lying label.

“Linen” may not have a single thread of flax in it. “Silks” may be made entirely from wood-pulp. “All wool” is oftener than not a

misnomer—it is a mixture of cotton and wool. “Satinette” may be nine-tenths shoddy. Your “silk” stockings and socks at “bargain prices” or your showy cravat are loaded with metal, dyed and re-dyed to give them a thick, heavy, silky appearance.

And so on, all through the list of domestic furnishings, or personal wearing-apparel. Shoddy goods, adulterated goods, and goods improperly dyed or bleached, are the evils from which the public in general, and the laundrymen in particular, suffer.

For while people have a kind of sneaking feeling that “bargain sales” are oftentimes fakes, and that goods at “smashing reductions” are worth even less than the prices asked, they still keep buying the shoddy stuff and blame the laundry when their “pure linen” tablecloth comes back, looking like cheesecloth, or their “silk” socks disintegrate in the test of the tub.

The laundryman knows more about these misnamed, misbranded textiles than ever the purchaser can, and he has paid dearly for this information.

The test of the tub has revealed these things to him, and thousands of dollars are paid out annually by laundrymen for goods that have gone wrong in the process of cleaning, for which they are no more responsible than the Queen of Sheba.

And while they do not directly blame the local merchant, because for the most part he simply re-markets the things that are passed on to him by the manufacturer, they feel that concerted action for self-protection is necessary and also that the public should be protected.

The textile-manufacturers, taking advantage of the popular opinion that laundries were hard on fabrics—which has been pushed along by quip, joke and story—have stood pat, shunting the blame from their shoulders on to those of the laundryman.

Now the laundrymen have decided to put the blame where it belongs. They are determined to settle the question whether imperfect laundering or lying labels are responsible for damaged goods after cleaning.

And to this end, the Laundrymen’s National Association of America has inaugurated a Pure-Fabric campaign.

The Laundrymen’s National Association is an amalgamation of the great majority of the

best, biggest and busiest laundries in the United States. Its members are of the flower of laundryism and laundrydom, and being square-deal men they are enthusiastic in their advocacy of a National Pure-Fabric Law ☛

The Pure-Food Law

IN Nineteen Hundred Seven, Congress passed the Pure-Food Law, and now all articles of food, drugs, etc. must be properly labeled as to their contents. Nobody need now accept adulterations for the real article.

Get What You Ask For !

THE Laundrymen's National Association is now endeavoring, through the medium of National legislation, to compel the textile-manufacturers to so label their products that the public will know exactly what they are buying ☛ ☛

Caveat emptor—"let the buyer beware"—must have no place in textile trading.

When Doctor Wiley and Professor Allyn moved in the matter of pure-food propaganda, some startling facts were made known. So-called "strawberry" jam was found, in some instances, to be made of rotten apples, colored with an aniline dye and flavored with ether ☛ ☛

Deadly formaldehyde was found to be in common use to keep milk "fresh."

Adulterated foods became taboo—they became drugs in a double sense.

And now Professor Allyn has turned his attention to fabrics, and many strange things have been revealed.

A great variety of mixtures, both cheap and nasty, have been shown up, faulty weaves heavily sized to hide defects, silk four-fifths metal, wool that has never seen a sheep's back.

☛ The National Pure-Fabric Law will in no wise place an embargo on the manufacture of this "phony" stuff. The manufacturer may still continue to produce it—if he cares to ☛ But it will bear the proper label—an identification-mark.

Thus will the customer be protected and the laundryman know what class of goods he is handling, and act accordingly.

This label will not only be a true index to the character of the goods, but an indication also of the integrity of both merchant and manufacturer ☛ ☛

And by the same token that it is unethical as well as bad business policy to have the reputation for adulterated food-products, textiles

with a decent pedigree will become the accepted standard of both seller and buyer ☛ The Laundrymen's National Association of America is to be congratulated upon the stand it has taken and the active work it is doing in seeking to bring about this National Pure-Fabric Law.

It tokens a pride in their great industry—a jealousy for its reputation, and while the laundry-owner frankly admits that this motive is primarily a selfish one, still the placing of this National Pure-Fabric Law upon the Statute-Book will be a general beneficence ☛ It will place the responsibility where it belongs and emphasize the fact that truth is the only virtue by giving the lie to lying labels.

The word "education" sometimes stands for idleness, but the American Philosophy symbols work, effort, industry ☛ It means intelligent, thoughtful, reasonable and wise busy-ness—helping yourself by helping others.

THE spirit of obedience is the controlling impulse that dominates the receptive mind and the hospitable heart. There are boats that mind the helm and there are boats that do not. Those that do not get holes knocked in them sooner or later.

To keep off the rocks, obey the rudder.

Obedience is not slavishly to obey this man or that, but it is that cheerful mental state which responds to the necessity of the case, and does the thing without any back talk—uttered or unexpressed.

Obedience to the institution—loyalty !

The man who has not learned to obey has trouble ahead of him every step of the way. The world has it in for him continually, because he has it in for the world.

The man who does not know how to receive orders is not fit to issue them to others. But the individual who knows how to execute the orders given him is preparing the way to issue orders, and, better still, to have them obeyed ☛ ☛

Advertising is fast becoming a fine art. Its theme is Human Wants, and where, when and how they may be gratified. It interests, inspires, educates—sometimes amuses—informs and thereby uplifts and benefits, lubricating existence and helping the old world on its way to the Celestial City of Fine Minds.



OUR BROTHERS IN BONDS

UNTIL a few years ago, in all prisons of the United States, the inmates ate in their cells. There was no such thing as a dining-room or a convention-hall in a prison. The silent system was supreme.

The striped suit of disgrace was first done away with in Elmira in Eighteen Hundred Eighty-six.

Now, the striped suit has been abolished in all prisons; and the silent system has been practically abolished.

A few weeks ago I spoke to the prisoners in Auburn in their Association Hall.

There was not an armed guard in sight.

There was an orchestra made up of the inmates.

The chairman was an inmate, and he introduced me to the audience.

The stenographer who made a report of the proceedings was an inmate.

The whole affair was conducted with dignity, and with just as much good order as you would find in any well-regulated audience. Nevertheless, the prisoners talked with one another when they came in; they applauded the appearance of certain people; they gave three cheers for the Warden and three cheers for the speaker; and the whole place was permeated with good-cheer and kindly spirit.

¶ In this prison there are a library, a director of physical culture, a baseball-team, a night school, and many opportunities are afforded for mental and physical benefit.

Occasionally, a man will go there a physical wreck, and in a few months will be rejuvenated in mind and body, even if not in estate.

There seems, however, yet an idea that if a prisoner is allowed to communicate with the outside world something wrong will follow.

In most prisons an inmate is allowed to write to his people only once a month. He can, however, receive all the mail that is sent, but even that was not so forty years ago.

Mail for prisoners was rifled and destroyed,

until the courts ruled that mail sent to prisoners was as legally inviolate as if addressed to a free man. But the writing and mailing of letters is yet enjoined.

There is nothing in any law that I can find in any law-book in the United States that forbids a prisoner the free use of the United States mails; yet there are rules and regulations in almost all prisons limiting the writing of letters to one a month.

Of course, some prisoners know how to evade this rule; but it has to be done usually by connivance with someone in the business office, and this of itself is an error. No man should be compelled to do by hook and crook a thing that it is his natural right and privilege to do. The withholding of United States mail privileges from prisoners is a refinement of the old-time Russian idea of punishment, repression, suppression, and the belief that any man who communicates with the world is going to do so for reasons of conspiracy, contumacy and contravention.

The Silent System

¶ ALSO notice that in most prisons daily papers are not allowed.

I think this also is a mistake.

Fully admitting that the daily papers are far from being what they should be, I do not think they are any more contaminating for people behind the bars than for the people outside. Prisoners should be allowed to know what the world is doing and saying; for although a man may be behind prison-bars, yet "within the winding bastions of the brain thought roams free and untrammelled."

We are getting away from the idea of punishment—"Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord."

Granting that it is still necessary to protect society from the operations of certain individuals, yet, our right to protect society and to protect the individual from his own machinations being admitted, when we take

charge of the individual who has gone wrong we owe him a certain responsibility, and it should be our entire intent to give back to society a better man than we took.

My dealings with ex-convicts convince me that society's distrust of the ex-convict is not because the man once did wrong, but because he is inefficient.

Three years in prison, shut off from the world of workers and doers and thinkers, irons the individuality out of a man until he is a helpless derelict requiring constant supervision. It is his inefficiency that makes us slow to accept him. We have troubles of our own and we shun responsibilities. Therefore, the ex-convict is tabu.

Convicts can be divided into two general classes: the sick or the mentally and physically deficient; and those with energy plus, otherwise good men who do the wrong thing.

¶ This last-mentioned class is made up almost entirely of men between the ages of eighteen and twenty-two. It is the inexperience, the restlessness and the wanderlust, that get them into trouble. Such individuals are seldom criminals by instinct. What they need is direction for their energies.

They need friendship and encouragement; and all efforts to shut these individuals off from all communication with the world is a fallacy which society eventually has to pay for.

¶ When we weaken a man, kill his ambition, destroy animation, unfit him for the world of work, we have on our hands an individual who requires looking after for ninety-nine years. Hence the error in the silent system.

Every prison should be a school or a hospital, and the school and the hospital should not be one institution.

The Commonsense View

AND so, let us take a commonsense view of the matter, and for our own good, the good of society, and the good of the culprit who has been caught, let us give him the free use of the United States mails. Let him keep in touch with father, mother, sisters, wife or children. Then give him newspapers, so he can keep in touch with the world.

Then give him employment for head, hand and heart, and educate him so that when he comes out he can get a job and hold it down. Thus will he be an asset and not a liability.



True life lies in laughter, love and work.

ROSA BONHEUR painted pictures just to please her Other Self, and never gave a thought to any one else, nor wanted to think of any one else; and having painted to please herself, she made her appeal to the great Common Heart of Humanity—the tender, the noble, the receptive, the earnest, the sympathetic, the lovable. That is why Rosa Bonheur stands first among women artists of all time. She worked to please her Other Self. That is the reason Rembrandt, who lived at the same time Shakespeare lived, is today without a rival in portraiture. He had the courage to make an enemy. When at work he never thought of any one but his Other Self, and so he infused soul into every canvas. The limpid eyes look down into yours from the walls and tell of love, pity, earnestness and deep sincerity. Man, like Deity, creates in his own image, and when he portrays some one else, he pictures himself too—this provided his work is Art. If it is but an imitation of something seen somewhere, or done by some one else, to please a patron with money, no breath of life has been breathed into its nostrils and it is nothing, save possibly dead perfection—no more. Is it easy to please your Other Self? Try it for a day. Begin tomorrow morning and say: "This day I will live as becomes a man. I will be filled with good-cheer and courage. I will do what is right; I will work for the highest; I will put soul into every hand-grasp, every smile, every expression—into all my work. I will live to satisfy my Other Self."

Do you think it is easy? Try it for a day.



Work for yourself by working for the good of all



BUSINESS is a fight—a continual struggle—just as life is. Man has reached his present degree of development through struggle

Struggle there must be and always will be. The struggle began as purely physical. As man evolved it shifted ground to the mental, the psychic and the spiritual, with a few dashes of Caveman proclivities still left. But, depend upon it, the struggle will always be—life is activity. And when it gets to be a struggle in well-doing, it will still be a struggle. When inertia gets the better of you, it is time to telephone the undertaker.



MUNICIPAL OWNERSHIP

A NEW suggestion comes to us along the line of municipal ownership—let the State own the churches!

Here are our old friends "Church and State" come back, bathed, shaved, shampooed, reclothed, manicured and in their right minds.

¶ All things move in spirals. The man who stands sponsor for the idea is Mayor J. W. Catick of the city of San Bernardino, California.

The Mayor says, "Abolish all denominations and put the churches in charge of the municipality, one church for every five thousand people and no more, then run the church on a business basis."

The Mayor backs up his idea with much good logic. He tells us that in the towns and cities of America there is one church for about every three hundred people, and the average audience at these churches is less than one hundred people.

He states that vast sums are being expended for professional agitators, known as revivalists, in order to coerce, frighten, and hypnotize people into church attendance.

He thinks these men are doing the cause of Christianity great harm, and he declares that the action is a hysteric clutch for a power which has practically vanished from the possession of the preacher.

The Municipal Church

DENOMINATIONALISM breeds snobishness. It separates man from man. It divides society up into fussy little cliques. "In my mind," says Mayor Catick, "a sect is no better than a frat."

These little denominations have fought and worn one another down until they are on the ragged edge of starvation.

Very few clergymen today receive a thousand dollars a year. Their pay is not as much as that of stenographers or motormen. A good chauffeur gets more than many a first-class preacher. Mayor Catick says that sensible people should

face the problem calmly, without heat, and take care of it as a business proposition. We must get the people together. Church unity will never come save as we have a Municipal Church.

A Social Necessity

THE church certainly has its place. The "meetinghouse" is a social necessity. But the church should be inviting, beautiful, friendly, and its policy should be based on brotherhood.

Also its creed should be big enough to admit any man of any faith; and especially should it be wide enough to welcome any sinner, and the bigger the sinner the more should the church hold out its hands in friendliness toward him.

So the Mayor argues that religion should be relieved of the dangers and disgrace of positive bankruptcy.

The sects should disband before they have to.

¶ Mayor Catick's plan is to hire one man as pastor or "Commissioner" of the Municipal Church, and empower him to invite in other speakers, and give the people the bread of truth and not the husks of sciolism.

At this Municipal Church let everything be discussed that is vital to human happiness and the betterment of mankind. Music should play a big part in the ritual. Have moving pictures as an educational feature.

And so let oratory, art, music, literature, join hands, all sanctified by a love of truth.

Put the whole organization on a business footing, and thus will we rescue the weakling churches from their bad predicament and give to the world an institution great, excellent, far-reaching, that will encourage art in every form, exercise the sense of sublimity, and stand for a university—a civic center—and be to all the people a consolation and a betterment.

With all of us our worst enemies are in our own hearts.



TO DRINK OR NOT TO DRINK

NO one claims that a man is a better man because he drinks, or that he is a worse man if he does not.

Drink at best is no advantage; at its worst it is a terrible handicap.

The use of strong drink has no survival value. Sometimes there is a penalty attached.

The habit of using alcoholic stimulants in moderate quantities tends to grow.

It may fasten itself on the individual, get the better of his will, paralyze his good intentions, destroy his ambition, throttle his animation, so that efficiency is reduced, and he becomes of little worth to the world.

He then may lose his job, and men out of a job are shunned by other men. They have nothing the world wants; they can not do anything that the world wants done—this is the assumption.

We seek the people who can benefit us.

When you bestow a benefit on a victim of strong drink he has no power to pay back the debt.

He becomes physically repulsive, careless in his dress, in his speech. He forgets to use a toothbrush, to shave, to comb his hair, to brush his clothes. He says the wrong thing, and sometimes he does the wrong thing, grievously to our great loss.

He may commit crimes that put himself and his family in a pitiable position.

The Potency of the Apple

EVERY young person would do well to decide for himself as to the wisdom of indulging in strong drink.

The safe way seems to be to adopt the habit of total abstinence, to build up health to a point where stimulants are neither needed nor desired, and a point where good digestion waits on appetite and health on both.

Get your pleasure through a change of work.

Exercise in the open air often relieves the individual from the temptation of indulging in drink.

Also, eat apples, whether you have an appetite for liquor or whether you have n't.

If your blood is not properly oxygenated you will be depressed, dull, heavy, tired.

To relieve this fatigued condition indulgence in stimulants is very natural.

A walk out in the open, the playing of baseball, tramping through the fields and over the hills—these things in themselves stimulate, and with them there is a survival value in sound sleep, good digestion, even pulse, sane conclusions.

Stimulation Versus Perspiration

IN oratory the effective speakers who have their subjects thoroughly in hand, and who are able not only to make a good beginning but a strong ending, are total abstainers.

Brilliant speeches can sometimes be made with stimulants as a basis. But he who appears regularly before the public and stimulates artificially is taking grave risks.

His mental processes may run up against a stone wall at any moment, and he may make a scene before the audience which is not on the bill. He is apt to say too much or too little.

The professional speaker or actor can not afford to stimulate save on bounteous drafts of God's great out-of-doors, cold water and good food in moderation, with eight hours' sleep out of the twenty-four. Henry Ward Beecher once said, "I never am afraid of breaking down the day I walk five miles."

That is, the five-mile walk built him up, stimulated him, oxygenated his blood, gave him strength, so that he could stand that night before an audience and speak for two hours with effectiveness, and a degree of reserve strength that carried to every auditor the feeling of power. For at the last we win by the guns we never fire.

Reserve for an orator, actor, singer, is a very necessary element of success.

And reserve strength never comes through stimulants. Think it over!



WHO PAYS MOTHER ?

MOTHER'S work is never done. ¶ There is no other hard work that can compare in effort and time with the work Mother has to do.

And what is the net result of this labor? Citizens for the State.

Mothers have not sold their time, energy and talent for money. They have given it.

When a mother wants to go on a little journey, buy, sell, think, and express her thoughts in a business world, she must first consult her husband ♪ ♪

The business of the world is operated on business principles.

You give so much service ; I give you a medium of exchange which we call " money."

With this money you purchase what you do not produce, but which you need. This is commerce ♪ ♪

The Measure of Success

WE make our estimate in dollars of what a product will bring in the market.

" Is he a great poet ? "

" Oh, yes ; he sells what he writes at twenty-five cents a word."

" Is he a great sculptor ? "

" Certainly he is. He has a commission for a seventy-thousand-dollar statue."

Or, " He is not a great artist—nobody buys his pictures."

Poetry and art are appreciated in terms of dollars, that represent values to the minds of men ♪ ♪

" What is he worth ? " The answer is in terms of dollars, never in terms of children.

Nothing is of much intrinsic value except that which affects our living.

That which gives us better control of our brain, nerves, muscles, that which helps us adjust ourselves to life, is of most worth ♪

We give little thought to developing such values, because such values are not reckoned in terms of dollars.

We cultivate what sells in the market.

The Well-Being of the State

BUT along with the production and transportation and selling is an exercise which develops qualities which make for civilization.

¶ The teaching of civilization has been that if a person wants independence and freedom, it is necessary either to inherit money or to develop earning power.

Man learned the lesson first. He had fewer family cares.

Woman has valued affection and love more than independence and freedom. Nature made it so ♪ ♪

Woman has been slow in learning that love is good, necessary, but love is not enough.

Woman has a natural desire for freedom and for independence. Her hope and the trend of her present life are to have these, and keep love and affection, too.

There is a way for her to do this, and we are approaching it.

Free schools gave to mothers a great degree of freedom.

Free tuition and then free books were in the direction of liberty for the mother.

And now there are schools where the midday lunch is provided for the children.

Bad citizens are the most costly extravagance the State can have.

The children are far more dependent upon and far more influenced by the mother than by the father ♪ ♪

Women slaves and women in servitude or in bonds do not bear noble sons and noble daughters ♪ ♪

One step more and the State will make mothers economically free.

Who pays for the children? Society at the last.

¶ The entire town is blessed if the children are great. The entire State suffers if the children are rogues and criminals.

Would it not be good business to make mothers economically free, and thereby receive directly the civilizing benefits of commerce ?



A MUSIC MELANGE

JUST as Art is the expression of man's joy in his work, so is Music one of the chief mediums for the exercise of his feelings. And as we develop our mentality and finer qualities of heart, Music becomes one of our keenest necessities and chief delights.

The evolution of music and musical instruments has been synchronous with the growth and development of mankind.

To hark back to the genesis of the musical instrument is to be confronted with the myths and mysteries of Time.

The prime requisites of prehistoric man were keen sight and hearing, the ability to distinguish between the approach of friend or foe, human or animal. The human ear learned to give character to different sounds.

The thunder, the rustle of the trees, the swirl of the storm, the cry of beasts and birds, were all classified and associated with different things.

Then these sounds became associated with ideas, and the striking of a hollow tree, the rubbing together of two stones, the clashing of gourds, became a means of expression of emotion, of worship or of amusement.

And when one day a hunter plucked his taut bowstring, it sang, and the lyre was born. And the Boston Symphony Orchestra was made possible.

Kinds of Instruments

MUSICAL instruments are of three kinds—percussion, wind and string.

The drum was probably the first musical instrument, made by the simple process of stretching the pelt of an animal over a hollow body and allowing it to dry.

The wind or reed instrument was in all probability next. One of the earliest authentic records of a musical instrument is that of a flute of Egyptian origin.

In connection with the origin of wind-instruments we have the beautiful myth of the Pipes of Pan—which tells us how Pan, pas-

sionately in love with Selene, desired her to transfer her allegiance from Diana to himself. She refused. He pursued her to the banks of a river, where she eluded him. Disappointed, Pan uttered sighs, deep and heavy, and these sounding through the reeds made a plaintive melody.

Pan, pleased with the music, cut the reeds, bound them together and made his wonderful pipes, the sweetest music of all ages.

Musical Instruments of the Ancients

THE Chinese, two thousand five hundred years before Christ, are credited with having the first orchestra. Emperor Kai-Tien-Chei produced a collection of eight instruments: drum, musical stones, (dulcimer) bells, clay whistles (flute), a seven-stringed lyre, and a pan pipe of sixteen bamboo rods, strung together.

Its value as an orchestra, nowadays, may be questioned, as the underlying beauty of symphony, if there was any, was subjugated by noise and clatter.

As a matter of fact, noise seems to have been the chief desideratum in the musical instruments of the ancients.

And even today we find counterparts of these crude musical instruments in many semi-barbaric tribes.

Gongs, whistles and tom-toms are in great favor among certain savage peoples.

The war-trumpets of the Maoris are of the most remarkable power, plainly heard three miles away. In India a form of guitar is the most popular instrument.

The Arabs were probably the first to use the bow to play the "rehab," a musical instrument of two strings and the father of the violin.

They also used the lute, the dulcimer, the "zamar" (oboe), the trumpet, flute and kettledrum.

The Egyptians also adopted all these instruments, and it was from the Egyptians that

the ancient Hebrews borrowed their ideas—the harp, the “instrument of ten strings” (the lyre), the “timbral” (tambourine), flutes and trumpets ♫ ♫

The Greeks’ most important instruments were the seven-string lyre, which was plucked with a plectrum, and the double-reed flute.

The Romans’ representative instrument was the tibia, a flutelike wind-instrument.

The Dark Ages

DURING the Dark Ages music suffered with the other arts, and not until the Twelfth Century did the world again break into song ♫ Then came the gay troubadours and the minnesinger, and the demand for musical instruments became insistent.

And with the Italian Renaissance came the development and improvement of the flute, the flageolet, clarinet and trombone.

Hitherto the individual characteristics of the several instruments had not been realized, but in Sixteen Hundred Montverde made an attempt to classify and combine string and wind instruments, while giving each instrument a score free from the limitations of vocal parts. So an orchestra was formed.

This evolution of musical instruments made some of greater value than others, and many of the noisier and purely rhythmical instruments were discarded, and the violin became the leader of the orchestra and still holds premier place.

The primitive violin was a clumsy affair. It had no contour, and it took until the Thirteenth Century to develop a waist. For centuries the violin was experimental, and every part of its body was pierced in turn to find the correct place for the sound-holes, before it was decided that one on each side of the bridge was the correct place.

Stradivari perfected the bridge, and also produced violins which are unsurpassed for tone and resonance today.

A violin is made of seventy different parts except the strings and loop.

The Stradivarius is now almost a priceless possession, fifteen thousand dollars having been paid for one instrument—proof that here is a man who was a super-craftsman.

The Orchestra

ORCHESTRAL music was primarily for strings, but Lully, in the early part of the Eighteenth Century, introduced flutes into its composition.

Haydn was the first composer who really recognized the true value of the skilful combination of wind and string instruments.

He laid the foundation of the modern science of instrumentation and made possible for us the great orchestral effects of the present time. Wind-instruments are of two classes—wood-wind and brass.

To the former class belong the flute, piccolo, oboe, clarinet, bassoon, contra-bassoon and horn ♫ ♫

The flute goes with the violins and is very effective in conversational passages. It is the oldest wind-instrument.

The piccolo is an accentuator of brilliant passages ♫ ♫

The oboe is a double-tongued instrument full of soulful sounds and is specially effective in dramatic passages.

The bassoon is the bass of the oboe and in conjunction with the 'cello fills that function to the entire wood-wind family.

Contra-bassoon is an octave below the 'cello and is the deepest instrument of the orchestra. It is really a wood-wind instrument, but is now made in brass with a reed mouthpiece. The clarinet is the most important of the reed-instruments. It is the “squeaker” reed of our childhood days with a college education ♫ Christopher Denner of Nuremberg invented it in Sixteen Hundred Ninety. It was the last instrument introduced into the orchestra, but so wide is its range, so heroic, eloquent, spectral and somber its tones, that all composers write for it.

Brass instruments furnish the romance to music ♫ ♫

Horns and cornets give the tone-color to the scene. Trumpets are martial and heroic. Trombones are sonorous, solemn and menacing ♫ ♫

All of them are valuable components of orchestra and military bands.

No band or orchestra is complete without drums. The drum symbolizes rhythm, unity, co-operation. Of all the drums the kettledrum is most important, capable as it is of an actual tone. This also is the case of the xylophone and glockenspiel.

These perfect instruments are wonderful examples of the development of genius in musical-instrument creation—a splendid illustration of the evolution of music on the mind of man.

SHAKESPEARE—AND WORLD WAR

By Alice Hubbard

THREE hundred fifty-one years ago Shakespeare was born.

Two hundred ninety-nine years ago Shakespeare died.

On April Twenty-third the great life came and the great life passed out of sight.

It seems a long time ago, for Shakespeare lived in the time when the not so very good Queen Bess was heir to the throne of her father, who also was not so very good.

A king's reign was once interesting or not, depending upon the women of the court.

This was true of the reign of Henry the Eighth, and he gave opportunity for queens second to none save Solomon.

These women claimed the attention of poets, artists, historians, couriers, courtiers, and the world ♣ ♣

The social and political center of interest in England in Shakespeare's time was the king's palace ♣ ♣

It was the hotbed where the seeds of ambition germinated, grew, flowered, fruited, died ♣

It was also the culture-bed where vaulting ambition forced events to a premature birth, an early and tragic death.

The Good Old Days

SHAKESPEARE never lived in the palace of the king, yet he knew better than any one inmate could what happened there.

He heard all the servants' gossip, as well as the no less interesting gossip of the attaches of the court who came to the theaters.

More than all and better than all, Shakespeare knew the human heart.

It is three hundred fifty-one years ago since Shakespeare was born. This is not the same world into which Shakespeare was ushered ♣ Mary Arden Shakespeare had few comforts and no luxuries to give her babe.

The first porcelain dishes were not made until Seventeen Hundred Sixty-two by the Wedgwoods for Queen Charlotte. Although Mary Queen of Scots and her cousin Elizabeth were

both considered artists in their use of the sword, yet each ate indelicately, and with her fingers ♣ ♣

Even in kings' palaces there was no steam-heat, no furnace-fire, no electric lights, no gas-lights, no stoves even for cooking.

There were no steamships nor railroads, automobiles nor airships, neither telegraph nor telephones, no science, no business organizations ♣ ♣

The seas were imperiled by pirates, and the land infested with robbers.

Might made right. He was the richest man who had the strongest muscle and the most cunning brain.

Honesty was not the best policy for those who wanted success.

Justice was something dreamed of by a few idealists.

Kindness, tenderness, patience, courtesy, affection, gentleness, were ideals far, far away.

The Master Mind

IT was a rude, crude, barbaric world in Fifteen Hundred Sixty-four—"a mad world, my masters."

If the "thousand-souled Shakespeare" were to come back today he would surely be a stranger in this physical world.

His own Ariel could be a reality instead of a fairy dream.

He could fly through the air, skim over the earth, dive under the water and "ride on the curl'd cloud, drink the air before him and return, or else your pulse twice beat."

Voices in the air, illusions of beauty, everything Shakespeare told of in *The Tempest*, have been made real.

The poet could do all his Ariel did, and much, much more.

His portrayals of the wealth of rich men would be as painted shadows compared with the wealth of rich men today.

What material this world furnishes for this master brain! What plays he could write!

What words he could make, and what word-pictures! ❧ ❧

And although Shakespeare was born three hundred fifty-one years ago, he would find himself at home in this new world for one reason: He knew the human heart, its multitudinous manifestations.

The Human Heart

MAN'S brain has developed. It has invented that which has annihilated time and space.

Man's brain has subdued the earth to his uses. ❧ Everybody lives longer now than did Methuselah ❧ ❧

And it is man's brain that has worked the miracles of the earth.

But the human heart remains the same ❧

Do you think it has not? Read Shakespeare.

❧ Have the culture-beds of "vaulting ambition" been removed from kings' palaces? They have multiplied. The seeds have been sown in other places as well. That is all.

"Vaulting ambition" is not now confined to kings' palaces. The original bed, however, has never been removed.

The possibilities for power, world conquest, are still great in the palace of the king.

See Europe.

Then read the play of *Macbeth*.

Shakespeare says that "vaulting ambition" met Macbeth in the day of his success. It whispered to him of great conquest.

Success came, not singly, but in battalions ❧

And then began a system of organized espionage, preparedness for war.

Counting the Cost

SHAKESPEARE presents dramatically the progress of the war-spirit, the tragic, bloody path to victory.

He counts the cost.

"It will have blood, they say; blood will have blood."

"We'd jump the life to come. But in these cases,

We still have judgment here; that we but teach

Bloody instructions, which, being taught, return

To plague the inventor."

"From this moment,
The very firstlings of my heart shall be
The firstlings of my hand. And even now,

To crown my thoughts with acts, be it thought
and done:

The castle of Macduff I will surprise;
Seize upon Fife; give to the edge o' the sword
His wife, his babes, and all unfortunate souls
That trace him in his line."

And one soldier speaks:

"Alas, poor country!

Almost afraid to know itself. It can not
Be called our mother, but our grave."

This was war in Shakespeare's time.

How does it differ from Belgium now?

"Your castle is surprised; your wife, and babes,
Savagely slaughtered."

Then Macbeth's brain reaches a point where
he gives this as argument to himself:

"I am in blood

Stept in so far, that, should I wade no more,
Returning were as tedious as go o'er."

Only a little later Macbeth said:

"I have lived long enough: my May of life
Is fallen into the sear, the yellow leaf;

And that which should accompany old age,
As honor, love, obedience, troops of friends,
I must not look to have; but, in their stead,
Curses, not loud, but deep, mouth-honor,
breath,

Which the poor heart would fain deny, and
dare not."

The Price of Blood

THREE hundred years have had their
entrance and their exit from the stage of
time. Men and women have, each in turn,
played many parts. The only strange thing is,
that people of power have not yet learned that
"vaulting ambition o'erleaps itself and falls
on the other side."

War writes in letters of blood so plain that
every wayfaring man should understand ❧

"This even-handed justice commends the
ingredients of our poison'd chalice to our own
lips." ❧ ❧

What war forces to the lips of another must
ultimately return, and he who forces must
himself drink.

Shakespeare told the whole world the story
and the consequences of war.

One might almost think that "all our yester-
days have lighted fools to dusty death," and
will unless we learn the lesson now.

"Nought 's had; all 's spent."

THE PROBLEM OF UNEMPLOYMENT

By Robert Fullerton

A SIMPLE solution of this dilemma would be that we have more workmen than work, that there was a surplus of men and a shortage of jobs. There is nothing psychological in the situation. It is not a state of mind. The fact is distressingly visible, that thousands of men in all our large cities are in enforced idleness, many of them compelled to accept aid from charitable organizations. It is also true that the poor are always with us in a greater or less degree, but perhaps at no time in the history of the United States were so many able and willing workers unable to find employment. Why is this so and what has brought it about is the serious problem confronting the American people and pressing for some helpful, practical solution.

Growth of Urban Life

THE abnormal growth of urban life in recent years is responsible for much of our increasing poverty and its accompanying crimes of burglary and robbery from the person, competing cities organize booster clubs to exploit the attractions of their particular city or town, tempting workmen to settle in their El Dorado of opportunity, their City of Certainty. The crowded street and the city tenement is the recruiting-ground which fills the ranks of the unemployed, gravitating swiftly to bread-line, poorhouse or penitentiary.

Then we have certain strenuous politicians advocating large families as a guarantee of national greatness and prosperity. This was the Imperial Napoleon's militarist conception of woman's rights and motherly obligation, and is the foundation and strength of the German kaiser's present vast invading armies fighting for more room, slaughtering their opponents, that their own fast-multiplying people may have "a place in the sun."

The Age of Machinery

LABOR-SAVING inventions in recent years have revolutionized the productive capacity of the individual workman, quadrupling by

its marvelous efficiency every accomplishment of human endeavor. Last year, this country harvested nine hundred million bushels of wheat; before the invention of the self-binding reaping-machine, how many men with the sickle or scythe of seventy years ago would have been necessary to gather in the limited harvest season our fifty-three million acres of wheat, thirty-eight million acres of oats, and ten million acres of rye and barley? And if all this grain had been thrashed with the old-fashioned flail, every able-bodied farmer and his family would be knip-knapping on the barn-floor until the robins returned in the Spring, and our great cities' idle bread-liners would have trouble to find bread at any price.

¶ The locomotive and the railroad are the city census-maker. "It's a long, long way to Tipperary," if you travel by ox, wagon or its contemporary sailboat, and it would be a long way from the wheat-fields of the Mississippi Valley to the bakeshops of the world's great white ways—had we no railways or steamships. Transportation is the godfather and the wet nurse of our urban population. The city and the country have lost equilibrium. Foreign immigrants crowd our cities and factory towns; labor-saving inventions have increased manual efficiency in a much greater ratio than our consumptive needs of manufactured things.

Individual Efficiency

THE United States in Eighteen Hundred Sixty had a population of thirty-one million four hundred forty thousand, seventy-five per cent of which lived in the country engaged in agriculture; in Nineteen Hundred Ten we had a population of ninety-one million nine hundred thousand, sixty per cent of which live in cities and towns engaged in commercial and manufacturing occupations. Mechanical devices in the past fifty years have increased the efficiency of the individual in many industrial occupations one thousand per cent. The steam-shovel operated by one man will do

more work in one day than ten men with pick and spade could do in a week. It would have taken one hundred years to dig the Panama Canal without the aid of the railroad, the steam-shovel, the dredge and similar labor-saving appliances. The United States turns out twelve million kegs of nails annually, an increase in human efficiency of three thousand per cent over the slow hand-forging method of a century ago.

The inventors of boot and shoe machinery have evolutionized the village shoemaker out of a job. The drop-forge leaves the blacksmith little to do but nail ready-made shoes to the horses' feet. Compressed air with its pneumatic tools make possible the steel sky-scraper, and has doubled the efficiency of the boilermaker and the shipbuilder. Automatic machinery has reduced the labor cost of making watches five thousand per cent. It used to take one man a year to make a watch—now we get a better timekeeper for a dollar.

Electricity

THE swift and sweatless work now done by the cotton-gin, the spinning-jenny and the power-loom, if done by hand would banish all thought of an eight-hour working-day, or humanitarian limitations over child labor. The self-acting, steam-driven printing-press, in partnership with the superhuman typesetting Mergenthaler, has littered the land with printed paper, pied the devil and lessened the number of one variety of traveling tramp. Wood-working machinery, born in the inventor's brain less than a hundred years ago, makes handmade sash and doors a lost art. Electricity, competing with sun, moon and stars, assists in our every occupation. We press a button and the work is done. The telephone and the automobile are so convenient that walking is only indulged in for pleasant recreation.

The Biblical injunction that mankind must earn their bread by the sweat of their brow has been permanently enjoined by patent laws and public opinion. Machinery does the hard work, while we superintend its operations in the comfortable breeze of an electric fan. Of course, there are some exceptional summer occupations requiring sweat-producing muscular effort. The farmer at times has work to do that calls for a much-needed bath after sun-down, which he rarely gets. Sawmill operations are still strenuous: logs can not be converted

into lumber automatically. Machinery in our foundries and rolling-mills shoulders much of the heavy work, but such places continue to have a tropical temperature that makes starched shirts and stiff collars out of place. Our baseball workers on the diamond field are still subjected to the perspiring injunction of Mosaic law, tempted by loud applause and much good money to earn their bread and a conspicuous place in the hall of fame by the profitable sweat of their laureled brows.

Industrial Independence

MODERN machinery has become the autocrat of the industrial world, dominating every employment until we are troubled how to adjust ourselves to the situation. Our political administrators are busy trying to inject academic sunshine into the minds and pay-envelopes of the unemployed, imitating Colonel Sellers in his optimistic efforts to make believe that we are just entering the road to wealth and a full dinner-pail, with nothing better in sight than conversation money and phraseologic goulash. The present Congress has legislated more men out of a job than all other causes combined. Southern democracy, now controlling national legislation, has always looked upon work as "the white man's burden," to be turned over to foreigners on easy terms. "Made in U. S. A." has never been the trademark of bourbon democracy. We need a new declaration of industrial independence, branded with the motto, "Made in America," by Americans for Americans, as the only practical cure for unemployment.

Health is the most natural thing in the world. It is natural to be healthy, because we are a part of Nature—we are Nature. Nature is trying hard to keep us well, because she needs us in her business. Nature needs man so he will be useful to other men.

WORK that a man loves never kills; it is excessive stimulation or outside worries that wear the worker down. Deep replenishment comes with pure work; one enters, one after the other, into different planes of power. The brain and body become trained and plastic to the rush of the output. There is a second wind, and a third wind. I have done a day's work often, toward the end of a long task, that would have brought me to the craze of fatigue in the beginning.—*W. L. Comfort.*



INCREASE OF ARMAMENTS

By Isaac Sharpless

THERE are various reasons why the United States should not contract the disease of large armaments. It is a contagious disease and one with which the news of the present day infects certain classes of our citizens.

These classes are composed of (1) those who are connected with the army or navy, who give their time and scientific knowledge to the study of the past and future of war; (2) those who directly, or at second-hand, expect to profit commercially by a war or an armed peace; and (3) those honest patriots who really believe the various stories of expected attacks upon our national integrity or prosperity induced by the hate or avarice of other nations.

The first class is happily small, due to our peaceful traditions. Its members are, however, active and, in proportion to their numbers, influential. They have developed their subject into one of considerable interest and scientific expansion. They are intelligent and mostly sincere and patriotic. The second class need have little consideration. They are, as many Americans, after business profits, and if the preaching of the doctrines of war pays they will use their great influence upon public opinion, through the press, to fill their private coffers. There are more of them in the aggregate than one generally recognizes.

The third class is made up of men who are open to conviction and will ultimately determine the question. The following considerations may appeal to some of them.

Are We Safe From Attack?

IT is not likely that any of the nations now at war in Europe will be ready to attack the United States for several decades. In the meantime any guns or gunboats we choose to make will be antiquated and a dead loss. These nations, let the war eventuate as it will, will be burdened with fearful taxes, with crippled industries, with abundant memories

of the horrors of the battlefield and the sufferings of the non-combatant part of the population. Nothing but the most flagrant attack by us, or a combination of conditions which no one can foresee, could induce one or a group of them to enter upon the tremendously expensive and probably uncertain and unprofitable task of an expedition against the United States. For a hundred years, except for the farcical Spanish naval journey to the West Indies, there has been no attack, and during the most of this time our preparations have been far less adequate than now. Nor is there any more danger from Japan. Every one who has felt the temper of the Japanese government and people is sure that neither interest nor desire exists for an American war, a war which would be without prospect of final success and would break them down with financial burdens they are in no condition to stand. If we would bring half the thought and influence to bear on our government to make it absolutely just and generous in our treatment of other nations, that some of us spend in fearful anticipations of what will never come, we will be immune from war for a generation ahead. These considerations might induce us at least to postpone our great expenditures till the lessons and the results of the present war are more clearly seen.

The Role of Mediator

AGAIN if we, as we hope, shall some time in the near future be able to act as a mediator and peacemaker among the warring nations, we must approach the issue with clean hands and free from the suspicion of ulterior motives. We must say to them, in a voice which they will respect, that we have nothing to gain from them in way of territory or national privileges. We have only a little army for police purposes and a navy not strong enough for aggression. We have made no preparations to grasp anything for ourselves. We should, if they wish, willingly act as

arbiter or simply provide the machinery for their own negotiations. We want, for the good of all, peace restored on a satisfactory, permanent basis, and we hope to gain for ourselves nothing but our share of the blessings which will follow this consummation. Only in this way can we do our duty.

If we begin to arm because we are behind in the race for armaments, there is no end to the process except a great war. With every increase abroad there will be a new cry for new appropriations here. The burden of taxation, now already being severely felt in certain quarters, will grow by leaps. Now two-thirds of our national expenditures go to warlike purposes, including pensions. This vast sum will be increased much more rapidly than our resources, and either added taxes or the withdrawal of aid from internal developments will follow. How much wiser to make our potential resources of use to our people and the world, food and clothing cheaper, wages better and more homes happy, than to go into this unproductive venture, which, as present conditions show, always ends in war!

"Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he reap," and beginning on a course of warlike preparation, with the general awakening of the military spirit and the contagious enthusiasm which will follow, fanned by our increasing army and navy followers, and the commercial interests, will put us in such a condition that on the least provocation we will place our equipment in action. Armaments mean war. Dependence upon justice means peace and we shall reap as we sow.

The Duty of Americans

WHAT then are the duties of American citizens in this crisis?

To develop a universal feeling, to allay race and national prejudices and suspicions which often ripen into war.

To cultivate a judicial attitude which will take the viewpoint of an alien nation and appreciate its reasonable demands.

To limit commercial ambitions and methods, both individual and national, to such an extent as to recognize the just rights and proper desires of others.

To discourage the military spirit in our men and boys, the growth of a military class, the development of military and naval equipment in our nation.

To base our moral ideals upon the New

Testament and have faith that they will carry us through even when we can not clearly see the future way.

To nourish within ourselves and our neighbors the Christian spirit, so that as far as in us lies there can be no war; to do our full duty by moral methods and then trust to the care and providence of God.

Abolish fear, and every man and woman is an orator and an artist. The criminal and the untruthful person are obsessed by fear until the genial current of their life is turned awry. A man, like a horse, is safe until he gets in the fell clutch of fear.

THERE is perhaps no more pernicious fault among universal humanity than the lack of sincere appreciation with which individual benefits are received. The desire of all people for an increasing amount of health, wealth and happiness doubtless accounts in some measure for the slight display of gratitude for one's present state of well-being; for when pursuing a high ideal, the gaze of the individual is raised above the scenes through which he passes and fixed steadfastly upon the goal he is striving to reach. And however much this fact may be cited in excuse for our indifference towards the present and our craving for the future—which our fancy usually pictures in rainbow lines—the axiomatic truth still remains that happiness, genuine happiness, is a present possibility to us all, were we but sincerely grateful for the blessings which are ours today—*Harry C. Black.*

Law! It is the thing we make with our hands and then fall down and worship. Men want to do things, so they do them, and afterward they legalize them, just as we believe things first and later hunt for reasons. Or we legalize the thing we do not want others to do.

THE disgrace of medicine has been that colossal system of self-deception, in obedience to which mines have been emptied of their cankering minerals, the entrails of animals taxed for their impurities, the poison-bags of reptiles drained of their venom, and all the inconceivable abominations thus obtained thrust down the throats of human beings, suffering from fault of organization, nourishment or vital stimulation.—*Dr. O. W. Holmes.*



WORK

By Charles Henry Mackintosh

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WORK—what a dull, dreary word it is to most of us! What visions of gray monotony, shut in from forest, field or lake! Our habit of hating the word runs back into our very schooldays for its beginnings—days when work and play were synonymous with hell and heaven. How we hated the dull old “jography” and history! How we loathed languages, particularly the dead ones if we were unlucky enough to have them wished upon us! And how our minds strained towards the evening bell, counting the slow hammer-strokes of the clock as it beat the hours out so slowly—and so thin!

“Back to school after vacation!”—the very sentence still has power to shock our souls! How far into the heaven of our holidays themselves would the sinister shadow of that irrevocable sentence project itself with insistent and inevitable menace!

Ah, with what joy we anticipated the end of our period in purgatory, when we should put on long pants and issue forth into the world as men among men to take our share in big and worth-while things! But how short a time it was before we began to discover that we had exchanged Scylla for Charybdis, that even in the great world there is nothing but Work—and far more of it, with longer hours to labor than in even the wildest nightmare of our schooldays! ♣ ♣

Leisure

WORK!—How it has followed us up and ground us down and robbed us of so much of the brightness and joy in life! Ah, what a splendid time we might have made for ourselves if only we had n't always had to Work ♣ ♣

What would we not have done with leisure and the means to enjoy it! What wonderful books we might have written, what wonderful pictures have painted, what splendid and altruistic plans have been put through! And all these golden opportunities lost for the lack

of a little leisure; through the insistent, clamoring cry of Work! Work! Work!

Oh, incarnate spirit of labor—if you be incarnate—how many and how heavy are the hatreds heaped upon your head by an indolent, leisure-loving humanity, and how hardly shall you ever win into your heaven from under such a load of hatred and abuse!

If it indeed be true that all but the full hundred per cent of our unhappy humanity goes to its daily task with hatred or apathy, driven to it only under the sharp whip of necessity, of what avail the gift of life when we must spend it miserably in order to keep it? Where is there justice in this, that we must assume a labor we do not love that we may keep a life we did not ask until that death we may not hasten or avert? ♣ ♣

If this be truth, then it is also true that we are not men but slaves.

But it is *not* true. For there are two distinct types into which may be herded the whole horde of humanity. In the first and largest of these are indeed slaves, but not of necessity. The second is made up of splendid servants of society—and the number of this second type is growing, gradually and certainly, drawing from the number of the first. The first work because they must work to live. The second live because they must live to work; and they know that work is not only the means to, but also the reason for and the end of life.

Man is nothing if he be not the highest form of energy; and what is energy except it energize? How shall you distinguish force from matter and matter from force unless the force reveals itself upon matter and the matter is interpreted through force? Force and matter are interdependent terms in Nature: without the first we could not perceive the second; without the second we could not apprehend the first ♣ And so it is that “Man is born to labor even as the sparks fly upward”—it is the law and the condition of his being that he shall labor;

it was for this that Nature called him up from Monera and fashioned him out of matter ♫

The Law of Labor

NOW by this little excursion into the schools of Science we have uncovered the vital fact that if indeed there be some great injustice wrought upon Man through his life of labor, the fault lies not in the law of labor but in the human application of that law.

What says the immortal Ruskin on this same subject?—"It may be proven with much certainty that God intends no man to live in this world without working; but it seems no less evident that He intends every man to be happy in his work. It was written: 'In the sweat of thy brow,' but it was never written: 'In the breaking of thy heart!'"

Then neither Nature nor God is authority for the fact that so many millions must be whipped to their trivial tasks under the two-thonged dread of hunger and cold.

Nature knows, as none knows better, that man can not bring the true art of labor to that in which his heart is not.

She knows the need for well-done work and for it she reserves her best and greatest gift of joy—the joy of pure creative thought. And since no man may so much as move his little finger without first creating the thought behind the action, no mind, however miserable, is debarred from sharing in successful service.

¶ And so, through her just and therefore unmerciful law of survival, she weeds out those who will not work from those who work and these again from those who work well ♫ She is not vindictive about it, having no choice in the matter. For Nature is only the name we give to the sum of natural laws. These are her whole self and she can not vary them any more than we can vary a chemical reaction. Indeed these laws are nothing but a kind of cosmic chemistry; and Nature, incarnate in matter and animate in force, is a great chemist using her knowledge of chemical laws to the mixing of infinite formulæ.

What does she seek?—The Philosopher's Stone, turning all it touches to gold? Scarcely this, for she has gold already and can care little for it or she would have made more. Does she seek for the Waters of Life, that those who drink thereof may live forever and grow infinitely wise? But it is the first law of her being that all she has must live forever, that neither one grain of matter nor one germ of

force may perish out of her eternity. And Wisdom dies not, for the torch is passed from hand to hand forever.

What then does she seek? If we knew that, would not Nature know it also; and, knowing it, would she need still to search? How shall we know who can not even conceive of eternity without a beginning and an end! In terms of our knowledge, there can be no end, for are not matter and force indestructible and uncreatable? Have they not been and will they not be forever and forever?

But we, who know our own end, do not need to inquire any further into eternity. We know that matter is dead and that force is quick and that we are of the two for a time.

Only so short a time as we can energize our atoms have we a hold upon life, to love, to labor and to be happy.

Happiness

AND now let us turn to consider what we have in time and space whereof we are assured ♫ ♫

We have twenty-four hours a day.

Eight we spend in sleep, one about our dress, three about our food and our comings and goings thereto. Eight more of our remaining twelve we are accustomed to offer up upon the altar of necessity—leaving but four short hours in which to win to happiness!

The modern man averages a scant threescore years in all—and of these are we to live only ten! ♫ ♫

Ten years wherein to be happy; to drink without thirst, to eat without hunger, to lust without love, to read without reason, to travel without purpose: for these are the things we strive to pack into our four free hours each day, feeling the urge of energy and knowing not how to turn it into true happiness.

And this is life! All the rest is sleep and waste and—labor. Surely herein we have the reason for our human unhappiness?

We have it indeed; but not, perhaps, where most will find it at first glance. We are unhappy because we seek happiness in the wrong way, in the wrong place, at the wrong time. We know, when we stop to reason, that we are here to work, because Nature has work to be done, and why has she made us, if not to help her do it?

We have learned also to look upon happiness as the greatest good in life. And how shall we expect Nature to grant us this greatest good

in return for wasting her time? How shall we ask her to use her strongest inducement to the defeat of her own purpose? No man would expect such imbecility in his employer, that he would pay a higher price for loafing than for labor. And yet this is what we confidently look for from Nature!

Viewed in this light it becomes a little plainer why there is no joy in life like the thrill which follows after the realization of work well done: it becomes more obvious that if ever we are to be happy it will be in our work-time and not in our waste-time. And, as we demonstrate this for ourselves, we will want more and ever more happiness; reducing our waste-time and increasing our work-time until we live at least one-half our lives.

For work is not only the means to human life, but the reason for it and the end of it.

There is no need to pursue this truth further.

¶ Scientists prove their hypotheses by what they term "experimental verification."

Which means that, having conceived a theory, they proceed to put it to the test of experiment under every possible condition. They try it in the court of Nature, and their future confidence in its truth is in exact proportion to the absence of variation in the results obtained from their "experimental verifications." If the results never vary, however long continued and cunningly contrived the experiments, they elevate it from a theory and it becomes a scientific fact.

The Happy Ones

NOW as to our hypothesis that labor is the means to, the reason for, and the end of human life; there have been as many billion "experimental verifications" brought to bear upon it as there have been human beings in the world. And the results have never varied.

¶ Always the Happy Ones of the world have been those who wrought in loving labor to the service of Nature through their kind. Always, and only these. Others have had moments of happiness, who did but catch the sparks flying from the white-hot iron of inspiration lying on the anvil of their own labor.

You need not believe it if you will not.

No man can make you believe the verity of the law of gravity—nor will Nature stop you from stepping from the roof of a skyscraper if you wish to disprove it.

But she will give us your descent and death as one more "experimental verification" which we can disbelieve in our turns if we wish

It is so also with the law of labor. ¶ Nature can and will compel you to earn your right to live, but she can not compel you to be happy.

¶ She can only "experimentally verify" the hypothesis that happiness is the heritage of well-done work.

However, you can become one of her positive "experimental verifications" yourself if you will to.

You can prove the hypothesis with and for yourself. And this you may do by finding the work you can learn to love and then doing it with all your heart.

But be very sure, as you mentally discard this or that form of labor, that you are not convicting them of lovelessness just because they are work—which you have learned to hate because you have always approached from a wrong angle!

For a man can learn to love whatever he can learn to do well, whether it be laying bricks, keeping books, building machines or telling the truth.

If he can learn to do nothing exceptionally well, then let him do the best he can. Nature does not demand that each shall be a supremely splendid servant, and she does not deny his share of happiness to whoever strives to do his best. For the joy is in the struggle and he is not defeated who dies still struggling to express himself in service.

Rather is he defeated who gives up.

We must breathe more, laugh more, love more.

Life's Mysteries

By W. F. McCaleb

THE dusk drops down the misty mountain way,

Far out there sinks the saffron disk of day,
Leaving me lone amid the wilderness
Of life, athrob with infinite silences.

How spirit-like the troubled muttering
Of drowsy birds; how lorn the uttering
Of the disconsolate owl; how weird the cries
Of insects at the garish moon's uprise!

The humming of the over-world, the rush
Of countless constellations and the hush
Of mystic wings, the touch of spirit-hands—
The awe that comes of sailing past the lands
Of light! Oh, let me sink now past the rise
Of suns, and hazy confine of the skies—
Then shall I read life's murmuring mysteries.

CO-OPERATION IN AMERICAN BUSINESS

By Elbert H. Gary

WE are living in a vital period. Never before within our memory has there been a time when so many problems fundamental to true progress presented themselves to thinking men. These problems call for expert examination, clear thought and sober judgment. They are not merely the problems directly arising from the disturbance and distress occasioned all over the world by the great struggle now going on in Europe, though these alone are perhaps the greatest problems with which mankind has ever had to deal. The problems I have specifically in mind, however, are larger even than these; they reach into the future. They have to do with the whole scheme of the organization of society and its interests, especially as regards those things that must always primarily concern the great majority of men and women, namely, the industry, commerce and other activities which form the basis of their individual and social welfare and which enable them to be efficient, both individually and also socially and politically. Here in the United States, particularly, we are in more than one sense at a parting of the ways. We are all naturally preoccupied at the moment with the restoration of the national prosperity which has been interrupted by the operation of the new tariff, by the great war and by other causes. The war itself is making it clear that the real question is larger than this. We want prosperity; but we want it solid and enduring. We want to make sure that, while our free institutions are maintained in a more vigorous condition than ever, we do not get out of step with the onward progress of the world, and thus fail to hold our own with nations that may be learning the secrets of progress faster and better than we are.

Correct decisions leading to just action during the next few critical years will mean much to the solidity and permanence of this Republic. The continuance of misunderstandings, of

mutual criticism, and of working at cross purposes among the men and groups of men who are shaping our destinies, may serve to carry us into errors from which a full recovery may not be possible.

The Principles of Human Progress

THE great war which is now shaking Europe and the world has served to arouse many dormant intellectual and moral forces, not the least among which are the forces of economic and political analysis. Behind the clash of armies, trained economists and students of the welfare of nations perceive world problems, whose working out, successfully or unsuccessfully, will determine the future of all peoples, whether now included among the belligerents or not. The issues are not merely the victory or defeat of the one or the other group of these belligerents, but great fundamental principles of human progress. The financial and commercial convulsion of the whole world at the outbreak of the war; the sudden and painful discovery that no country nowadays can live for itself alone; the sharp realization that even nations at peace and remote from the conflict must, by a strong and dependable co-ordination of their own affairs, be prepared for the difficulties arising from such a conflict—these and other impressive lessons of the war in Europe have stirred the minds of thinking men everywhere to reconsider their vague and often merely traditional ideas of what is good for peoples, taken either collectively or individually. Probably there is now a consensus of opinion, among those whose judgment is worth having, that after the war is concluded it will no longer be possible for a great nation to go on in a happy-go-lucky way, with no common purposes and aims, if it desires to remain a permanent force in the world.

The Spirit of Co-operation

I DO not desire in this article to analyze the merits of the cause of one or the other side in the European War, nor to compare the

national efficiency of the several belligerent nations. But whatever may be our personal sympathies or opinions in connection with this subject, there appears to be a general agreement that the chief reason for Germany's recently acquired national, industrial and commercial prominence is the spirit of co-operation running through the entire economic and social life of the country. The conscious aim of the government of Germany and of the leaders of German thought and of German business, ever since the Franco-Prussian War, has been to bring into harmonious co-ordination, without the waste of the blind antagonisms and competitions of the various classes of the productive population, all the constructive and progressive efforts of the German people.

Our Great Burden

It is worth remarking here that almost unconsciously we have ourselves had the benefits of co-operation brought home to us by the necessities we have had to meet in the months since the European War broke out. As all remember, our financial and economic situation in the earlier part of Nineteen Hundred Fourteen was not all that could be desired. In fact, many of our great industries were in a depressed and even embarrassed condition. The gradual recovery from the strain of Nineteen Hundred Seven had been in a measure checked by a variety of forces. There were reasons, however, for expecting an improvement in the near future. Then, all at once, the whole industrial fabric was temporarily paralyzed by the sudden diversion of the great forces of trade and industry from their proper object to the vast destruction of human life and of accumulated capital. And the consequences were so tremendous, even for us, that there had to be co-operation lest all should be destroyed. Finance, industry, commerce, both domestic and international, were compelled to work together, or go down in general ruin. The story can never be completely told of the extent of the mutual assistance given, of the courageous and unselfish standing by those caught in the maelstrom, of the disinterested co-operation of the most diverse interests, in order that the wheels of industry might continue to turn and the ways of commerce continue to be open. At length it can be said without undue optimism that the skill and courage of our citizens working together has brought this country into a posi-

tion of substantial adjustment to the changed conditions. It seems probable, moreover, that the impulse which has been given to men's minds by the crisis through which we have passed will make the final adjustment of all the consequences of war, when it comes, more fundamental and more lasting than it otherwise could have been. It is certain that the attitude of awakened attention and of creative interest in economic problems which this world catastrophe has produced in the United States will tremendously hasten the time when public opinion here will undertake a permanent solution of questions profoundly affecting our welfare as a people, of which we had begun to catch glimpses some time before the effects of the war suddenly and violently brought them home to our minds, but which we were not yet ready to act upon.

The Great Waste

THE most terrible waste possible is human waste. If industrial development has a place in the progress of civilization it should be organized upon a basis of elimination of preventable human waste. It should not be carried out along the very principle, or lack of principle, which, as between the nations of Europe, has been so powerful a contributing cause to the present war. It should not be carried out along lines of unrestrained and cut-throat competition, which is itself hardly different, in many of its cardinal phases, from actual war.

The desire for organized efficiency has always been particularly strong in Americans, and possibly no other people has ever carried organization and efficiency in an individualistic sense further than have we. Now it is rapidly dawning upon the clearest thinking of our citizens that there is still a higher kind of efficiency than that of competitive individualism, namely, the efficiency of properly devised and safeguarded co-operation.

This raises the question why there has not been a more rapid acceptance by the American public generally of the principle of the higher efficiency made possible by co-operation and co-ordination in industry and commerce which have produced such striking results in Germany. Why is it that in a people like ours, in which efficiency has always been a passion and organization has achieved some of its greatest triumphs in certain limited fields, there has not been a fuller application of the

principle that general organization on co-operative, instead of brutally competitive, lines, yields the highest results in efficiency, both for the several branches of industry and commerce and for the people as a nation?

I think there are two reasons which may be given. One has to do with the difference in the conditions which have characterized the economic growth of the United States and of Germany. In the latter country the natural resources at hand have been strictly limited. The population of nearly seventy million souls is crowded into an area of over two hundred thousand square miles, on a basis of some three hundred persons to the square mile. In the United States, the wealth of national resources has been as proverbial as has been the lavish extravagance with which we have consumed them. Our vast area of over three million square miles liberally supports our population, on a basis of less than twenty-eight persons to the square mile. Organization and co-operation in the German sense have not been forced upon us by our environment; and we are only gradually awakening to the fact that our resources are not limitless, and that the waste of natural and human material is radically wrong, no matter how vast our resources ♫ ♫

The other obstacle to the growth of co-operation in the United States has been, perhaps, an inherent repugnance on the part of most of us towards any relinquishment of individual liberty. Few Americans would combat this tendency. It is fundamental to the safety of the great experiment in free government which we are trying in this country.

Just here, however, comes in the lack of clear thinking which is the chief obstacle that remains to be overcome before we have the fuller application of the principles of co-operation in the United States. The proper application of those principles does not restrict, but rather increases the liberty of the individual. The security to the industrial worker, through co-operation, in respect to greater safety, shorter hours, more continuous employment, and a share in the increased profits which these conditions bring about, should certainly not be considered other than an increase of personal liberty. In industry, as with the individual, liberty is not so much a matter of freedom from restraint as it is the acquirement in increasing measure of the rewards of labor,

both of the mind and of the hands, through intelligent and mutually helpful meeting and overcoming of the obstacles which must be met each day.

Co-operation of Individual Initiative

BUT a sharp distinction must be drawn. The application of efficiency by organized and co-operating units of the people who are doing the work is totally different from the imposition of organization by the Government. In this vital matter it seems possible that the temper of the American people differs from the temper of the German people. And it may be proper to ask the question as to whether the proper development of the co-operative principle in the United States has not been hampered by the fear which various experiments in paternalism have instilled into a large body of our citizens, that a National Government by Commission was being unreasonably imposed upon them. We need publicity and we need wise government supervision for the prevention of abuses; but, subject to these checks, the co-operation of individual initiative is alone consistent with the political and social ideas of this country ♫ In the era of clearer thinking in the United States, into which we are about to pass, and whose coming has been greatly hastened by the war in Europe, it seems probable that a careful analysis of these obstacles will be made, and that, with a full understanding of the facts, there will come correct judgments on the part of the public. Then there should follow not only co-operation within the various industries, but among all industries—in fact, among all the great constructive forces which form our national strength.

The guiding principle of the day should not be, "Let us be prosperous"—but rather the broader one, "Let there be light." The rule-of-thumb days are passing. It is pre-eminently necessary for the people to be rid of panaceas and propagandists, of political theorists and demagogues, and to return once more to the simple facts as they are developed by experience. Let us emphasize these basic truths, and the judgment of the average thinking man may be relied upon to evolve the principles of action which are essential to the prosperity and happiness, if not to the very existence, of the nation.

♫

System is crystallized commonsense.

LINCOLN THE ATHLETE

By James Frederick Rogers, M. D.

THE two most athletic figures in the history of our country, if not of all history, were those of Washington and Lincoln.

¶ In appearance Lincoln was as homely and awkward as Washington was handsome and full of grace; but in physical prowess they were well matched, and the accounts of their feats of strength read very much alike. ¶ Probably many of these stories have become exaggerated in the telling, but it is only of a Hercules that Herculean tales are told. While both excelled in athletic sports, both preferred mental accomplishments to physical feats; both were surveyors; both took part in Indian wars; finally, both became President in the most trying times the nation has seen. Here the likeness of their experiences ends; for Washington was born and bred in comparative comfort and culture, and sought the primitive life of the wilderness temporarily, and rather from pleasure than from necessity. Lincoln, until he was of age, knew only poverty, toil and the rudest society, and only by mighty efforts dragged himself into less crude surroundings. The homely lines of his countenance, which appeal to us more than the statuesque repose of his great predecessor, were carved deep by his trying experiences and the sympathies they developed.

Lincoln's Parentage

LINCOLN came of a line of vigorous pioneers. His father is described as five feet ten inches high; he weighed one hundred eighty pounds, and "was sinewy and brave." His mother was of medium stature, slender and symmetrical, good-looking, if not beautiful, as a girl, but early bent and worn by her hard life.

The home which first sheltered Lincoln was a rude, one-room cabin, nearly bare of furniture or furnishings of any sort; and the other conditions by which he was surrounded were so rude and primitive that only a sturdy child could have survived.

As he grew up, he lived the open-air life. He "ran the woods" with the older boys, hunting woodchucks and treeing coons. He was early set to work "bringing tools, carrying water, picking berries, and planting seed." ¶

His Indiana Home

THE removal of the family to Indiana was a change from the woods to the backwoods, from the frying-pan into the fire, as far as conditions of living were concerned. Their new dwelling-place, which Abraham helped to build, was a "half-faced camp" fourteen feet square, merely a shed with three sides, open to the weather on the fourth side—a shelter "less snug than the winter cave of a bear." After the first season, this abode was exchanged for what was little improvement—a floorless, windowless cabin, without even a deerskin to close the doorway. Abraham had for his bed a heap of dry leaves and old clothes, with skins for covering, in a corner of the loft, to which he climbed by means of pegs driven in the wall.

There was plenty of food, but corn bread, baked in a Dutch oven, was the chief item on the bill of fare. Potatoes, which were the only plentiful vegetable, were often served raw, as we would serve apples. There was abundance of deer and bear meat, pheasants, wild turkeys, ducks, squirrels, fish and wild fruits. ¶ Young Abraham's scanty shirt and trousers were of coarse, homemade material and he was crowned with a coonskin cap.

His attendance of a few months at the district school did not detract from his vigor. The curriculum was not crowded in those days; there were no problems of ventilation; and about the only physical disaster that came to any pupil was a sound whipping from the master. ¶

His Boyhood

THE boy was large and remarkably strong for his years, and already he was given plenty of hard work to do. He said of himself

that when he was about eight years old, his father "placed an ax in his hand, and till within his twenty-third year he was almost constantly handling that most useful instrument." He cleared land, split firewood and fence-rails, plowed, reaped with a sickle, thrashed with a flail, and did carpentering. When not working for his father, he was hired out to the neighbors for any and all work.

During the noon recess and after work hours he enjoyed swimming, jumping, running and wrestling—enjoyed them the more because he excelled in these sports. Unlike Washington, he cared little for dancing. He had no liking for hunting, after shooting his first wild turkey, at the age of eight: he had too much feeling for the wild life. He hated fishing, but went many times with a district-school teacher who was fond of the sport. Lincoln went with him to catch the schoolmaster's talk and to learn from him of Shakespeare and Burns. ¶ He frequently walked fifteen or twenty miles to secure books, to hear speeches or to attend debates. For a few months he ran a ferryboat, and when nineteen years of age he worked the bow oars on a boat bound for New Orleans. He is described at this time as "a long, thin, gawky boy, dried up and shriveled."

Illinois

IN Eighteen Hundred Thirty the family was on the move again, this time for Illinois. Here young Lincoln helped his father build another rude cabin, split rails to fence ten acres of land, and raised a crop of corn.

On coming of age, he was without sufficient money to purchase a much-needed pair of new trousers, and for these he "split four hundred rails for each yard of the material used." The trousers were secured more quickly than they would have been by most young men, for Lincoln was a famous chopper; as his cousin says, "If you heard him felling trees in the clearing, you would say there were three men at work by the way the trees fell." After the Black Hawk War, in which Lincoln was a volunteer, he thought of making use of his strength as a blacksmith, but instead became a storekeeper.

Partly because of his great physical powers he was the recognized peacemaker in the rude and lawless community in which he lived; and as candidate for political office his physical prowess helped him not a little in winning the hearts of the rougher classes.

Finally, this sinewy giant was chosen to wrestle with all his combined powers of body and mind with the gravest problems of a nation, and to bear on his shoulders the burden of sorrow and trial of a great people.

An Excellent Constitution

THE picture of Lincoln, with its expression of quiet humor or of gentle sadness, is a familiar one. It was a homely face, with a high, broad forehead overhung with stiff, black hair; with dark-gray eyes, clear and very expressive; high cheek-bones and large mouth. He was six feet four inches tall, and weighed about one hundred eighty pounds. He was "thin through the chest, narrow across the shoulders, and stooped slightly as he walked. His complexion was very dark, his skin yellow and shriveled." His limbs were long, and he had large hands and feet. "There was no grace in his movement, but an expression of awkwardness combined with force and vigor." ¶ Like most great men, Lincoln was exceedingly temperate and simple in his habits. Though his table at Springfield was famed for the excellence of its Kentucky dishes, he was a moderate eater. He used neither tobacco nor intoxicating drinks, and he was a strong advocate of total abstinence. While a lawyer he kept a horse and a cow, and took care of both with his own hands; and he chopped all the firewood for the house.

In the stress of affairs in Washington he often became indifferent not only as to the character of his meals, but as to the time they were served. "It seemed some weeks as if he neither ate nor slept." He was never sick; but during the war, "the anxiety, responsibility, care, thought, disasters, defeats, and the injustice of his friends, wore upon his giant frame, and his nerves of steel became at times irritable." He walked and rode about the capital; but when others fled its heat and dust, he remained at his post.

The physical history of this wonderful man may be summed up in the remark of his friend, Nat Grigsby, "He had an excellent constitution and took care of it." It served him and his country nobly until shattered by the bullet of the assassin.

Once we thought work was a curse; then it came to us that it was a necessary evil; and yesterday the truth dawned upon us that it is a blessed privilege.

THE FRA



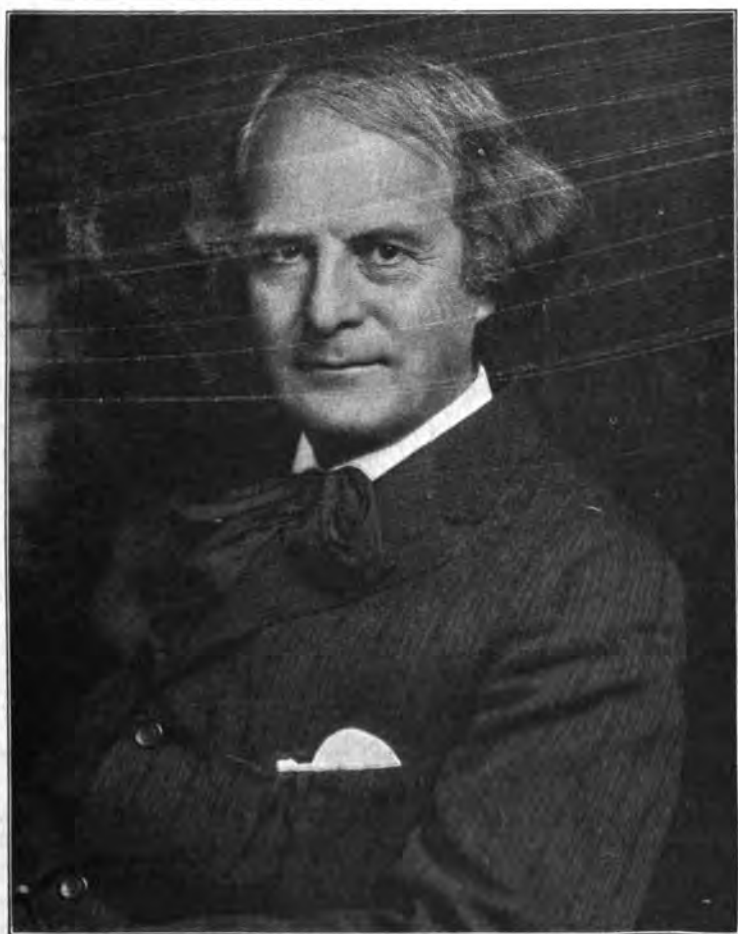
DEVOTED TO
THE BUSINESS
OF ... LIVING



Vol. XV

JULY, 1915

No. 4



Elbert Hubbard

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY ELBERT HUBBARD
EAST AURORA ERIE COUNTY N. Y.
25 CENTS A COPY 2 DOLLARS A YEAR



A Letter From "Buster Brown"

Dear Roycrofters:

I heard the news of Elbert Hubbard's death on the "Lusitania" with the same ghastly horror that every one else experienced who knew him or read his works. His death is the most to be deplored of any man for many decades. He was the apostle of peace. He was one of the most valiant enemies of superstition. He was one of the rarest humorists and profoundest philosophers. Brave, kind, full of Faith, Hope and Charity, I venture to say he went down with the same brave stoicism with which he faced life. Please accept my sincere condolences.

R. F. Outcault

San Francisco, June 5th, 1915

THE FRA



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Alice Hubbard

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY ELBERT HUBBARD
EAST AURORA ERIE COUNTY N. Y.
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You Are Invited to Spend Your Vacation at the Roycroft Inn This Summer!

OU are invited to bring your Thinking-Cap, an Old Suit, a Soft Shirt, and a Pair of Rough-and-Ready Shoes, and come. You'll find a thousand or more Interesting People here, and you'll have the kind of Vacation you always expect to have, but which you never have—quite!

¶ No need for Introductions when you get here. You know Everybody and Everybody knows you. But we warn you to come "loaded" with some subject—to use in self-

defense! Because Everybody here believes in an "ISM" or is an "IST."

¶ The Roycroft Inn is a modern hotel—unique and different.

¶ American Plan, \$2.50 to \$5.00 a day. Single rooms, connecting rooms, out-of-door sleeping-rooms, suites with bath—an abundance of hot water.

¶ Milk, cream, butter, eggs, fruits and vegetables, fresh from the Roycroft Farms, are served in a most beautiful and restful dining-room.

WHENEVER YOU NEED A CHANGE COME!

AUTOMOBILE PARTIES ARE ALWAYS WELCOME—THE ROAD
OUT FROM BUFFALO IS A BRICK PIKE—18 MILES!

The Roycroft Inn, East Aurora, N. Y.

THE FRA

Elbert
Hubbard
Editor
and
Publisher
East Aurora
N. Y.



Twenty-five
cents
per copy
Two dollars
per year
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No. 4

ELBERT HUBBARD II

By Bert Hubbard



AM Elbert Hubbard's son, and I am entirely familiar with the proposition that "Genius never reproduces."

Heretofore, it has always been necessary to sign my name, "Elbert Hubbard II"—but now there is an embarrassment in that signature, an assumption that I do not feel.

There is no Second Elbert Hubbard.

To five hundred Roycrofters, to the Village of East Aurora, and to a few dozen personal friends scattered over the face of the earth, I am Bert Hubbard, plain Bert Hubbard—and as Bert Hubbard I want to be known to you.

I lay no claim to having inherited Elbert Hubbard's Genius, his Personality, his Insight into the Human Heart. I am another and totally different sort of man.

I know my limitations.

Also, I am acquainted with such ability as I possess, and I believe that it can be directed to serve you.

I got my schooling in East Aurora.

I have never been to College.

But I have traveled across this great Country several times with my Father. I have traveled abroad with him. One time we walked from Edinburgh to London to prove that we could do it.

My Father has been my teacher—and I do not at all envy the College Man.

Making Head

FOR the past twenty years I have been working in the Roycroft Shops. I believe I am well grounded in Business—also, in Work. When I was twelve years old my father transferred Ali Baba to the farm—and I did the chores around the house and barn for a dollar a week. From that day forward I earned every dollar that ever came to me.

Later I worked in the printing-shop and fed press at four dollars a week. Then, when we purchased a gas-engine, I was promoted to be engineer, and given a pair of long overalls. Two or three years later I was moved into the General Office, where I opened mail and filled in orders.

Again, I was promoted into the Private Office and permitted to sign my name under my Father's, on checks.

Then the responsibility of purchasing materials was given me.

One time or another I have worked in every Department of the Roycroft Shops.

A Sacred Trust

MY association with Elbert Hubbard has been friendly, brotherly. I have enjoyed his complete confidence—and I have tried to deserve it.

He believed in me, loved me, hoped for me. Whether I disappointed him at times is not important. I know my average must have pleased him, because the night he said Farewell to The Roycrofters he spoke well of me, very well of me, and he left the Roycroft Institution in my charge.

He sailed away on the *Lusitania* intending to be gone seven weeks. His Little Journey has been prolonged into Eternity.

For that I do not hate the Germans; but they made a terrible mistake—a terrible mistake. I fear that for years to come the word "German" will bring thoughts of cold-blooded murder to the minds of many.

I fear the phrase, "Made in Germany," will no longer find such warm appreciation. Is it not possible to lose the Soul out of the Machine?

¶ How much the world of thought lost when the German torpedo took away the life of Elbert Hubbard, I am too close to the tragedy to estimate. Others will estimate it—and Germany will know.

Planning the Future

THE work of Elbert and Alice Hubbard is not done. With them one task was scarcely under way when another was launched. Whether complete or incomplete, there had to be an end to their effort sometime, and this is the end ♣ ♣

Often Elbert Hubbard would tell the story of Tolstoy, who stopped at the fence to question the worker in the field, "My Man, if you knew you were to die tomorrow, what would you do today?" And the worker begrimed with sweat would answer, "I would plow!"

That's the way Elbert Hubbard lived and died, and yet he did more—he planned for the future. He planned the future of the Roycroft Shop. Death did not meet him as a stranger. He came as a sometime-expected friend ♣ Father was not unprepared.

The plan that would have sustained us the seven weeks he was in Europe will sustain us seven years—and another seven years.

Elbert Hubbard's work will go on.

The Roycroft Idea

KNOW of no Memorial that would please Elbert Hubbard half so well as to broaden out the Roycroft Idea.

The beautiful Roycroft buildings erected with an idea of permanency stand out as exemplifications of a strong and courageous spirit ♣ Their very character seems to suggest that there could be no finer monument.

I have heard Father say that he did not want to be buried in the ground ♣ He believed in cremation. "Just put the biggest boulder you can find, in the center of the Roycroft lawn—as my monument," he said.

So, some day I will do it.

Many suggestions have been made regarding bronze, marble, etc., but my idea is that this institution is the proper monument. I appreciate indeed the spirit of these suggestions and know that same spirit will prompt our friends to assist, each in their own way, to hold and broaden the Roycroft idea.

I am a Roycrofter. I know the Roycroft Shops, their possibilities, their market—their friends.

¶ I am now President of The Roycrofters, Incorporated—and I come to you with the suggestion that if Elbert and Alice Hubbard meant anything to you, stand with me now ♣

We will continue to make handmade Furniture, hand-hammered Copper, Modeled Leather. We shall still triumph in the arts of Printing and Bookmaking.

The Roycroft Inn will continue to swing wide its welcoming door, and the kind greeting is always here for you.

The Fra will not miss an issue, and you who have enjoyed it in the past will continue to enjoy it!

The Philistine belonged to Elbert Hubbard. He wrote it himself for just twenty years and one month. No one else could have done it as he did. No one else can now do it as he did ♣ So, for very sentimental reasons—which overbalance the strong temptation to continue *The Philistine*—I consider it a duty to pay him the tribute of discontinuing the little Magazine of Protest with the July issue.

The Roycrofters, Incorporated, is a band of skilled men and women. For years they have accomplished the work that has invited your admiration. You may expect much of them now. The support they have given me, the confidence they have in me, is as a great mass of power and courage pushing me on to success ♣ ♣

This thought I would impress upon you: It will not be the policy of The Roycrofters to imitate or copy. This place from now on is going to be what we make it ♣ The past is past, the future spreads a golden red against the Eastern sky.

I have the determination to make a Roycroft Shop—that Father, leaning out over the balcony, will look down and say, "Good boy, Bert—good boy!"

I have Youth and Strength.

I have Courage.

My Head is up.

Forward—all of us—March!

The Hubbards I Knew

By William Marion Reedy

HIS doom linked in history with a world-shaking event; with the life-renewing, endlessly cleansing ocean for a sepulcher; one in death as in life with the woman of his heart of heart, Elbert Hubbard found the end appointed ♣ ♣

How he faced that end, we know who knew how he lived—bravely, with a smile.

His work lives on. That we know. There are hundreds of thousands of people whose lives are larger, broader, deeper, higher, because of Elbert Hubbard. He brought them into the noble companionship of the good and the great. He taught them the secret of delight in work well done in a spirit of love for others. He showed how living might be truly an art, how it might be a continuous evolution of character in the individual, affecting with a forward and upward impulse the life of all.

The Mount of Vision

ONCE, at East Aurora, I had followed the Fra, at some distance, as he drove a flock of sheep from the Roycroft Shop out to the farm. I sat down to rest on a stone. As I did so a man came along and sat down near me on another stone.

"What do you think of that fellow?" said he, with a jerk of the thumb in the direction the Shepherd had taken.

"He's all right," I replied.

"I should say he is," remarked the man. "I wish I could say all he's done for me."

"Yes?"

"Yes. But for him I'd never have been anything but a poor Jew cigar drummer."

"What are you now?"

"Well, I don't know. But I'm not what I would have been but for him. God! When I think of all the fine big things in the world that I'd never have known of but for him, I feel like—well, like a fellow who has been saved from death."

"How was it?"

"Oh, one day, in the smoking-room on a Pullman I picked up a book that some one had left there and I began to read it ♣ It was a *Little Journey*—to the home of Harriet Martineau. I'd never heard of her before, and I did n't quite catch on to a lot of what I'd read, but it got me—I don't know how. She was n't thinking of the sort of thing I had

been used to thinking was important. I'd never read much but newspapers, you know. Well, I saw that the book was one of a list of books about other people. As I had time, I got and read them all."

"And then?"

"Say, I was like Moses looking at the Promised Land. It was a new world, I tell you—all beautiful and glorious. The people he introduced me to meant something, and they seemed to tell me they were what all people might become." ♣ ♣

"But Moses never entered the Promised Land." ♣ ♣

"That's the point. It does n't matter so much about Moses or about me. Other people did, other people would enter the Promised Land because Moses saw it."

This incident is the story, the moral, of Elbert Hubbard's larger life. He pioneered the many to the Mount of Vision, and the way he pointed out was taken by quite a few who brought vision to realization.

A Popularizer of Culture

NO amount of criticism can obscure the fact that Elbert Hubbard was an extremely successful popularizer of culture, a quickener of perception, a stabilizer of incertitude of purpose, a propounder of the gospel of the satisfaction to be found in the possession of taste. For the uncounted many he provided life with a meaning, discoverable in self-development. He set people who never heard of Hegel to externalizing themselves in their living, to eternalizing themselves in actualizing their ideas ♣ Wherever his influence penetrated, there were and are and ever will be found men and women living for the greater honor and glory of manhood and womanhood. These people took and still take from him the cosmic view.

His gospel was and is a gospel of enlargement, of freedom. He bade people look into themselves and find the good, not alone in themselves but in others. He showed them how they might put themselves *en rapport* with the world-tendencies, using those tendencies and being used by them for a fuller realization of personality and for a better ordering of society as a whole. Elbert Hubbard was a pragmatist before Bergson.

Often enough his preaching was misunderstood. Looked at as he looked at it, there was nothing selfish in his doctrine. The only work

worth while, he said, was work which served others. He did not disdain the world's rewards, but held they were only incidental. The reward was but compensation from those served. He preached the first great modern sermon on Efficiency, in *A Message to Garcia*, but his was not the efficiency to be exacted of "the other fellow." It did not take the form of getting the most work for the least money from the man necessity compelled to work for another. What the hand finds to do, he said, that do with all your might. "Act well your part; there all the honor lies."

Efficiency with Hubbard meant getting the best of yourself out of yourself—the leading out of your personality—education, in a word.

An Enlightened Individualist

THE Fra took the world as he found it. Pretty nearly everything in the world had a reason for being there. If it was wrong, correct it. If right, use it to get all possible good out of it. Things once good had lapsed into mere superstitions. Institutions once beneficial had ossified or petrified. Wipe them out or restore them in proper adjustment to changed conditions. He had no panacea for the world's ills: they were to be worked away by men and women with courage to tackle the job.

Hubbard's was essentially an individualist philosophy, of course; but he held, and to an extent proved, that no one could do very much for himself without, of necessity, doing as much or more for others, all and sundry. He believed that the many could use the Superman for their own good, that the successful set a mark ever forward for an increasing number of other men eventually to reach, as a point of departure for further advance.

While he believed in the successful man, he believed that all men could be successful, if they mastered themselves to a purpose not wholly selfish. Elbert Hubbard never praised a man for getting rich, but for enriching others. He glorified no one for what that person got for himself but for what that person gave to others.

His Perennial Serenity

SO much for his doctrine. The man himself was unique. There was no other American so self-contained—not self-centered. No small element of his indisputable charm was his perennial serenity. He was at peace with himself. However the wild world wagged or wobbled, the Fra was a calm at the heart of the

storm. Nothing was of so much importance as not to lose one's balance. And his equanimity was marked by a large tolerance, for he even suffered fools gladly. Humor he had, because of that tolerance. He was not so self-contained that he could not step out of himself and take a look at himself, and laugh with you at the spectacle confronting him. In twenty years of friendship I never heard Elbert Hubbard say a bitter word against anybody. I've talked with him about people who abused him with tongue and pen, and he never responded in kind. Never have I known him to fail in real appreciation of any good work by any man. We did not always agree in our estimates of men or movements, but he was not a man to impute to others lowness of motive. His great strength was that he was sure of his own purposes, and did not waste time on the consideration of the purposes of others. He had a glorious inconsistency too. Preaching the gospel of getting along on your own hook, he was not unready of help for those who could not make a go of it. We heard very little of those who got a lift from Hubbard. We heard nothing of it from him. I know of those for whom he did much, with no reward but ingratitude. In all the years I knew him he never failed me when I called on him for anything. And I never found him in the least vain of his success. He seemed devoted to the day's work, and he made every day a full day. I admired particularly the wonderful, quiet, absorptive quality of him, how he took in all kinds of information, how intuitively he understood character. His simplicity made many people think him inscrutable. Even his public speeches I liked for their *naivete*. He talked of himself and of his work, of course; but why not? Were not they what the people came to hear about? What had he to say other than: "Be yourself, find your work and do it, and be kind"? All those things he did.

I found his writing's power, too, in its simplicity. I can not recall one piece of "fine writin'" in all his work. He put everything he had to say in the most direct fashion. His "style" was like none other. It was himself, easy yet firm, not overloaded with decoration, colloquial. What he had read, he had digested. What he thought he did not speak until he distilled the thought to its essence. He was wise in that he considered things dispassionately. At times I thought him, in personal

contact, a mystic, and perhaps he was, but the mysticism blended exquisitely in his accord with commonsense.

I don't recall that he ever went off very far after a theory. He was concerned with the world of here and now, with folk who are as they are, improvable probably, but hardly perfectable. He would have Time take its time with them evolutionally, with man helping where he could without stopping the machinery or getting caught in the cogs.

But I might write of him endlessly in an attempt at analysis and then not get anywhere. There was that in Hubbard which would not analyze. It was something of an idiosyncrasy with the universal and the particular. He seemed to take it all in, sympathetically enough, in that slow, steady smile. And he had a way of looking at people and just saying nothing that was disconcerting to those who were shamming to themselves and him.

"Bill," said he one day to me with mock solemnity, in Strauss' Studio, "Bill, it helps a heap in getting into and onto other people if you're onto yourself."

The Power of Love

OF the man's love for the woman who died with him I can not trust myself to write at any length. Once, walking at East Aurora, he spoke to me of her. He spoke in reverent wonder of her in the most profound gratitude for the amplitude she had given his life, of the affection she evoked in the little community of Roycrofters. "I can't tell you, Bill," he said. "I can't explain it to you; it's the divinest thing I know, the power of Alice to make hearts glow all about her." She vivified his world, strengthened his spirit, softened him to gentler issues, put an inner fire of poetry into his pre-eminent practicality. Alice for him nobly represented all women. Because of what she was to him he devoted himself to the cause of Woman. He could prophesy no better of the emancipation of the sex than that it would tend to make all women like Alice. What she imparted to him passed from him to the many who followed him. In their lives he and she were one and in death they were not divided. ¶ Elbert and Alice Hubbard were slain by War. In their slaying it is some consolation to see that War has torpedoed himself. Their dying has multiplied indefinitely the number of the enemies of War, the number of those with whom is a passion the hate of hate, the

scorn of scorn, the love of love. Even in their ending these two served gloriously the cause of a higher humanity.

Their bodies are in old ocean's keeping, rocked in the endless rhythm of her heaving breast. But their spirits reign within our hearts, which, unlike the sea, will not give up their dead

The big reward is not for the man who will lighten our burdens, but for him who will give us strength to carry them.

A Man of Strength

By H. Gordon Selfridge

President Selfridge and Company, Ltd., London, England

ELBERT HUBBARD is gone. And to those of us who knew him as a friend the loss must always remain as a gap which can not be filled. Elbert Hubbard was unique. He made for himself a place in the literary history of America different from any of the others, but a place which many men would almost give their eyes to possess and be able to fill

The whole world will miss this man of strength, of virility, and of outspoken words. His marvelous, long-ago-written bit, *A Message to Garcia*, was read by millions and in all countries, for it was translated and published in practically every language in use today. It gave a great throb of inspiration, of courage to many a struggling young man. His more recently written terse, sharp, fearless sentences, epigrams and essays, now so familiar to us all on both sides of the Atlantic, will become Classics and will be quoted for many years to come.

And now our friend lies dead, and those "drops of ink," by which his wonderful mind permitted him to "make millions think," must dry and crystallize into recollections only

The Vacant Chair

MANY years I have known this man and as many years admired his extraordinarily original mind. In Chicago I first met him, and since that day, twenty-five or more years ago, I have watched his progress and the development of his most interesting enterprise, for Elbert Hubbard did so much else besides writing; and when a few weeks ago I received his letter telling me of his contemplated trip to England, I cabled my reply and the welcome

which I knew that this, my adopted home of London, would give him. My page even yet bears the memorandum of expectation, for on the Seventh of May I had noted that my friend was to arrive, my friend who was to be my guest of honor at a dinner of literary men, journalists, public men and men well known in London, many invitations for which dinner I had already given.

They would have appreciated, enjoyed and admired him here in London, and we here and he would have been richer for his coming, because each would have felt his friendship increased.

But Elbert Hubbard is gone. It is n't death which disturbs. It must come to us all, and as I grow older its terrors to me have absolutely faded away, but it is the loss which makes my heart heavy and my eyes clouded with mist—the loss of that wonderful privilege—a friend.

Courtesy, kindness and concentration—this trinity forms the sesame that will unlock all doors.

The Play-Boy of East Aurora

(In Memoriam Elbert Hubbard)

By Richard Le Gallienne

THE best thing about Elbert Hubbard was what one may call the "play-boy" quality. He was good fun. He added to the gaiety of nations—at all events, to the gaiety of the American nation, the only nation that could have produced him, or could understand him.

On a bed-rock of shrewd Yankee farmer was superimposed a composite, rather than a complex, personality. He was inhabited by many co-operating opposites—that, as was natural, never quite blended, to the outside observer, at all events, in one consistent whole. His methods, mannerisms, attitudes and activities derived from many traditional American strains. There was in him something of a Methodist preacher, something of an Ingersoll freethinker, much of the old-time itinerant printer and journalist, with a hankering after scholarship and a turn for philosophy, a little of the strolling player, something of the cowboy, and very much of the old-fashioned medicine-man.

Perhaps he genuinely believed himself to be

something of a prophet. At all events, whatever else he believed, he made a good showing of believing in himself—though I am inclined to think that that belief included more of a saving grace of humility in it than his dramatic egoism made appear: an egoism mercifully tempered with humor, always modified by a private wink for his friends. His role was that of the great man—a role more or less forced upon him by followers, for whose sake he had to live up.

Those followers were somewhat heterogeneous—he had a private humorous eye on them, too—and, on the whole, I feel that he deserved a better brand of disciple. He had it in him to command an audience more fit than he achieved, but his catholic empiricism attracted an unfair percentage of the half-baked and the hysterical. He was too hospitable to cheap heresies, and his own central good sense was obscured by a cloud of witnessing cranks, faddists and quack-salvers.

Honest Criticism

WHILE one admires his capacity for going his own way, in defiance of the scoffer, it would have done him no harm sometimes to heed his critics, some of whom had a genuine affection for him, and were anxious to keep him in the paths of his earlier ideals.

He saw too many half and quarter truths, and truths that were but a tenth part true, and his mistake was to endorse them all as of equal value. His wholesome belief in thrift and industry, in personal push and efficiency, led him to glorify the capacity of "getting there" at all costs; and in his later development, I am afraid—though I should prefer to think myself wrong—that he had come too much to estimate success by the cash-register.

Possibly it was a disgust we all feel at the frequent shiftlessness and shoddy pretentiousness of "labor" that led him to celebrate the masterful virtues of capitalists—forgetful of the fact that money power is mostly stolen power: every dollar in whosoever's hands representing a theft of strength—a theft of the worker's strength. Perhaps Hubbard did not realize, when he preached his "a dollar earned" doctrine, that, as society is at present constituted, no one can really *earn* a dollar—that, in fact, there is no such thing as an "honest" dollar.

However, Hubbard is not the only successful man who has grown conservative as he has

grown older. It is hard not to. Let us remember other things. Let us remember how well he could write, often how humanly and inspiringly. He had a gift for vivid description and vigorous narrative. He had wit and could rise to eloquence. It is to be regretted that his knack in the use of racy slang latterly overgrew the better qualities of his style; but, fortunately, in literature the good remains, and someone should make a selection of his best things. It would, I think, give him a permanent place among American essayists and humorists.

A Picturesque Personality

LET us remember what a magnetic companion he was, always full of fun, and ready for a lark. Let us remember how refreshingly picturesque he was in a drab world—a matter for no little gratitude; and, whatever one might find to criticize, he had created an atmosphere at "Roycroft" which had no little romantic charm. He had made beautiful, spacious buildings—in his own phrase he had "built strong"—he had filled them with beautiful, simple furniture; and the various Roycroft shops were busy turning out things that, at all events, aimed at beauty. The place, one felt, was, for the most part, the embodiment of a fine enthusiasm for a healthy, exhilarating completeness of life, in which work and play, talk and books, outdoor Nature and indoor Art, made a full day, touched somehow to fair issues and somewhere in it the music of a dream.

Those Chapel Talks

NOT least in my memory are those evenings in the "Chapel," when the Fra would gather us around him, and talk in his very human and often inspiring way. At his worst, he could always make us laugh, and at his best he could soar and take us with him, for he had a real gift of oratory; and I have to thank him for some high moments in the Roycroft Chapel.

The best in Elbert Hubbard came out then—one gratefully acknowledged the thrill of something like greatness in him in such hours—and, as I recall them, with a wistfulness made the more poignant by the thought of his tragic fate, I realize more than ever what a real success of personality was his.

To have, as we say, "put over" on us his personification of himself as "the Fra" was no small triumph, and was more significant than at first appears. We said "the Fra," or

"Fra Elbertus," much as we used to say, "the Sage of Chelsea." It was that taking himself with, so to say, humorous seriousness that appealed to that very quality of humorous seriousness in the American character. So with his other whimsical personifications—"Ali Baba," "Felix," "The Illuminati," and so on: there was a charming child's play in it all that caught the innate boyishness of the American fancy.

But a man must be of a certain bigness of mold to carry others with him in such little jokes with himself, to get the world to come play with him in his private fairyland.

So I end as I began, and bring my little wreath to the Play-Boy of East Aurora.

The Fra and I once made a half-serious compact that, when one of us should come to die, the other should preach his funeral sermon. Alas! dear Fra, and alas!

There is nothing so hygienic as friendship: Hell is a separation, and Heaven is only going home to your friends.

The Inimitable Fra

By Bert Moses

IN all this horrible war, the passing of Elbert Hubbard is the supreme tragedy.

To me he was easily the deepest thinker, the sanest philosopher and the ablest writer of his time.

No other man has so profoundly influenced me in every human faculty.

He constantly revealed things I long knew and believed, but did not know I knew and believed them until he told me.

The Fra's intellect swept the universe and ventured far out into uncharted space.

He was a universal man.

He brought our notions about Deity down to date; helped more than Ingersoll to laugh the devil out of existence; made doctors unnecessary by prescribing fresh air, laughter and work; and showed how little justice there is in law.

He taught the divinity of work, and revealed how much happiness there is if you simply reach out and take it.

Every topic he touched took on a new and interesting aspect.

If he wrote about sawdust, the theme became absorbing under his surpassing genius.

The dear Fra wrote words that leaped with laughter and still other words that were wet with tears.

His sense of humor was as keen as any blade that ever came out of Damascus, while his wisdom and knowledge were profoundly deep. If men ever touch fingers with the Infinite—if the Almighty ever speaks to mortals, as is alleged in Holy Writ—then Hubbard was one such man, and he was a prophet as surely as the prophets of the dead and misty past. Those who have listened to Elbert Hubbard in his inspired moments at the Chapel, and looked into those strangely magnetic eyes when the voltage was high, can only believe that this man was surely set apart to influence and direct the times in which he lived and the times that are to come.

That the Hubbard philosophy will make still more rapid headway is certain, for it is one of the paradoxes of life that we do not recognize and appreciate genius to the full until we lose it.

Happiness, Health and Work

TO many of us the fondest recollections go back to the late Eighties and the early Nineties, when Hubbard was a stray comet in the literary sky which had not yet found its orbit.

In those good days the specter of a large payroll did not haunt him, and the burdens of a great institution were not fastened upon his back.

We love the days of the fireside talks, the cider and apples and hickory-nuts, the merry persiflage when the sun sank in golden glory in the West.

Our hearts return to the time when Hubbard fished his *Little Journeys* out of the ink-bottle away off in the little cabin in the woods. We look back fondly into the past when the making of things by hand was the guiding inspiration—when lassies from the farms beautified books with brush and colors.

To me the growth of the Roycroft Idea into a great commercial institution was almost a tragedy, and yet we now see the wisdom and foresight of a master mind.

The great Roycroft Shop henceforth has a mission that will make it still greater, and that is to print and send out over all the earth the mighty works of this mighty man.

To this purpose every heir to the genius of Hubbard should dedicate himself, and the compensation will be the satisfaction of bestow-

ing a blessing and a benediction upon the human race.

We mourn the loss of every life in this mad and insane war, but most of all do we mourn the loss of Elbert Hubbard.

Of the millions of human beings that crowd the earth, there is not one to take his place. This thought must now comfort us:

He always lifted up his voice for Liberty, and his philosophy eternally advocated Happiness, Health and Honest Work.

Until men grant to women all the rights which they demand for themselves, they will dwell in a Spiritual Siberia.

So the People May Know

By H. H. Tammam

Editor Denver "Post"

THE hardest thing about the death of Elbert Hubbard is in realizing that he is gone.

In a way we have all been expecting that some man sauntering on the Irish sands, or some steamer slowing down to pick up her pilot, would happen upon a floating bottle, and in that bottle a message from our friend the Fra.

He must have thought of that when he knew the *Lusitania* was sinking. There surely came upon him some wish to send his good-by to his friends. There was a thing then that he had to say to them to keep for his remembrance. And we dream yet that he found time to write that last word on a sheet of paper, and cork it in a bottle, and cast that bottle on the waves.

For Hubbard was our Speechmaster. He was our Poet. He made his wisdom for our common days. He was of us, the Folks that Make the World; he was as strong as us, as weak as we are. And we that loved him loved without illusion.

There was genius in Elbert Hubbard—genius and a Song that reached the heart of us and sent us tramping bravely through our days. He made the job we had to do Worth While. He sang the enduring virtues, for he sang of labor and of business and of railroads and the little things we do from morn to night that make the world go 'round.

He took us climbing with him to the Heights; we sank with him to Hell until we saw that Hell was but the nightmare of our souls. We

sawed wood with him ; kept shop ; went to our banks ; hammered the iron upon the anvil 'till it was a creditable shoe ; dispelled our doubts and fears concerning failure ; sang in the morning as we scrubbed our face ; and went to bed, holding that life was excellent.

"Life Liked Me Well"

AND now he lies deep in the old Atlantic and listens to the ship's bells overhead and goes to sleep again when they have passed.

¶ Well, let him lie there ; the sea's the grave of heroes ; and, when it opens to the Trump of Doom, he will walk up the sands and stand before the Throne and say in answer to the Herald's challenge, "I did the best I could."

¶ We like to think of Hubbard standing there ; that smile of his serene and undisturbed ; looking at God as one looks at a Friend ; ready to ask that things be On the Square and fair to each last sinner of us all.

We like to think of him in Paradise ; joking with Peter ; telling tales to Paul ; the Secretary of the Apostles' Club ; sending a message by a shooting-star down there to East Aurora ; making his Little Journeys to the Saints ; wishing at times to see the colored man walk through the Pullmans droning "last call for dinner in the dining-car."

Well, he will never hear that call again until Mankind sits down to table at the Day of Judgment to sup with God the King.

But we will think of him until the end—a friend who is not dead, but waits Somewhere for us to greet us unawares. For he is but upon some Journey gone, and when we follow him it is our hope that we shall go as he went, cheerful and unafraid, content to die or live as it should happen, and saying in the end, "Life Liked Me Well."

Being Dead He Yet Speaketh

ELBERT HUBBARD dead ! Go to ! He is immortal, and with the immortals sings today

We knew him and we liked him. He made songs from the commonplace. He made the commonplace seem Best of All. His little books were testaments of courage.

He must have stood up when he knew that Death was coming and hailed Him with a cheer and said : "Come on, Old Man, don't look so glum about it. It's your job ; don't you see ? So do it gracefully. Smile, damn you !" And Death said back to him : "Hubbard, a few like you would put my game upon the

blink. I'm busy, Elbert, but not too busy to wish you'd stayed at home. Life's where your business lies."

That's how I think of him the last of all. And then the sea runs smoothly where the *Lusitania* sank

Well, let's keep the work still going that he started, cheering mankind and making the Job Worth While. And who knows but that, some day, he may get to us by wireless and say to us, "Well done !"

For, some day, we shall hear again from Elbert Hubbard. That message in a bottle is bobbing 'round upon the old Atlantic. We'll wait for it until it drives ashore.

The germ of greatness is in every man, but we fall victims of arrested development.

Time and Chance

By Michael Monahan

I returned, and saw under the sun that the race is not to the swift nor the battle to the strong . . . but time and chance happeneth unto all.

THIS text from the Preacher was often on the lips of Elbert Hubbard in the days of our intimacy, the beginning of which was twenty years ago. It supplied the title for his novelized life of John Brown of Ossawatimie (perhaps his most ambitious attempt at book-writing). He recurred to it again and again in his essays, as if it were the ground-note of his thought. Beyond question, it haunted him like a threat of Destiny, for having come a little late to his chosen work, no man was ever more wrought upon by a fury to achieve—to accomplish—to do his stint at whatever cost, and pass on !

And like a finger pointed with flame, it rose before my mind with the first rumor of his terrible fate. *There*, I said, is the burden of all the years . . . the unseen menace that so often oppressed his spirit. And the Preacher's words knelled in my ear with a crushing weight of irony. For here indeed was a case, if ever there were one, in which the race was not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong.

The Hand of Fate

ELBERT HUBBARD was a fatalist. I saw this from an early moment of our acquaintance. Many took this trait for a pose ; some deduced from it a character for heartlessness,

which they freely thrust upon him. Both were wrong. His fatalism was deeply rooted in his nature, and it imparted a certain melancholy Hamlet-like charm to his personality (I speak of him as I first knew him). His gait was that of a man who would be wise and cautious in all ways, but who knew that the ordering of ultimate destinies is not within any man's power. He carried himself bravely and jauntily, yet with circumspection; and often he seemed to pause and listen for a word of the Fates. I could not imagine him playing the coward to Destiny. Short as was the grace allowed him, I believe he stood up like a brave man in the last awful moment, and that no man on the *Lusitania* met his death with a stronger soul. But he died not alone. The woman who had been the great love of his life—and for whom in the eyes of the world he had made shipwreck of his life—shared his death. Hand in hand they went together into the Silence, called home by the Searcher of hearts, to whom alone is judgment. I must think it was a lovely and enviable consummation for these two, with just the touch of tragedy needed to make their story immortal: she, I am sure, would not have avoided such a death to live a queen!

But swift upon this thought, with its gracious and healing implications, comes regret at the striking down of the strong worker, the paralysis of that hive of industry of which he was the busy directing brain, the dismay of a community which loses in him its bond of union and support, the grief of the many throughout the country who admired his ready and versatile talent. And once more we realize that the empty space where but just now stood a strong man is the most woeful thing in Nature.

A Quaintly Romantic Figure

THE present writer was unlucky enough to have been estranged from Elbert Hubbard some fourteen years ago by circumstances which need not now be recalled. The quarrel was actively served and diligently promoted by our common friends—I don't think the hearts of the principals were ever much in it. But it was a very pretty quarrel, fed by mischievous tongues and eagerly ministered to by the creatures of envy, hatred and jealousy. There was bitter talk and counter-talk which the common friends alluded to traded back and forth with a quite incredible alacrity, never forgetting to dot and carry one in the process. And alas! there was too much bitter writing

which I for my part would most gladly blot out. I can only hope that no ill-conditioned person may take it into his head to reprint any words of mine put forth long ago in anger and bitterness. I have no sort of fellowship with those who will not let the dead rest and who would heap obloquy and judgment upon the grave.

I loved Elbert Hubbard in the first years of our comradeship, and though we fell out at length and were never really reconciled, I never hated him. How could I hate a man who seemed to share the ideals of my youth—a friend with whom I have laughed and held communion in the things of the mind?

Perhaps I am not to be pitied for the estrangement, in a way, as it gives me leave to recall the Elbert Hubbard of eighteen or twenty years ago—a quaintly romantic figure, with its bravado of long hair and eccentric costume; the dark magnetic eye with its hint of power; the mobile face, a little stern, that yet easily yielded to mirth—if it were not too fantastic, I would almost say, a blend of Alfred Jingle and Robert Louis the beloved. His smile was very beautiful in those days: both men and women readily yielded to its fascinating charm. The dreamer was then uppermost in Elbert Hubbard, so that those who knew the man only in his later, harder period may scarce recognize this portrait.

Alas, the race is not to the swift nor the battle to the strong!

It is the man I knew and loved, the *bon camarade*, the melancholy *Jaques* of our lighter literature, as rare a spirit as ever wore the motley, who now stands before me as I trace these words: summoning me to remember him in the light of those vanished years when friendship was as precious and perturbing as love itself—when the heart gave of its fulness and kept no record of its bounty—when the Dream and the Glory were the dearer that it lured us both.

Yes—yes, I remember.

Sleep well, my friend!

ELBERT HUBBARD was one of the greatest emancipators, towering above all men who had ever lived, perhaps, in his ability to state facts more tersely than had ever been done before. Centuries may elapse before such a mind may appear again. His loss is a worldwide calamity.—*Luther Burbank.*

The Trinity of Life

By Henry L. Doherty

THE first time the *Lusitania* made a trip across the ocean I was a passenger on her. I have been a passenger on her many times since.

Every voyage on that ship for me was a pleasant one. She has carried my friends coming and going. I have marked my mail "*S. S. Lusitania*," and I have watched for the mail, the propositions and the contracts she has brought me.

When the *Lusitania* sailed for the last time she had eleven of my friends on board. But in spite of all this, when I learned of the disaster which had overtaken her my first thought was of the safety of Elbert Hubbard.

It would surely be a comparatively simple trick to build another *Lusitania*, but an impossibility to produce another Elbert Hubbard.

¶ The most flattering portrait that the greatest artist of all the world and all the ages might paint would fail to give the music of the old-time voice. The greatest sculptor could not give the old-time grip of the hand.

The World's Great Assets

THE greatest assets the world possesses are its great minds. When a great mind goes, the world is indeed poorer.

Hubbard was a great mind.

We would be barbarians still if we depended alone upon the strength and endurance of human labor.

The progress of the world is measured by brain-throbs and not by centuries.

Hubbard meant much to me, and if I had his wonderful ability to condense a nebulous cloud into one small and perfect crystal of thought, and then express that thought in simple and beautiful language, I could preach many a sermon from the life and work of Elbert Hubbard, plant many a guidepost along the road of human progress, and lighten the load of human burdens.

Master Workmen

BUT we can't all be extraordinary. Some of us must work with our hands and feet to load and carry the bricks to build the temple which the Great Architect has designed. While I still belong to the "hands and feet" brigade, I aspire to be a master workman in my own field, and Elbert Hubbard has helped me much in that aspiration.

It was his *Message to Garcia* that first awakened my keen interest in Hubbard and commended him to my admiration. The *Message to Garcia* was also a message to me. It has been a message to others, and can be a message to those yet unborn.

Since my appreciation was first awakened I have enjoyed much pleasure and profit from the work of Elbert Hubbard.

It is hard to think that such a dynamic mind has been silenced forever. It seems as though it must be only a bad dream.

Inspiration

AND yet measured by the work he has done, the people he has known, and the part he has played in the affairs of men, Elbert Hubbard has lived several lifetimes.

Most lives are pitifully narrow, even though they may stretch beyond the traditional period of threescore years and ten; but his life, although short, was along the broad highway, and he was a part of or was in touch with almost every human activity, and so when calculated from proper measurements of his life's dimensions he had lived much.

Whenever I met Hubbard, even if it were no more than a momentary accidental meeting that did not go beyond a give-and-take "josh" on both sides, yet I parted from him with a scrap more of either wisdom or inspiration.

The man who can give inspiration to those he meets is a success indeed, even though he rests in an unmarked grave. Our lives are short at best, but things we do may live forever.

A True Builder

HUBBARD knew the world better than the world knew him, and, while he made his mark, and a brilliant one, it will grow in size and brilliancy as time rolls on.

In his daily life he was an animated sermon on the delightful trinity of life as it should be—Good Humor, Good-Fellowship and Good Health.

He was a fearless writer, and little minds were often prejudiced against him by little things he wrote.

He would have had more friends in this generation had he been more of a demagogue; but he will be loved and remembered by coming generations when the demagogues of this generation are forgotten—or, if these demagogues are remembered at all, they will simply be remembered as being so weak that for the

mere sake of gaining an indifferent livelihood they could not help but play and prey on the base passion of hate in their fellowmen.

If one has talent either as a writer or as a talker they find the shortest road to popularity is to misuse their talents by filling the working-people's minds with fancied wrongs.

Hubbard chose to coax music and harmony from the less responsive chord of good-fellowship rather than applause from the oversensitized chord of prejudice.

He not only did not fill the working-people's minds with fancied wrongs, but he established industries and filled the working-people's pay-envelopes with real money with which they could buy the comforts of life.

A Great Businessman

ELBERT HUBBARD, for a man possessed with a heart, was one of the best businessmen I ever knew. As a creator of business enterprise he made a grand success; and if we had one man for every ten thousand of population with the creative and business genius of Elbert Hubbard, unemployment would disappear and our country would be prosperous beyond the most optimistic dream of the most optimistic dreamer.

Hubbard was versatile and a success from no matter what viewpoint he will be judged. Most men depend upon imitation for success. Elbert Hubbard was creative and original, and the foundation-stone of his success was initiation, not imitation.

He was kind and optimistic. He preached the gospel of usefulness and happiness.

He would not want his friends to be plunged in gloom over his untimely death; and if he had been compelled to meet his fate alone, without thinking of the distress of others, we know how grandly he would have played his part. He would have sent back to us all a pleasing and consoling message.

The Best Monument

IF I should meet a similar fate my friends could build no monument that would please me so well as to give the broadest possible application to the work I had finished, and to carry on to its full harvest the work I was doing when death struck the tools from my hands.

Let those of us who knew him, loved him and admired him, give the widest application to the work he has done, by giving the widest possible circulation to what he has written.

Let us do what we can to give the magazines he has founded the influence and usefulness that they would have attained had he lived.

He can not write more, but we can carry his messages that teach usefulness and produce happiness to those who have never heard them.

¶ I will try to do my duty whether you do yours or not; but surely we can steal a minute from the day now and then, or more often an hour from our sleep, to carry the work Elbert Hubbard has done, and the work he was doing, to those who will appreciate his labors as much as we do.

So with this appeal, and the willingness and determination to do my part, I will go back to plow and plant in my own field.

The alternating current gives power; only an obstructed current gives either heat or light; all good things require difficulty.

A Man—Plus

By Lou J. Beauchamp

THE *Little Journeys* are ended: the long journey on the Great Adventure has been begun. May Great Soul and Twin Soul fare well at its ending. Beneath the fronds of sea-palms Elbert Hubbard and the elect lady of the *White Hyacinths* hand in hand lie together.

There is no question about this fact. Their lives together prove that even the mad rush of the wondering waters as the stately ship settled to her doom could not have sundered these two. There could have been no place in a departing boat for this woman with the man of her heart not at her side.

When the world hereafter shall think of the two great tragedies of the sea, two women will stand out above the wreck and horror, filling the eyes with tears and prompting hearts to give out more of tenderness and love—Mrs. Isador Straus and Alice Hubbard.

The Magazine of Protest

WAS it not John Boyle O'Reilly who wrote, "The world was made when a man was born"? I never think of Elbert Hubbard that that line does not come into my mind.

Outside of his wonderful intellectual gifts, Elbert Hubbard was a man plus. It is twenty years since I first met him. In Eighteen Hundred Ninety-five, I think it was, I picked up a magazinelet called, *The Philistine*. Just then

the small magazine was a fad. More than one thousand were attempted, and one only has lived ♫ ♫

The Philistine had more wit, more good-natured satire, more spirit, more virility, than all the big magazines put together.

It had struck an entirely new note in current literature. It was as audacious as a spring breeze, as cocksure of itself as a college graduate, as good-natured beneath its satire and wit as a young girl at her first party.

I could not believe so good a thing could last, and later I learned that it was only proposed to issue a number or two—tenderly but surely flay a few Pharisees of letters—and then let it subside ♫ ♫

But so great was the interest taken by those who were later to become the worldwide Roycroft family that its continuance was announced, and I was one of the earliest subscribers ♫ ♫

And now for twenty years no number but I have read, as well as every one of the marvelous *Little Journeys*, *The Fra*, and every book that ever came from this great brain.

Rest Is Rust

A YEAR later I met the man. And for all these years, though we have met but seldom, the wonderful strength of mind and heart and body of Elbert Hubbard has been to me an inspiration.

His capacity for work was almost my chiefest delight in him. If he ever knew fatigue no one else knew that he knew it. He relaxed at times, but it was like the stretching of a great lion—simply getting the limbs in position for a more fierce attack. I can imagine that in the Roycroft shops there were no shirkers. With such an example before them men could not be idle.

¶ Men have told me that Elbert Hubbard had his faults. Thank God! What a drab world this would be if men were perfect! It would abolish Christianity, and make virtue a drug in the market. Only by striving can an ideal be reached, and once it is reached the work of life is ended.

I am told that Elbert Hubbard sat at meat with publicans and sinners. And I know of Another One who did the same thing. And for it men reviled Him and at last crucified Him.

¶ I have heard that Elbert Hubbard took the woman who had known sin and gave her his hand, and a word of cheer, and a place to work and forget, and a way to walk by which she

could come back to her womanhood. And that Other One did the same thing, and let one of the lost bathe his feet, and wipe them with her hair, and He went to the Cross. But the Man of Sorrows never complained, not even when the five wounds were sucking out his life's blood, and Elbert Hubbard laughed at what the Pharisees said and went his way rejoicing.

¶ I know that men with the prison pallor came to him and told their story and their need, and this man opened the door of hope and walked part way with these condemned ones toward a new life, and other men condemned him. But these other men were not worthy to unloose the latches of his shoes ♫ It was the Man of Sorrows who said to one of these malefactors, "This night shalt thou be with me in Paradise." And the weak world asks us to accept the Man of Galilee and then sneers when we try to follow Him.

A Master's Hand

¶ It has been said that Hubbard took other men's thoughts and rewrote them. I do not doubt it in the least. But I have never been able to find a writer or a public speaker who did not do the same thing.

And with Holmes let us say, "'T is his at last who says it best."

The paper-capped workman in Amsterdam takes a dull stone and works with it at his wheel until thirty-two or sixty-four gleaming facets make it a gem fit for a queen's throat. And so the real thinker takes the dull pebble thoughtlessly thrown by the poor workman on the printed page, and makes it sparkle as a royal gem.

There was one over at Stratford, known upon a time as Will Shakespeare, who was a master mind at stealing (if you prefer the word) the thoughts of other men; but those other men are unnamed and unknown today, and the gentle Will is still the Best Seller in all languages and among all peoples!

I have no grievance against that man who takes my old lamps and gives me new ones in exchange, especially when my lamps were of the old-time oil style and the new ones are electric ♫ ♫

His Contribution to Literature

¶ If the readers of *The Philistine* were as familiar as myself with the public speech of many men (through my nearly forty years' work as a lecturer in the Lyceum and the Chautauquas), they would be surprised at the

amount of matter used in lecture, sermon and address that was originally coined by Elbert Hubbard ♫ ♫

I know that I seldom make an address that a Hubbardism does not come as naturally into my thought as the "Ladies and Gentlemen" with which I begin my speech.

I doubt if any writer of any time has so enriched literature and speech with gems of fancy and of direct appeal as has this man asleep where the waves chant his requiem ♫ Much of Hubbard's work was necessarily ephemeral. But a wonderfully great part of it will live forever. The world will never let go of the lesson taught in *A Message to Garcia*.

White Hyacinths has strengthened love in thousands of homes.

His business talks have increased the nation's wealth through giving men the knowledge of doing better work, and increasing the output. His clear brain took the toil out of work and business management and made both a joy and a delight.

And the man who works as one who knows he is doing good work soon does more work, and that means more wealth.

The Little Journeys

ABOVE all the varied output of this stilled brain I believe the worthiest was the *Little Journeys*. I have them all, and a library of one hundred times the volume could not give me the knowledge of these great men and women that the monographs of the *Journeys* have given me.

They were audacious, witty, informative, pathetic, at times really impudent. Why, there are *Journeys* purporting to tell of a great man that are nothing in the world but the story of Elbert Hubbard.

Take his Lincoln, for instance. You read page after page about Elbert Hubbard, and all at once he seems to remember that he started to write about Lincoln, and slips in a paragraph or two. Then some more Hubbard, and then back to the Emancipator. It is delightfully inconsistent, and really somewhat impudent; but hear me, when you have finished those few pages you know Lincoln, the man, better than you ever knew him before, and better than you can know him if you memorize the big life of Lincoln by Nicolay and Hay.

And so in all the *Journeys*, this wonderful brain caught only the salient things, the needed things, the life and work of the man or

the woman, and in a monograph of a dozen pages he put what other men would require two volumes to tell. And the two volumes would forget to put in the soul of the man written of, and this was what Hubbard never forgot. At the end of the *Little Journeys* you know the real man or woman—soul, brain and body—as well as about the little things that made up his or her life.

And so these *Journeys* are to be the literary monument of Elbert Hubbard, and I doubt not the day will soon come when they will be as universally used as textbooks in our schools as are the speller and the geography.

But the life of labor is ended. The skies were so fair, the future was so bright, but the end must come ♫ ♫

I shall not think of it as a tragedy. I have said that Elbert Hubbard was a man, plus. A man who has lived well can always die well. The man who has not feared life, but met its every demand with a smile, who has known want and bitter toil, yet laughed and sang as cheerily as when wealth and fame and honor found him, will not fear death.

And then he was not alone. The woman whose pen was as ready as his own to plead for the betterment of the world of men and women, and who had been his companion in work and play for years, was beside him at the last ♫ And when it was seen that there was no hope of life, I am going to feel that Elbert and Alice Hubbard, smiling as on the little journeys they had been wont to take together about East Aurora, went smiling to see what the Great Adventure might be.

And as they journey on the quest, unafraid, content, may the gods on that wonderful highway be good to them, for they were good to us; and if tears and love can help them as they fare farther and farther into the Silence, they have them in abundance out of the grateful memories of those to whom these lives were a blessing and a benediction.

To the Fra

By Jessie Tarbox Beals

STRONG Heart, true Heart,
You've gone the way of men!
Great Heart, fine Heart,
Beyond the old world's ken.
'T will be a many weary year,
Till we see your like again.

What Hubbard Meant to Me

By Ada Patterson

ELBERT HUBBARD, more than any one else, living or dead, helped me to live. He was a practical philosopher, an apostle of the workaday. To leisure folk he might mean spice or tobasco in the flavor of their lives, but to those who live by doing he was the needful bread for every-day consumption.

¶ I never clasped hands, nor exchanged spoken words, with him, but there was no need. His simitar-like mind, his great soul and capacious heart spoke to us across the spaces. The spirit of our Fra Elbertus was pervasive. Distance did not count, nor does it now count. He has left so voluminous a record of his thoughts that we can feed upon and live by them to the end of our lives, even though there be future centenarians among us.

In my scrapbook of precious things I have pasted two letters on the cheery yellow Roycroft stationery. It is significant of him that both began, "My dear Ada." Formalities among his readers were not for him. Referring in this letter to a manuscript of mine which he afterwards published in *The Fra*, he ended kindly appreciation of it with the words: "It had the actinic ray. It contained the friendly germ." Certainly the friendly germ dwelt within, and multiplied in, him. It was part of his gospel not to walk with eyes star-fixed, and so walking to stumble, but to walk shoulder to shoulder, palm to palm, eye to eye, among one's fellows. ••

He was a foe to snobbery in the name of morality. "I care not what a man is. I only care what he has become," he said, and saying, practised. ••

"Work, study, laugh, love, play." This was his litany of daily living. It comprehended the gamut of life. It was the recipe of human happiness. Often he repeated it, but not too often. With innumerable and always cheer-bringing variations, he preached those five necessities of the balanced existence.

He enriched my life by guiding my reading away from the particular into the general. He gave me vision of the largeness of life and the universality of human interests. He taught me to be gentle in my judgments, and showed me the futility of rancor. He slackened furiously beating pulses by his words, "In a world where death is, there is no room for hate." ••

He taught me not to fear life. He caused me to discover that it is no bodeful enemy of ours, but a vigorous sparring partner, no more to be feared than the punching-bag with which we exercise of a morning, and that while it deals us a blow now and then, does so without malice and because of our own awkwardness. ¶ He has left us his philosophy and his shining example. But even the memory of that sun of his spirit, that could not be eclipsed, can not pluck out the bitterness of his passing. In one of his letters in my book of precious things he referred to a delay and said, "It was caused by the atrocious conduct of Bill Kaiser, who is kicking up so much dust across the sea." In one of his latest lay sermons he repeated his doctrine of courage, of work, of good-will. "The man who lives thus nothing can harm," he said, "and when he goes down it will be amid a wreck of worlds." He was such a man and he has gone down. Upon such wreckage of worlds we seem to have fallen, that made the manner of his death possible. ••

Our happiest moments are when we forget self in useful effort. ••

Elbert Hubbard—the Thinker

By Wilton Lackaye

A VERY clever man once said to me that he thought it was a mistake to read many books. This was such a radical statement that it astonished me. It seemed to be against all the advice I had ever received, and opposed to the common belief of those who care for improvement or culture.

I expressed my astonishment and he continued, "At least I would not advise a man who wished to be a *Thinker*, to read up on a subject which interested him until he had formed some *opinion*—subject, of course, to modification and amenable to argument." •• "Why?" said I.

"I can only answer that by asking another question," said he. "How many men do you know who can form an opinion—with a clear mind from their store of reason and observation of life?"

"Can you not trace most expressed opinions to the latest book, the newest magazine, the environment of the speaker, the common thought of his associates?"

I was obliged to admit the truth of his dictum. ¶ Of all the folks we know, rub elbows with, chat, converse or argue with, how many have, as the saying is, "made up their minds" for themselves? What sheep most of us are! Lucky if we have a benevolent leader, but following the sophistical or treacherous one just as blindly, like the poor animals in the Chicago stockyards, who are led into the death-run by the trained bellwether facetiously called "Judas."

A Deeply Religious Man

¶ THINK, of those who knew Elbert Hubbard, the thing that most impressed them was that "he made up his mind for himself."

¶ That he was a master of phrase, a genius of the written and spoken word, accounted for his public vogue. But those who knew him and had the privilege of personal conversation were impressed most by the absolute clarity with which he approached any proposition from the standpoint of his own reason and observation.

There were many things upon which we did not agree—notably, Faith. The last time I talked with him, it was upon this topic. He said: "Faith is a talent which most of us possess. The difficulty is that religionists seem to crowd it all into unbelievable dogma and have none left for daily relations."

In spite of his not being of a religion he was a deeply religious man.

He refused the finite concepts of the infinite which many schools and creeds maintained.

¶ But he revered the "Mystery of Life and Eternity."

He has solved it now.

And if devotion to mankind has Divine appeal he has attained a full reward.

Know what you want to do, hold the thought firmly, and do every day what should be done, and every sunset will see you that much nearer the goal.

¶ KNEW Elbert Hubbard intimately more than ten years, and in my opinion he was a great and good man.

His naturally generous and charitable disposition made him ever ready to overlook the mistakes and infirmities of his fellowmen.

His philosophy was that of Commonsense, and much of his writing will live as long as the English Language.—*Marilla Ricker.*

A Modern Knight Errant

By Hudson Maxim

ONE of the greatest intellectual giants in American history has passed over the Great Divide. He was a knight errant of gentleness and justice. His lance was a shaft of wit. He impaled hypocrisy on the spear of ridicule. He espoused as his own cause the cause of all the lowly.

Last night my wife and I read some of his scintillating philosophy, with amazement at his wisdom, with laughter for his wit, and tears for his loss.

In his *Little Journeys* to the homes of great men and women, Elbert Hubbard has done what no other biographer has ever done so well. He has given us a look not only into their deeds, but also into the heart and soul of their personality.

When a man is dead, he must trust to his reputation with Saint Peter, and lean on his biographer. If Saint Peter has in him a heart of understanding, with also the saving grace of humor, and if he reads the papers, especially *The Fra* and *The Philistine*, he has come to know Elbert Hubbard as we knew him, and the doors of Celestia were waiting wide open.

¶ Elbert was of such timber as the old-time gods were made. His face was a reason why God made man in His own image.

A Great Philosopher

A WISE man once said that no great man is great to his valet, and another wise man added—because his valet is not a great man. The greatest biographer of the world next to Elbert Hubbard was Boswell, who made it possible for us to see Samuel Johnson in all his bigness, without dwarfing him with his many littlenesses. Johnson was big enough, after what was little in him had been subtracted. Elbert Hubbard may have had some littlenesses—all of us have—but if he did, he hid them with amazing skill.

He was a great philosopher—a very great philosopher—and the philosopher is the greatest of men.

He stood far in advance of the world, and pulled the world after him. The world never appreciates such men until it has caught up with them. It will be some time yet before the world gets alongside Elbert Hubbard when he left his work.

Put the face of Elbert Hubbard beside that of

Dante, and we can measure Elbert's size the better. He saw, as Dante did, all the faults, failures, shortcomings and wickedness of human nature; but he had the knowledge that all our littlenesses and wickednesses are but weaknesses, and he saw and felt what Dante did not, all of the glorious greatness and goodness with which this world teems, and he faced the world with laughter in his eyes and a song in his throat. His heart was always full of the gladness of living.

A Generous Enemy

THE poet has said of Lincoln, "He mixed a laughter with the serious stuff." Elbert Hubbard was ever ready with his shafts of wit, and yet he always launched them kindly, and he did what they did not who sunk the *Lusitania*—he gave warning when he was to launch a torpedo, and he torpedoed none but belligerents.

The last letter that I received from him was a note of warning that he was going to write a sketch of me in which I should be made to suffer enough to make it readable, and he asked if I had any objection. I wrote him that I had been hit so much by my enemies that I would welcome an upper-cut or a cross-counter from a friend.

Three years ago, Mrs. Maxim and I spent a couple of days with Mr. and Mrs. Hubbard at East Aurora, and we felt when we came away as one felt who had been in the presence of Cæsar, and we felt that Mrs. Hubbard was a wife worthy of Cæsar.

He was a man of immeasurable size—a man so big that one might just as well try to tell the weight of a house by lifting at it, as to try to size him up. He was an honor to human nature, and a redeemer of our faith in human nature. He was a man to make the angels look our way and bow to us in friendly recognition, and boast that we are their kindred.

TO Elbert Hubbard: You, my friend, are gone, and my heart is heavy. You and I spoke from the same platform that last evening when you bade farewell to your loyal men and women. You said you might not come back again, and it was tragically so. Your hand-clasp is still warm in mine, and your voice still speaks in gentle tones of love and counsel. You have gone home too soon, but you are God's and He has only taken back His own.—*Grenville Kleiser.*

"And He Visited Me"

By Louis Victor Eytinge

FIVE men were doomed to die today, dangling at the end of the hangman's rope, within these walls.

Five smiling pictures of Elbert Hubbard, above my desk, seem happier since reprieves were issued at the last moment, for he always was against Capital Punishment as inefficient, non-deterrent, an anachronism from the ancients, a blot on civilization. It is appropriate, too, that he suffer the Death-Penalty in a murderous, legalized War, that his death might be a protest.

Practical reform in penology lost one of its ablest advocates. A half-million inmates are heavy-hearted, for he was truly a friend to these friendless. His purse was open, his hand outstretched and his heart a-smiling open-doored towards prisoners, for he knew that their weaknesses and Society's ruthlessness had made them social outcasts. He knew how they hungered for the kind of friendships that would strengthen any effort toward better things. He gave me something of a hope like that felt by these condemned men today. He came to me when almost all had spurned me. What cheer it was to feel that a man of Hubbard's standing could find something worth while in my make-up—and—when years later, he came to visit me at the prison and put his stout arm across my shoulders, I felt something like a father's love—something I'd never known!

The Voice of Humanity

HOW big he was! He chuckled delightedly when I landed a large advertising contract from under his very nose, and at even higher figures than his. "Beat us, Louis, and we'll love you the more." Then, he tucked my arm in his and drew me ahead of the party to give a parting private word. "You are reaching a turning-point," warned he, "and while it is well for you to earn fine fees and to spend your money as you do, you must do more. No one shall know this prophecy of mine, but Destiny marks you for a truer success in human service than you'll ever gain in advertising. Stop working for the head now and look forward to working with men's hearts. To do this you must do more than give your money—you must give YOURSELF." His words have been guiding-marks ever since. They influence my future.

¶ And with it all, he was human. Those of us who knew the MAN, loved him. Some of us have said savage things, to his face—whilst carping critics have done little more than bark at his broad back ♣ Perhaps these last will be kinder, now that he sleeps where tender fronds of sea-mosses make soft his pillow. He was my friend and I can remember only his fellowship ♣ Perhaps he smiles beneath the beryl waters, as he smiles above my desk, for surely he knows he is remembered in our hearts as Shelley sweetly sings :

“ Music, when soft voices die,
Vibrates in the memory ;
Odors, when sweet violets sicken,
Live within the sense they quicken.”

Arizona State Prison, Friday, May Twenty-eight, Nineteen Hundred Fifteen.

One great, strong, unselfish soul in every community would actually redeem the world ♣

“Ave Atque Vale”

By Leo J. Rabbette

To Elbert and Alice Hubbard

HAIL to ye, passing beyond and afar,
Hail and farewell !
All the great good ye did here among men
Our lives shall tell.

Daily ye strove with hand and with soul
For things that are best ;
Toil and beauty and freedom and truth.
Haply ye rest.

Swift to destroy the Hydra of wrong,
Swift to defend,
Patient and loving and urging to life,
Glad to the end.

Together ye joyed in the battle of life,
Together ye won,
Hand clasped in hand ye fronted the dark
And the rising sun.

All the great good ye did here among men
Our lives shall tell.
Hail to ye, passing beyond and afar,
Hail and farewell !

Be moderate in the use of all things, save
fresh air and sunshine.

A Message From Elbert

By Bolton Hall

Author of “The Mastery of Grief”

MEN say too seldom, “I love you.” The Fra taught mainly one thing—that hate is stupid and futile, that only love is creative; consequently that malice, ill-temper, “knocking” and inhumanity are elements of failure, not of success: and he had no use for long hours, docking or fines as a means to good work. Good work, he said, came through harmony, co-operation, helpfulness—in a word, through love.

In over seven millions of words that he wrote, almost every one finds much to disagree with, but it is hard to find sign of any ill-feeling ♣ He saw clearly that every success, however attained, indicates some admirable qualities. Perhaps he emphasized too little in his words the compelling influence of social conditions, due to our system of legalized monopoly: although he always said that all that is needed to make individuals good is healthy conditions and proper employment.

But in his work he never lost sight of the influence of the social condition. The first time he showed me the Roycroft plant, with its well-lighted, sanitary rooms and modern appliances, he said, before I had a chance to ask about wages and profits: “Well, Bolton, you see we have come to a sweatshop, just as you said we must. Only we provide the best for the workers that we can get; we treat them well.” That was his quaint way of saying that no one can be righteous all by himself, that (unless he has a monopoly) notwithstanding all he can do, if he is to be commercially successful, he is forced to make his business pay by allowing the hands less than they produce.

Elbertus had no use for social theories that can not demonstrate themselves: he saw that impracticability meant disaster.

Others will write about “Lady Hyacinthe,” who had so profound an influence on her husband; so I need only say that, although there were few things on which she and I thought alike, I have never received more graceful and spontaneous kindness than from her.

The Things Worth While

[REMEMBER once at lunch with Elbertus. I asked him if he thought he had really benefited East Aurora. “Of course we have,” he said. “When we went there, work was

scarce and uncertain and wages low : now look at the steady employment and the good wages we pay."

I went on : "Has that made East Aurora a more desirable place to live?"

"Sure," he answered ; "look how the town has grown." ❧ ❧

"How has that affected the price of land?"

❧ "Why," he said, "when we went there, land that sells for thousands now could be had for the hire of a hack."

"Then," I urged, "it is the landlord who really gets the main benefit of all your work."

"Yes," he said gleefully ; "but it's all right ; I am the landlord."

That, I think, was his whimsical way of putting it, for I believe he never cared much to invest in land, nor to get monopolies for himself. Elbert believed that Nature has no use for the man that does not work, and that when any one ceases to be useful, the Law of the Universe quickly kills the drone. Elbert was not afraid of life : When he published *A Letter From a Lady in Boston*, an attack on marital ownership, it lost him a hundred subscribers a week. So he published it again, "to show what kind of letters it was that lost him a hundred subscribers a week." After McKinley was assassinated, and most of us hid our colors, he bravely published his famous article, *Why I Am an Anarchist*. Therefore we know that he met "friendly and beautiful death" fearlessly ❧ Multitudes survive our Fra who blessed his name and will always listen to his voice because he first taught them to think about vital things and not to be afraid of any expression of Truth or ashamed of any expression of Love.

Human service is the highest form of self-interest for the person who serves.

I HAD known Elbert Hubbard many years, and had great admiration for his versatility and ability as a pungent writer. ❧ While not always agreeing with him, I found much to admire, and believe that time will give him a much higher place in the ranks as a thinker and writer than has yet been accorded him ❧ He was a perfect exemplification of our old copy-book adage that "the agitation of thought is the beginning of wisdom."

The death of Mr. and Mrs. Hubbard is really to be deplored as a public calamity.

—John D. Archbold.

The Prose-Poet of Humanity

By C. W. Barron

Manager "Boston News Bureau"

THE German burial of Mr. and Mrs. Elbert Hubbard in the cold waters of the Atlantic deeply touched me as a citizen and as a friend. I felt not only a personal loss, but a personal responsibility.

My last meeting with Hubbard was in Philadelphia, where we addressed eight hundred people at a dinner of the American Institute of Banking. He said to me as we clasped hands : "Clarence, your book, *The Audacious War*, has inspired me with ambition to cross the ocean and see England at work and at war as you describe it. I think I can pick up a lot of information, and I think of taking Mrs. Hubbard with me. What do you think of the danger?"

❧ I replied : "Everybody warned me, but I crossed the ocean and the English Channel and never saw a warship except the English cruiser just outside New York Harbor. Go ahead and see the souls of nations in the making."

I believe Elbert Hubbard would have given a picture of Europe in this war such as nobody else now will ever give. He knew life and humanity. He loved and served his fellowman. Indeed, the great law, the law of human service, was in his heart. His mind went straight as an arrow to the minds of the past that have served their fellowmen, and from such "Little Journeys" he brought forth their truth in relation to the service of man.

The Fundamental Source

WITHOUT bitterness, without personal offense, he threw his smooth, round pebbles from the brook of truth with unerring aim at the apostles of humbug, in Church, State or Business, wherever he found them. He was kindly to all men, but revered only the truth that was in them ; and their truth must be serviceable to humanity.

To their truth he made his "Little Journeys." His great journey to his fundamental source of truth I am sure he never revealed. I always meant to talk it over with him some time in the future.

There never was but one mind in this world able to sketch the geography of the universe—the universe of man—and give its longitude in love, its latitude in truth, and point out clearly how these bounded a universe of uses.

I knew when I began to read Hubbard, and

found how true his lights were on the laws of human uses, that he had touched the one spring that Charles W. Eliot and all other clear thinkers have touched to get the light of creation upon the truth of humanity.

I said to Hubbard, as I once said to Eliot, "You must have read Immanuel Swedenborg in your youth," and both confessed they had, but each, true to the wisdom of that great author, refused to surrender his individual opinion upon many points. Neither of them could follow the heights and depths in his *Laws of Correspondences*, *Maximus Homo* and *Influx*; but fundamentally they had from that source the great laws of human uses.

A Lover of Life

HUBBARD not only loved man and the service of man to his fellow, but he loved all forms of life. The noble horse, the useful cow, the high-tasseled corn, the ripening grain, the trees of the forest, the grass on a thousand hills, all had meanings for him as a prose-poet of humanity. ¶ Nobody in his age ever rolled truth, the truth of humanity and the laws of human service, into such epigrammatic crystals of thought. He brought truths up from the earth and down from the heavens and set them in stars—scintillating crystals of light for the man at the forge, at the bench, in the factory, and in the counting-room.

We shall not soon see his like again. The sun will continue to shine by day, but in the night, when nations are at war and politics and business are at war, we shall miss some stars of bright, particular, epigrammatic shining—his stars ♣ ♣

FOR years I have valued Elbert Hubbard among my friends ♣ His genius and his kindly philosophy marked him a man among men. I am now reminded most forcibly of his prophetic words in *The Fra*, shortly after the sinking of the *Titanic* ♣ His own tribute to the Straus's, through the strange vagaries of Fate, might now be well dedicated to the Hubbards: "You knew how to do three great things—how to live, how to love and how to die. To pass out as did Mr. and Mrs. Isador Straus is glorious ♣ Few have such a privilege. In life they were never separated and in death they are not divided." Elbert Hubbard died in the fulfilment of his famous preachment—he carried his own message to Garcia.—*Hugh Chalmers*.

The Immortals

By T. V. Powderly

WHEN the ocean traveler going east looks off to the left and sees the moss-covered, time-worn watch-tower of the "Head of Old Kinsale" rising above its setting of green, it whispers to him of a journey near its end. Surely it sent such a message to Elbert Hubbard when from the deck of the *Lusitania* he caught a breath of May blossoms that the winds carried to him from the glens and fields of Ireland—that land of smiles and tears, of clouds and sunshine, to which Fate decreed he should pen his last loving heart-throb before entering on his final "Little Journey."

A stab in the dark, a blow undeserved and in history unparalleled sends that great ship, with its wealth of human lives, across the divide between two eternities to where no voice save that of the great, moaning sea shall speak of their whereabouts.

The Fitness of Things

WE have no word from Hubbard, but knowing him as I do I can imagine him in that supreme transition hour whispering words of cheer and hope to those around him.

We who love Elbert Hubbard do not mourn for him. There was so much of joy and gladness and sunshine in his nature that no word of sadness could fittingly be spoken of him, and we shall love him so long as we stay here. ¶ Perhaps if he had had selection of the manner of his leave-taking he would have gone just as he did. No days of pain or nights of anxious vigil, no time for tears or mourning; no mound of earth—to be neglected in future generations—to mark one little spot as his resting-place ♣ No; the whole wide ever-moving sea is his tomb, and from its depths there comes to us the echo of a whisper:

Think of him as one not dead,
Nor as one beyond the grave,
But as one abiding with you,
Think of the joy he gave.

A Benefactor

I MUST have known Hubbard always, for no introduction was necessary when we met. That was many years ago, and we have remained friends ever since, with now and then a scrap to rivet the bonds of friendship more securely ♣ ♣

On May Seventh, Nineteen Hundred Five, just ten years to a day before the *Lusitania* went down, he wrote me, saying, "Maybe you are ashamed of it and to spare you I have concealed it: you 'll find it in your Herschel." He referred to a *Little Journey to the Home of Elbert Hubbard* I had written and which readers of his *Little Journey to the Home of Herschel* found between its pages that month.

¶ In that *Little Journey* I said:

"Hubbard is doing a noble work. He is making a community of artists of those who grow up in East Aurora, and they are, through their work, inspiring the rest of the world to do likewise. * * * *

"Is he in earnest? Look into that handsome, thoughtful face, read his eye and you will find nothing but earnestness there * * * *

"Hubbard is not proposing to do anything, that I know of; he just goes ahead and does it, whatever it is. He is teaching men and women, boys and girls, to do things instead of each other. * * * *

"He does n't propose to turn the tide on which men float to ruin, but he does try to turn the strugglers and help them battle against the tide by causing them to do, and have respect for, honest labor. * * * *

"The world will write Elbert Hubbard a benefactor of the race. He seeks to cause workers to put in practise the old advice: 'Whatever your hand finds to do, do it well.' He detests cant, hates hypocrisy and despises sham. He is a real man in all that he does. His writings are virile, arrow-tipped and strong-bowed. His blow has the effect of a sledge, but he uses only a quill. * * * *

"Hubbard does not ask you to agree with his religious or political views, or with any of his views for that matter, but he claims for all men the right to do as he does—express their views without fear or favor, and be true to themselves. * * * *

"He radiates love of the beautiful, the artistic and the useful.

"He is an inspiration."

An Inspirer of Multitudes

THAT 'S what I wrote and thought of him ten years ago. Today he is more than an inspiration—he is a benediction.

He made enemies, and because they are so they would have others do likewise. Of course he did things we did n't approve of and if I could look in the glass and say, "Old fellow,

everything you did was right, you never made a mistake, you hoed a perfect row, bless you for your virtues for you have no faults," I 'd be up among the other saints looking in a mirror, to see if my halo were on straight, instead of sitting here talking about Hubbard. ¶ Hubbard had faults of course. I am glad of it, for I 'd feel a bit envious to think he was the only perfect man.

No man of this, or any other, generation could sandpaper, dovetail, trim up and fit the English language to so many forms for human use as Hubbard. Did n't he make a lot of it himself too? I am thankful the language was invented, for with it he liberated a flood of thought-germs that inspired multitudes to think and do for themselves.

The Legacy

¶ 'LL miss Hubbard, but not so much as some, for I can pick up a *Philistine* and have an hour with him now and then. I have all the *Philistines* and *Little Journeys*, and with them can commune with our brother in all his varied moods, gay and serious, also humorous, but never ponderous.

I made many good friends through Hubbard. When I meet a man who knows and likes him he warms up to me once he learns that I have the Roycroft spirit. There are no "To-Let" signs on the thought-cells of such men either, for I never met a noodledummy who knew how to appreciate the Fra.

When I heard he was going to Europe to look into matters over there and report on who raised the lid, I looked forward to reading the truth about the trouble, written as no other man could write it.

For days I looked the papers through in hope of seeing his name among the rescued. That hope lingers with me yet—for was n't he one of the Immortals? Who knows? Who knows?

Who knows but he lives,
Though his ship left her course,
When passing the land of the Gael.
Who knows but good news
Will come to us yet,

Good news from the Head of Kinsale.

Love, labor and hope
Were the words he wrote high,
Where others oft wrote the word fail,
Though we never behold him,
In our hearts we still hold him,
And hope for good news from Kinsale.

Humanity's Martyrs

By David Starr Jordan

I NEVER met either Elbert Hubbard or his good wife, except in letters. I write this on the road, and so I have not a word of his or hers at hand to give me the clue to anything I might say worthy of the occasion of my writing.

My old friend, William T. Stead, used to say: "There are only about half a dozen men in any country worth knowing. These give the key to the others. The rest are either ciphers or duplicates."

To be worth knowing, in this sense, implies two things, brains and personality.

It is a well-proved axiom that, in the long run, men without brains have no influence. They run in the drove, the docile ones like sheep, the obstinate ones like pigs, but neither driven sheep nor driven pigs ever get anywhere of their own initiative.

The men of pure brains can see the way they ought to go. "They look before and after." As truth is truth, the point of view is much the same with all of these, and to know one of them in a nation is to know them all. The rest are duplicates.

Besides, with brains only a man may never get into action. To render intellect fertile one must have personality.

It is personality that makes history and which finally rules the world. The personality may be without honor in his own generation, but sooner or later he comes to his own.

In a Class by Himself

ALTHOUGH Mr. Stead never gave me a list of the half-dozen Americans, Elbert Hubbard was surely one of them. A man of brains and a man of personality, forethought, fearless, effective, he stood in a class by himself, a class possible only in those free countries we call Anglo-Saxon.

He could not live among a people that "loves as one" and hates as one. He is at home only when each man trusts his own heart and brain and acknowledges responsibility only to himself and his Maker. And his Maker is no tribal god, "lord of a far-flung battle-line," but the creator of personality, of individualism, of the capacity to be human, and yet no slavish copy of any other human who ever drew breath.

Elbert Hubbard, who hated war, and who did

his best to make its achievements seem preposterous and its heroics absurd, fell at last as a war-victim. And withal a victim to that phase of war which is least in its risks and most contemptible in its achievements—the war against men and women who can not strike back.

The Preposterousness of War

OUR sympathy with England grows weakest when her militants, after the fashion of their kind, talk of starving the people of another nation.

This sort of warfare, mostly on paper as yet, is warfare against non-combatants, warfare against the law-abiding.

As the one great nation which remains law-abiding, we protest against starving anybody. As the law-abiding nation we protest against the murder of anybody, against the very essence of war.

Moreover, we doubly protest against the murder or even the risk of murder, in any nation or under any pretext, of any of those who can not strike back. It is our part, if we can play it, to make the body of a man or woman, or even that of a baby, as sacred as a flag.

We are grateful to Elbert Hubbard for giving us the American view of so many questions, the view which is the resultant of brains and personality.

We shall never forget the lesson of the message that was carried to Garcia.

We shall never be unmindful of his lesson of the crasspreposterousness of international war.

¶ We shall never forget that this war, in its most cruel, brutal and inhuman manifestation, has added his name to the long roll of martyrs in the cause of humanity.

ELBERT HUBBARD added dignity to work. He put the finishing touches on that old superstition that no gentleman can earn his own living. On his pedestal stood the worker, either by brain or brawn. He said that any man in love with his job has achieved success. He taught many of us that a man may become an artist as easily manufacturing plows as in painting on canvas.

The Fra's romance was the romance of work well done—of satisfactory service rendered. His hero was the man who through supreme skill and industry can bring the World to his workshop-door.—*Frank D. Boyd.*

A Lover of Humanity

By John Lee Mahin

ELBERT HUBBARD was an individual. He was so much of an individual that he stood by himself. Yet he was forever trying to sink his individuality in his effort to give the greatest possible service to the largest possible group.

He impressed me as a man who would rather understand human nature than anything else. I have an idea that he felt that if he could completely understand human nature he could completely and easily serve humanity. He was in love with humanity. He deeply admired human achievement, but he was exceedingly tolerant of human weakness. He understood human nature in its relaxed moments just as he did when it was weighed with depressing burdens or when it was demonstrating extraordinary mental or physical achievement. He knew it was the same human nature always. I would say that he was a truly great man if I could say it for no other reason than that while I have heard many people criticize him personally I never heard him speak unkindly of any human being. For a man's acts or policies he might have criticism, but for the man personally I can not conceive of his holding animosity.

¶ His influence can not be measured, because of the wide range of topics he covered in his writings, and the tremendous circulation that they had. Certainly few men have ever built up what he did, through sheer intensity of personality and thorough command of their own individualities.

I am glad I have so many of his books. I want my library to hold everything he wrote. Thus I can always keep in close touch with him. Whatever he wrote made the reader think.

¶ No man of my acquaintance had as many friends in different walks of life. I suppose that to each of them he was a different Elbert Hubbard. He knew how to harmonize himself with others. He could talk athletics to a boy, college education to a girl, art to a woman, business to a man, politics, philosophy, literature or anything else to anybody.

Twenty years from now he will still be alive. Because he knew human nature, he knew that within that length of time after his life had ended, human nature itself will have selected the enduring part of his work—which is the largest part.

He was optimistic, constructive, aggressive, philosophical and practical. He reflected the spirit of his time, all the more advantageously because he brought to his work a remarkable endowment of individuality.

But, how Elbert Hubbard could have written a true "Little Journey" to his own home! None of the rest of us have that talent.

The best preparation for good work tomorrow is to do good work today; the best preparation for life in the hereafter is to live now.

The Master Mind

By David Bispham

I CAME to know Elbert Hubbard through his books: first the outside of them—they were so beautifully made—then through the inside, and I recognized that a man who could make a book so beautifully would do everything he touched with the same care and exquisite regard for the sake of its appearance and for its intellectual appeal.

Of course I knew that he was not making these books, but that he was insisting that others should make them as he himself would have made them had he been brought up to that trade.

When I was having singing lessons as a young man my master had lost his voice and could not show me in sound how to produce my tones. He would therefore say: "Don't do as I do when I sing, but as I *tell* you to do." This is what Elbert Hubbard evidently did to all who surrounded him. He would do as much as he could to impress his influence upon others, with the highest artistic objects and ends in view.

"Do what I tell you to do," is what made the Roycroft Shop what it is: the beautiful furniture designed, the beautiful bindings, the beautiful typesetting, the beautiful statuary, and etchings; indeed, the whole aspect of the place is the result of other people doing what the master-mind had told them to do.

Hubbard, himself, could not have carved a statue or perhaps have drawn a picture, but when he was about his mind was of the character that would compel others to see things his way, and to do accordingly—and his way was good because he was good—artistic, high-minded, clean in spirit and body.

That he wore his hair long and dressed some-

what differently from others has nothing whatever to do with the man. He had just as much right to wear his hair long as another man has to wear his short; just as much right to wear a woolen shirt and flowing tie as any one else has to wear any other kind of shirt or tie.

Individuality must be expressed by individual people. They can not behave as others do, or they would not be individual. We know what happened to Samson when he yielded to blandishments and had his hair cut. My thought is that we need more people with the courage of their convictions and we will have less trouble in the world in consequence.

A Non-Conformist

REMEMBER a man who walked down Chestnut Street in Philadelphia with his hat off on a hot day. Some curious newsboy pointed out the man to other boys, who followed him jeering as the youngsters after the Prophet Elijah. A crowd gathered; a policeman came and ordered the unoffending citizen to put on his hat, and the unoffending citizen rightly took offense. He refused to put on his hat: a larger crowd gathered, and the unoffending citizen was speedily landed in the station-house. What for? Because he was not afraid to do what he wanted to do so long as it hurt no one else.

And I am sure this was the way with our dear Elbert. If he ever did hurt any one—which I gravely doubt—he would have been the first person to say: "Why, certainly, I'll do whatever you like. I'll put on my hat, or I'll take it off to you: it's all one to me—only don't expect me to put on my hat just because some small boys think I look queer without it, or don't expect me to dress as you do, or I might turn around and demand that you dress as I do—and how would you like that!"

And if Elbert had said that, he would have done just what he always was doing, striking out from the shoulder, not with the desire to hurt anybody, but with the desire of making other people better. He was, indeed, a great force in our community and I am proud to have known him. I consider that my two visits to the Roycroft establishment did me more good than any other similar visits.

I felt a sense of excited anticipation, and while singing, of exaltation such as I have rarely experienced elsewhere, and it was all due to the character of the leading spirit of the place, and those whom he had gathered around him.

The Spirit of Unconventionality

ON the first occasion that I visited East Aurora my concert was preceded by an incident which I shall never forget. We were seated at early dinner—it was still light—when through the great dining-room in at one door and out at the other, to the lawn the other side, rushed two young demigods, their faces flushed, their eyes dancing with delight, their flowing hair crowned with chaplets of laurel, their arms full of roses, with which they were pelting each other as the one fled and the other pursued ♣ ♣

Where but at the Roycroft could one in this day and generation have seen such a thing happening in ordinary life?

And yet it is just things such as these that made a visit to Elbert worth while; that made this battle of the roses possible, for true enough Elbert's nature it was that had shot through those two young sons of his with the spirit of unconventionality that led to such an Arcadian outburst of the characteristics which, in others, might have led to a fisticuff.

No such vulgar thing could have resulted in those delightful precincts. All there seemed to be peace, and contentment, and hard work—and delight in it—and artistry and praise to "whatever gods there be" for the man who was the guiding spirit of the place, and one of the guiding spirits of the world.

ELBERT HUBBARD enjoyed a strong personality, and for that reason attracted critics and friends, but the good achieved by him in his life is the best demonstration that it was well spent and that the world is all the better for his having lived.

If nothing else had been accomplished by Mr. Hubbard except the wonderful development in typographical art, he has left the world a rich inheritance. We speak of this one of his smaller achievements for the reason that it is the least known among his many missions ♣ Even the advertising pages of his magazines are works of art and the last word in all that is perfect in typography ♣ In all things Mr. Hubbard was thorough. He had a quaint yet most forceful style of composition and writing. One never wearied of reading his articles. He selected his subjects in the most unexpected nooks and corners, but his language was always pungent and to the point.—*T. Owen Charles, Editor of "The Welsh-American."*

The Master Man

By A. F. Sheldon

THERE are four grades of people from the viewpoint of efficiency.

First, the Indifferent.

Second, the Student.

Third, the Adept.

Fourth, the Master.

Elbert Hubbard was a master in his chosen kind of work ; a Master Philosopher, a Master Writer, a Master Advertising Man, a Master Salesman.

There are four grades of intelligence: Ignorance, Knowledge, Learning and Wisdom.

Elbert Hubbard was a man of Wisdom.

There are four grades of people from the viewpoint of mental vision.

The man who looks no further ahead than the present is mentally blind.

The one who plans for a year is a General.

The one who plans for a lifetime is a Genius.

☞ The one who plans for generations yet to be is a Seer—a Prophet.

Hubbard was a Seer—he was one of the Prophets of his time.

There are two planes of human consciousness—Self and the Universal.

Hubbard was on the upper deck—the Universal, the cosmic.

Big in body ; big in brain ; big in emotion ; big in will ; and that is what makes the big all-around man.

The Light of Wisdom

WHEN the *Lusitania* was torpedoed and Hubbard sank into the sea, the light of a literary and philosophical genius was extinguished. No ; that is not true. His light is not gone out ; it still shines and will continue to radiate the light of wisdom for generations yet to be. Elbert Hubbard and Alice Hubbard are not dead.

Though their bodies be made food for fishes, their minds will live through the books which they have written and the deeds which they have done.

They have earned their rest, and the verdict of the many is, "Well done!"

•••

To love one's friends, to bathe in life's sunshine, to preserve a right mental attitude—the perceptive attitude, the attitude of gratitude—and to do one's work—these make up an ideal life.

The Children's Friend

By Hon. Ben B. Lindsey

ELBERT HUBBARD was one of the first men in this country to show an appreciation of what we were doing for the children. He wrote about it so generously. We knew we did n't deserve all of that generous kindness that he showed every one who was doing anything worth while ; but it made us strive to be worthy of the estimate he placed upon that work.

Our principle of trusting boys, of putting responsibility upon them, sending prisoners alone to institutions (when they had to be sent), interested him tremendously. He did us the honor to mention it in one or two of his lectures and several times in his writings. It not only helped the work here but it helped it everywhere—as his life was devoted to helping all good things.

Elbert was certainly a genius. There is no one to take his place in our literature. ☞ Like the great man that he was and is, he will be even better appreciated a hundred years from now.

A Debt of Love

LIKE others, I have sent out thousands of copies of his *Message to Garcia*. His life was full of just such inspirational writings—the sort that helped men in all stations of life, from the railroad president to the office boy, from the Supreme Court judge to the constable. He taught us to rely upon ourselves ; to have faith in one another. He was a real Christian ; a courageous man, willing to suffer for his ideas ; he taught us to despise the sham and hypocrisy in some of our institutions, but he had nothing against the institutions themselves when they stood for what they pretended to stand for.

Like all great men he was misunderstood, maligned and ridiculed by some ; but I doubt if there were any who did not admire his real genius, his ability, his love for truth, and his wonderful skill in unmasking pretense.

I followed him in *The Philistine*, *The Fra* and his *Little Journeys* for more than a decade. I am better for it—as thousands of others are. If I have succeeded in doing anything worth while he is certainly one of the men to whom I am indebted.

I loved Elbert Hubbard for the good that was in him and the good that he did. He was a lovable, kindly, companionable man. It was

my privilege to have a number of interesting visits with him in recent years. He loved all *men*—and of course that means women and children as well. ¶ He only hated the *things* that he considered bad.

Your neighbor is the man who needs you

The Fra and the Rabbi

By Charles Fleischer

Leader of The Sunday Commons, Boston

ONCE a Rabbi, always a Rabbi! Well, I don't mind that—since the title means "My Master," in the sense of "My Teacher."

But it does seem strange to me that Elbert Hubbard could not forget the fact, seeing that he knew me to be at least as much of a free-lance as himself. For I hope I was always a Rabbi plus, as the Fra might have put it. That reminds me of the one occasion which I cherish most among my recollections of the Fra. He had come to Boston on one of his periodic lecture sprees. So he made a Little Journey to my home, for three hours of a late afternoon and early evening.

A wise man was that Fra in many ways, but especially in his knowledge of men and in the way of getting the best from them. Mind you, I say: getting the best *from* them, not *of* them. We talked of everything—cabbages and kings, autocracy and democracy, metaphysics and philosophy, America and the Universe. The Fra soon saw that in touching democracy he had tapped the wellspring of my being. Out it poured, in floods of feeling and vision, my religion, my very life.

"That's splendid, Rabbi!" said he; "the greatest thing of the age!"

"Don't flatter me," said I, taking the Fra seriously. "We men should be beyond mutual flattery." And then I added, jocularly, "Well, I suppose I'll see my best thoughts in forthcoming *Philistines* and *Fras*."

"Of course you will," said Hubbard, the imperturbable. "Of course you will. They are mine, they belong to all of us. You simply beat me to them."

A Master of Expression

THERE you have what to me was the typical Fra. He literally believed, and rightly, that everything was his—for use. Quite as his patron saint (and mine), Ralph

Waldo Emerson, sang, "I am owner of the sphere!"

If Fra Elbertus did not always worry about "mine and thine" in the world of thought—if he was not particularly punctilious about that section of the punctuation department which specializes in quotation-marks—it was because he believed in a sort of intellectual communism, wherein it was his special function and privilege to be the publisher and purveyor of his own best thought and other men's, to all men and for the sake of the general good.

And no man's thought lost through being used, and given wider publicity as well as clarified meaning, by the Fra. For I must say—as a lover of style in the use of the spoken and the written word—Elbert Hubbard at his best, and even in his high general average, was in a class with the masters of all the ages in the art of expression.

His Individualism

WHILE many kinds of human activity must miss the gigantesque head and heart and hand and voice of this all-around Man, to whom "nothing human was foreign," I feel that he is most to be mourned and acclaimed by us freethinkers, to whom for a generation, and especially since the death of Robert G. Ingersoll, he was mouthpiece and publicity-agent-to-the-millions.

For years, long before I went on the religious rampage myself, Elbert Hubbard prevented my feeling lonesome. He made it easier, because of his own glad and easy freedom, to say freely what I felt most deeply. His own exuberant and significant individualism made it a simpler matter for one to be self-insistent, when conscious at the same time of the desire to be thereby the more efficiently serviceable. He gave glory to "crankiness"—himself illustrating the picturesque possibilities of daring to be different in thought, speech and action, and even in dress.

A Typical American

AMAN, for a' that and a' that," yet the Fra was a typical American, in that his whole career was a warm, throbbing, marching embodiment of the Declaration of Independence. Practically, he said to the Past and to Society: "I thank you for all you have given, and all that you are, to me! But through me, too, speaks the Universal Life; and I am a Creator of endless Society and of the infinite Future."

Alice Hubbard

By William Marion Reedy

ALICE HUBBARD was a splendid woman, a noble specimen of her sex. She was a preponderant factor in the making of Hubbard. She gave to him and fostered, after the giving, most of his idealism. She was his inspiration when, after a successful career in business, he took a special course in college. She loved him and she suffered for her love in silence during long years.

A woman of strong character, with the urge of expression upon her, nevertheless she effaced herself for his sake and bore uncomplainingly the burden of a contumely visited upon her by the misunderstanding many.

When in the course of the grinding years she emerged from the cloud that enveloped her, and took her place by his side, after passing through an ordeal of bitterness to them both, and to others, she stepped to her place shiningly, for all that she bore the traces of sadness and suffering in her face. She was a brave woman to do such a thing, but she did it without bravado.

She took up her work in a nice simplicity, and when she spoke or wrote it was not for herself she did so but for her sex.

She brought the knowledge she had herself won in a finely sustained stand for convictions translated into act to the assistance of the cause of all women against subordination, splendid or squalid, of their individuality. For her experience she had paid her painful price, but the experience left in her no deposit of bitterness.

To East Aurora she came as one looked upon askance, and in, as we say, no time at all, she was the beloved mother of an institution of man and woman making value. With her advent began the greater prosperity of the Roycroft establishment.

A Superb Organizer

THOUGH the world does not know it, hers was the better business brain of the two. She put organization into the place. She expanded its scope. She brought it down from a rather misty idealism to a practical business undertaking. While Hubbard preached abroad and planted, Alice, like Apollos, watered and the god who smiles on work gave the increase. Alice Hubbard was the business dynamo of the Roycroft Shop, and she made it pay better

than it ever paid before. She knew how to handle people, workers or purchasers, and much of Hubbard's supreme good sense consisted simply in "letting Alice have her way." She wrote well, like a man. She was not a sentimentalist or a sensationalist. She wrote as one with an intense energy that scorned any pedestrianism in the style of verbal communication. All excess of decoration, all wordy fiddle-faddle, was burned away by the force and fire of her purpose. She asserted: she did not argue.

Only those who knew well both Elbert and Alice knew the quality of their attachment. I so knew them, and I know that Alice's judgment upon any man or any matter of importance was the final determinant with Elbert. He would dream, but she held him to the purpose of doing.

Between the two, they made the water-tank that was East Aurora into, after a fashion, one of the "Meccas of the mind" for many people just initiated in the kindergarten of culture. To know the Alice Hubbard who mothered the girls and boys of the Roycroft establishment was to know her at her womanliest best. She always impressed me as a person of great power in reserve. There was never evidenced in her any of that lack of inhibition said to be characteristic of femininity in conversation. She impressed me as one who had pondered deeply many things and reached conclusions. She had very broad views, but held them with a certain reticence.

Her devotion to Elbert was not inconsistent with a humorous appreciation of what many of his critics said about him. She had less pose than he. And she was a splendid example of the large-viewed, modern mother, in her training and education of their daughter, the lovely physically, and suavely poised mentally, Miriam.

Alice Hubbard was a woman of the new time, but yet a woman, and so, subordinated in fame to her partner. For all her capability in affairs she lacked nothing of tenderness—and among the things I like to remember is that she was always a firm and true friend to me.

•••

Men are rich only as they give. He who gives great service gets great returns. Action and reaction are equal, and the radiatory power of the planets balances their attraction. The love you keep is the love you give away.

Hubbard the Advertising Man

By Charles Frederick Higham

In "The Advertiser's Weekly"

ELBERT HUBBARD is dead, and I know that he went to his ocean grave fearlessly, for although he loved life, he had no fear of death: this note runs through all his writings ♣ ♣

He has taken his last "little journey"—a journey undertaken to report on the War for the Hearst Newspapers. No longer will he use his brilliant pen to inspire and instruct. A great genius has gone, and advertising men have lost a good friend: he was a strong man physically and mentally, and his followers can ill afford his passing. ¶ No man of any age understood so well the power of publicity, and none could compare with him in the writing of advertisements. He dignified his profession—he was never ashamed of anything he did ♣

The first signed advertisement was Elbert Hubbard's, and no advertisements have paid advertisers better than the hundreds which have appeared under his name. His articles on business and his booklets describing business have been read by practically every American and by thousands in other lands. Most American firms of reputation have utilized his facile pen on their behalf; he was not only the greatest advertising writer of his time, but also the most highly paid ♣ His *Message to Garcia* has been printed in nearly every language, and has been the making of many a man, whilst his *Little Journeys* constitute the most delightful of reading.

¶ He was one of the greatest exponents of William Morris, and his printshop and bindery at East Aurora are famous among those who rejoice in good printing. He was the first American journalist to write boldly against Germany, and his booklet, *Lifting the Lid Off of Hell*, has had a great circulation.

A Man Among Men

ALOVER of his fellow men and women, he was an influence for good. No writer was better known in America—none had a greater following. Although he was called "eccentric," he was simply natural.

Elbert Hubbard was always himself.

He wrote as he thought, and he wrote well. I owe much to him. He influenced my career more than any other man I have ever known, and yet I never spoke to him. He taught me

to love my work. He told me from the platform and in his books that work was the panacea for human ills, and I believed him, and am glad I did. He was an open-air man—a man of the fields and hills—he loved human people and detested the fop and the waster ♣ A great orator—I have watched him hold an audience spellbound for hours without music, effect or introduction; he was just a simple, unassuming man with no stage "presence," as it is generally understood, talking calmly about such an every-day topic as "work," and yet I was one of over a thousand people who left the building perfectly satisfied, and as I came out I almost thanked God that I had had the courage to spend eight shillings for a seat to hear this man talk.

Why?

Because here was a MAN, simple and sincere—a man with a message and the ability to deliver it, who always practised what he preached ♣ ♣

I feel that I have lost a friend—and friends are rare. Elbert Hubbard was a kind man—a good man—a *human* man. He had no patience with the cant and hypocrisy of the social whirl. He was a rugged, simple soul; his big heart, generous mind and open hand were inspiration to the youth of his homeland ♣ I was in America when he was striving against big odds. I was one of the first subscribers to his books, and I shall cherish all I have.

I feel I am one of Hubbard's "boys": he was like a father to my thoughts. If I ever do a good job, Hubbard—not I—deserves most of the credit.

We shall never see, in our time, his like again.

ALICE HUBBARD always stood bravely before the world in the advocacy of the cause of woman, using her fine literary gifts unsparingly in the setting forth of woman's right to be considered one half of the human race, and in defense of all womanhood against the blatant cruelty and injustice of the social order. She had the broadest possible human sympathies; she looked with kindly gaze upon man, woman and child—censuring none, denouncing none. In a word, she embodied to the full the rounded character eminently worthy of Elizabeth Barrett Browning's noble apostrophe to George Sand: "Thou large-brained woman and large-hearted man."

—Doctor Anna Howard Shaw.

Hubbard the Man

By Leigh Mitchell Hodges

THOSE torpedoes which crowned Teutonic savagery by sinking a Lusitania-load of women, children and peaceful men took from this stage of being one I am glad and proud to have known well—Elbert Hubbard, Philistine and Fra.

In the years of our friendliness, he showed me much of his true self, and because it was a fine and kind self that thrived to unusual symmetry in many ways, there is joy in giving to this May morning which domes his sleep a few thoughts for remembrance.

A Man Unafraid

I NEVER heard him speak unkindly of any one, or harshly to any one.

His pen, always vital and at times a poignard dipped in acid, left no wounds upon the defenseless.

When it flew wild at thought of the misery and wrongs born of what he called "pretended authority," the arm that wielded it was one of conviction, and if it spelled sentiments that pained or angered, where is the tongue which has not at some time, in some way, done likewise!

I deplored, and still do, the way it toyed sarcastically with certain deep-rooted customs of belief, yet I gloried, and always shall, in its ceaseless flashing against Fear.

As a Philistine he battled hard against the things he thought were endangering the welfare and happiness of the people.

As Fra he fought for those he thought would help bring more health and justice.

When he misjudged as to the one or the other, was he different from you or me?

An Enduring Monument

HE was misjudged more than he misjudged. Because his personal conception of one of the major relations of life differed from what yours or mine may be, he was scorned by many. Yet which of us can judge in this matter?

Let who will cast stones.

As for us, let us tear out that page and banish it to the fires of forgetfulness.

Let us turn to the boyish man whose aim was, "Do the best you can, and be kind."

Let us turn to the man whose creed was this: "I believe that no one can harm us but ourselves, that sin is misdirected energy, that

there is no devil but fear, and that the universe is planned for good. I believe that work is a blessing, that Winter is as necessary as Summer, that night is as useful as day, that death is a manifestation of life, and just as good. I believe in the Now and Here. I believe in you and I believe in a Power that is in Ourselves that makes for righteousness."

Let us remember, with thanksgiving, the farm-boy who released the gold of Emerson from the mental safe-deposit boxes of highbrows and did more than any one else to make it coin current among the minds of the mass. This alone is a monument.

Making Others Think

ELBERT HUBBARD did more than this. He made people THINK.

His pen was plowshare as well as poignard. He turned up gray matter that had been tramped down by centuries of inherited prejudices, and if in so doing he wounded pride, he more than repaid by aiding progress.

He made thousands stop, look and listen. And doves and canaries are not useful at the crossings.

It takes a clanging bell!

Of his place in the ranks of writers, Time will tell all that need be known.

Next to the Bible itself, his wonderful *Message to Garcia* has the largest and widest circulation of any one book in the world.

Yet I never heard him boast of this. I never heard him boast of anything but his cattle and hogs and chickens.

The Pastor of His Flock

NOTHING "Roycroftie" ever has been as interesting as was the Fra himself. He was a man of quiet, charming manner, wholly unlike what his readers who never had seen him would have pictured. His long, curly hair, and longer black crepe-de-chine tie; his broad-brimmed black felt hat and loose-fitting ordinary sack-suit, conspired always to make him a marked figure in any crowd.

Once, when we were walking through Broad Street Station, he smiled at the staring crowd and in a low voice said to me: "These curls always git 'em. They think God made a mistake when He put hair on a man's head." He was chock full of humor, and had one of the sweetest smiles I ever saw on a man's face. When he laughed, as he often did, he crackled his voice mightily, and yet, somehow it never seemed a real laugh. In early life he

was a Socialist, an avowed follower of Tolstoy and Marx, but as his business and his bank-account grew, he began to sympathize with John D. and the other rich men. Indeed, of late years he had stood out as one of the boldest defenders of "big business."

Courageousness

AT East Aurora he built up one of the most unusual and interesting institutions in this or any other country. His original intention was to make it a sort of center for the expression of high thought and the publication of fine literature, a place where any one with the courage of his convictions might come and be heard patiently and courteously. He loved free speech.

And as a speaker he was one of the best that ever faced the footlights.

From the minute he smiled at the audience—his opening sentence always was a broad smile which begat its kind—until he dropped his last word into the mental poor-box of his hearers, therewith enriching them in no small measure, he was, in a certain way, fascinating. No man ever told a story more deftly or with finer effect. He used words as a great painter uses color, and his tongue was a brush capable of varied strokes.

He was a past-master in the art of knowing when to keep still. His pauses were as effective as his best-rounded periods, and his face was as mobile as the late John Bunney's, only in a different way. He never spoke from notes, though always he had a pocket full of notes. For he did most of his writing while traveling on trains, and he traveled most of the time.

Work and Play

AS a companion, at work or play—and when he worked you might have thought he was playing—he was as delightful as any man I ever have met. Never shall I forget one rare July evening, when, in a little tent the poet had put up outside the Shop at East Aurora, Richard Le Gallienne, the Fra and I sat talking of the place and power of poetry.

All the spun gold of his nature seemed to come to the surface, and he glowed with that enthusiasm for the finer things which permeate the souls of those who have overcome the call of goods and chattels. Of Omar, the tentmaker, and Old Walt of Camden; of Swinburne, Poe and Henley, we talked until the moon began to go down hill and the first cock had crowed.

Then, as we walked back to the Phalan-

steric—that is Roycroft for hotel—he turned and said:

"Leigh, life is damn fine when you look at the right side of it."

The Waters of Life

IN the May number of *The Philistine* Elbert Hubbard wrote jestingly of himself as a "drowning man who sees the record of his life streaming out behind him."

He did not know how soon this jest would be transformed into the seriousness of his last look at the sky.

In that same number he said, "Well do we speak of 'the waters of life.'"

And for him, as for all those who with him were tossed into the sea's great arms, I think those waters of death were the waters of life. For him, surely, they will wash out the transient scars of those human weaknesses which keep us all brothers, leaving for the years to come a heritage of thoughts and words which can not but add to the joy and usefulness of living.

Strength comes from solitude, a waiting, a communion with the best in us, which is at one with the divine spark.

The Magic of Hubbard

By Agnes Herbert

In the "London Chronicle"

ELBERT HUBBARD, one of the *Lusitania* victims, was a 'simple-life culturist' from Buffalo." Thus an evening paper misdescribes one of the greatest personalities of the United States. East Aurora, which is in Erie County, New York, can not allow Buffalo to claim "Fra Elbertus," as he liked to call himself. He was East Aurora's own.

All minor writers have, if they will but confess it, a literary ideal whose work they would fain exchange for their own. If by some unexplainable piece of legerdemain a magician could juggle my pen into that of a chosen other, and I could make my choice out of the whole world of literary giants, I should say, without hesitation: "Give me, I pray you, Magician, the magic of Elbert Hubbard. None of your Hardys, your Barries, your Kiplings for me. The pen of Elbert Hubbard, an' it please you."

To many of us in England—we are insular in our reading as in so much else—Elbert

Hubbard is known only by his *Little Journeys*, perhaps by his *Message to Garcia*; and a number of Britons subscribe to his unique magazine, *The Philistine*, of which he wrote the major portion. Very few of us recognize that his was a pen of the most extraordinary order.

Scoffers call him a literary faker. On occasion he was so. He popularized his knowledge of the great philosophers and thinkers, and transposed them so that the man in the street, who would avoid the original teachings as he would the plague, swallowed the carefully wrapped-up wisdoms gratefully and asked for more.

Everything Elbert Hubbard touched was made beautiful by the magic of his mind. He was the greatest advertisement-writer in the States, and his methods turned the crying of wares into literary adventures. Each was a faceted gem not to be passed by. He played with words. They were his pawns, and most of them reached the king-row. The more I study his simple, forceful system of writing, the more attractive it seems to me. So full of infinite variety that he never appeared to produce the same effect twice, so wonderfully tender when he chose, so delicate, so true, so full of pathos, fire, feeling, art, laughter, tears; so thrilling, so compelling, there is no other modern writer to compare with him.

Author and Printer

HOW did he learn to write? He learned to write, he always told us, by writing, and the Cadmean game to him was a great one—just the arranging of twenty-six letters that compose the alphabet, and the juggling of seven punctuation-marks. His recipe was this: "Write as you feel—but be sure you feel right."

He began setting type when he had to stand on a soap-box to reach the case, and when he threw in he made such speed, and so befouled the cases, that the foreman's language could be heard a mile.

His head in time got full of ideas through correcting copy for "Old Subscriber." As he set up the rotten stuff he always hand-polished it; and nobody ever sent in a manuscript to that printshop that he was not able to improve upon. If "Old Subscriber" did not get the copy in on time Elbert Hubbard wrote it for him, and then answered it in the name of "Pro Bono Publico" or "Indignant Subscriber."

Then he got a job with Wilbur F. Story, of the *Chicago Times*, as a cub reporter, and when in his twenties left the writing and printing business because he thought it was too slow. But his heart was always in the Gutenberg game.

And so he started a printshop in his carriage-house—for Elbert Hubbard was a farmer with what he would have called "a literary attachment." Not being able to sell his wares to unappreciative publishers, he began to print them himself. He had an old Ben Franklin printing-press and used to set things up and print them. Then he printed a book on hand-made paper, antique, peculiar, strange, a villainous job, he always said, but people bought it because they called it "so artistic!"

Beginnings of a Great Business

PEOPLE wanted him to print things for them, and he did. And he found a designer who made initials, and a girl who knew how to illumine books, with Elbert Hubbard's help, and they printed, illumined and bound books. And slowly, gradually, the Roycroft Shop came into being, a printshop that represents an investment, say, the whole thing, of over half a million dollars, and employs about four hundred people.

The first intention was to print books entirely by hand, after the manner of the monks of olden time. But gradually The Roycrofters got over that idea, because they received orders for quantities that they never possibly could have turned out by hand.

Elbert Hubbard's idea was that printers have always worked too cheaply; they got their pay in fun, and as a result never had money enough to get the towel washed. Printers, he thought, bestow a great benefit on the world, and add to the joy and happiness of mankind. Without them civilization could not exist. And a good printer should be proud of his job. Of all the many victims of this murder most foul, none will be more rejoiced over by the Germans than Elbert Hubbard. His indictment of the Kaiser in the October *Philistine*:—*Who Lifted the Lid Off of Hell?*—got home all right. The claims that the German army is fighting for art, beauty, truth, liberty, light, the rights of children and woman suffrage, were pulverized by a pen mightier than the Teuton's sword. Only quite recently he wrote: "Big armies do not protect—big armies bully, terrorize, and tyrannize. The 'Slav Menace'

is no more to be feared than the Germanic. Ask Belgium!"

As I sat watching the stars on the night of the sea tragedy I thought how curious it was that the snuffing out of a spirit so vital, so stirring, so nimble as Elbert Hubbard's should be unheralded.

Just then a star fell across the sky in a trailing line of silver. It flashed its message and was gone ❧ ❧

"When beggars die, there are no comets seen;

The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of princes."

I knew then that Elbert Hubbard was not among the saved.

The wise hold all earthly things lightly—they are stripping for eternity.

A Poet's Tribute

By Max Ehrmann

IT is a noble custom to speak well of the dead. But even if it were not the custom, one could not speak otherwise of Elbert Hubbard. In the passing of Elbert Hubbard, the young men and women of this country have lost a friend. His great contribution was the power to arouse persons from slumber and inspire them to think, to work, to live! He knocked at the bedchamber of mankind and shouted, "Wake up!" And I know more than one person who dates his first awakening to the cries of Elbert Hubbard.

In economic doctrine he seemed to lean toward capitalism, and such writings of his as the laudation of the Standard Oil Company were a far departure from his character as sham-smasher. Since Ingersoll he was the severest critic of orthodox Christianity; and if we profit by criticism, it is fair to believe that the Church has profited by his onslaughts.

A Power for Good

ASIDE from all that may be said of him in the way of adverse criticism, he was a tremendous power in this country, an extremely fascinating writer with a style all his own, a lover and encourager of youth, in the main a follower of truth, and though it may not be a great virtue, he was a first-rate businessman ❧ ❧

Personally, I am grateful to him. He always

spoke a good word of my humble efforts. The last letter I had from him was dated April Third, Nineteen Hundred Fifteen, but a little over a month before he went down to his death. I had sent him a copy of my last book, and he closed his letter with these generous words: "I am reading it with pleasure and profit. You have certainly given a most delightful presentation of a great theme. I congratulate you and everybody. So here is a hand-grasp and I am ever your sincere—Elbert Hubbard."

The congested emotion in the breast of the American people at the murder of this great man and all the others aboard the ill-fated *Lusitania* is like to break out in some unfortunate way. The sinking of this ship is but one of the effects of the mad-dog age of the world. Let us bear our grief and horror; and if we can not appease the dog, let us be silent ❧

No man ever did or can do a great work alone ❧ ❧

HOW many poor, discouraged, tired, heart-broken brain-workers have received new encouragement and energy that enabled them to struggle on, until they reached success! And their reward for their honest efforts was all due to the sensible advice and encouragement given them by that wonderful, productive mind of Elbert Hubbard. The inspirational effect gained by his communications to his readers could not be overestimated, and will be missed by many thousands who turned to his writings for encouragement when they felt in need of it.

No other man, since the days of Colonel Robert Ingersoll, has been able to coin the words that fit the situation and give the definition so briefly and so thoroughly as Elbert Hubbard. I knew him well; he was a man, physically and mentally, capable of taking care of himself in just such an emergency as that in which he lost his life; but he was a man who would not spare his own life if those in his care might perish. Like many thousands of his friends, I look about me for his successor, but I can find no one. I am afraid we shall never see his like again. Elbert Hubbard, the man with the wonderful productive mind—hundreds of thousands of people are better off for his having lived ❧

—William Muldoon.

THE FRA

For Philistines and
Roycrofters —



August 1915


Bert Hubbard
Gutzon Borglum
David Starr Jordan
Wm. Marion Reedy
H.G. Wells
Felicitations

ELBERT HUBBARD


Publisher East Aurora N.Y.



Life In Abundance



THE supreme prayer of my heart is not to be learned or "good," but to be Radiant. ¶ I desire to radiate health, cheerfulness, sincerity, calm courage and good-will. ¶ I wish to be simple, honest, natural, frank, clean in mind and clean in body, unaffected—ready to say, "I do not know," if so it be, to meet all men on an absolute equality—to face any obstacle and meet every difficulty unafraid and unabashed. ¶ I wish others to live their lives, too, up to their highest, fullest and best. To that end I pray that I may never meddle, dictate, interfere, give advice that is not wanted, nor assist when my services are not needed. If I can help people I'll do it by giving them a chance to help themselves; and if I can uplift or inspire, let it be by example, inference and suggestion, rather than by injunction and dictation. That is to say, I desire to be Radiant—TO RADIATE LIFE



THE FRA

DEVOTED TO BUSINESS AND
THE BUSINESS OF LIVING

FELIX SHAY
EDITOR
JOHN T. HOYLE
MANAGING
EDITOR



TWENTY-FIVE CENTS
THE COPY
TWO DOLLARS
THE YEAR
FOREIGN POSTAGE
SEVENTY-FIVE CENTS

ELBERT HUBBARD • PUBLISHER

FELIX—EDITOR

By Bert Hubbard

FELIX will be Editor of *The Fra*. ¶ I am confident that were it possible for me to consult Elbert Hubbard, he would say, "Certainly, Felix."

Nine or ten years ago Felix came to Roycroft. There was no formality about it. He wanted to come, and he came. He rolled in here on Saturday morning and said, "You have a job for me?" ¶ We had.

My Father has written, "I hired Felix because he was a good Ball-Player and had an interesting twist to his Irish tongue."

He has the twist all right.

At least it is generally known here at Roycroft that Felix was the only one who could successfully talk to Father, whatever the mood; and sometimes he could help to change the mood.

¶ Father liked Felix, because he was young, energetic, buoyant, a hard worker and a hair-trigger scrapper.

Felix is always sure he is right, which makes living with him somewhat exciting. However, he can sometimes be convinced he is wrong.

The other evening I read a note Father sent to Felix back in Nineteen Hundred Nine: "The World has an overplus of Dubs and Muts, but the men of Power are few. I have great hopes for you. You have the requisites. God has been good to you. It really looks as if you will break into Class A."

FOR George V. Hobart (Dinkelspiel—John Henry) Felix acted as Assistant at one time, and there he learned to Push a Pen. ¶ Elbert Hubbard gave him a post-graduate course. He taught him, corrected him, put the Immortal Touch to his stuff, cussed him out. ¶ In the files, I came across a letter Father sent to Joseph Appel, Manager of Wanamaker's. It read, "In the course of three years at the Roycroft, Felix got to writing really a little better than I can."

Felix, least of all, has the idea that his skill in writing, his style, equals Elbert Hubbard's. There should be no misunderstanding. The Master of Words is dead.

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But in directness, in selecting the right thought for the right place, in weaving words to represent the thought, in courage to speak his mind, in possessing the kind of mind that works forward to a justifiable conclusion, Felix deserves your consideration.

I would not call Felix old. I would not call him youthful—although young in years. But I would call him experienced.

Even so.

He has been a Hobo, a Sailor, a Truck-Driver, a Literary Gazabo, a Drug-Clerk, a Stenographer, a Professional Athlete, a Bronco-Buster, a Salesman, an Advertising Man. He has traveled from the Zuyder Zee to Egypt, from Ireland to Russia, from Belgium to Asia, from Rome to Constantinople, from Paris to Athens. He knows the world's Geography and social conditions, because he has been there and saw what he saw.

FIVE years ago, Felix left East Aurora for Baltimore. I know he talked it over with Father before he went away. They agreed that it was the wise thing to do, then.

On March First of this year, Felix responded to the S. O. S. from East Aurora, to come back. This is the Announcement that was sent to Business Houses throughout the United States when Felix got here:

"I am pleased to announce that Felix—otherwise Edward Shay—is back. He is now at work in the Roycroft Shop, at his old job. I found Felix, and Felix helped me found *The Fra*. We had got things going all right, when a concern in Baltimore, scenting our success, offered Felix one of those Hugh Chalmers-Arthur Brisbane salaries. 'Shall I take it?' asked Felix. And I said: 'Yes, son, take it—for two years. Then resign and travel round the world; wander through twenty-five countries for a year. Take two years more—go in business for yourself, and then come back to me.' And Felix carried out the program exactly

as planned. He needed the experience, and he got it. He went away in the right mood—with my love and blessing. Now, he is back, because I needed him. The Roycroft Business grew while Felix was away. It will grow faster now he is here. Felix has bought a little farm, right alongside of mine, where he propagates plans and incubates ideas. Felix is here to stay. Please congratulate us both."

THAT you may understand that Felix did not waste his time in Baltimore, I may mention to you that the City of Baltimore and the State of Maryland presented Felix with a six-foot-long Appreciation, when East Aurora called: "He has rendered a service of the utmost value to this City and State."

It was a Parchment sealed and signed officially by Phillips Lee Goldsborough, Governor of Maryland, James H. Preston, Mayor of Baltimore, the President of every Business Organization in Baltimore, and by a hundred or more prominent Businessmen.

They claim in Maryland that no State has ever before so signally and sincerely honored a man.

FELIX is heart and soul in this work. His loyalty to this Institution is deep-rooted. With your co-operation he will make *The Fra* a truly great Magazine—with your active co-operation.

He will please you enough to hold your interest, and displease you enough to draw your fire. That is his way.

For the last word, I give you a paragraph Elbert Hubbard wrote and published in the January (Nineteen Hundred Fourteen) *Philistine*: "Felix is young, but Time will attend to that. When Fate kicks and cuffs Felix, and the crow's-feet come into his cherubic mug, and his black fierbolg hair is frosted with silver, then perhaps he'll put a lever under the World and list it to larboard."

TO YOU who read this, the first issue of **THE NEW FRA**: Will you give us the benefit of your opinions? How you feel, what you think, your impressions, your suggestions, your constructive criticisms, aye, your approbation, will be sincerely appreciated. You are partners with us in this enterprise. Will you write us a word?

THE ROYCROFTERS.

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FELICITATIONS

Good-By, Anthony!

WHEN Lee's Army rolled up into Pennsylvania in Sixty-three, on their way to Philadelphia, New York and Boston, there was a delay at Gettysburg. There General Meade arbitrated the matter with General Lee, and the unanimous verdict was that the Northern Pilgrimage should be postponed. ❧

Among those present, who took part in the discussion, was the Seventeenth Connecticut Infantry. They helped to turn back Pickett, to frustrate Jeb Stuart, to resist Longstreet. ❧ In the ranks of this particular Nutmeg Regiment was a Boy, Samuel Comstock. His mother had held him close when he said he must be off to the War. She had held him close, and cried a little, but not too much. She begged him to be careful. He promised.

On the night of the third day—when the dark dropped down on the blood-wet Gettysburg field, and the soft rain fell on the upturned faces of the dead—among the dead was the Boy, Samuel Comstock. He had given all he had to give for the cause he believed was right.

❧ Samuel Comstock was Anthony Comstock's brother. Anthony was then nineteen years of age. When war was declared he was too young to enlist. But in Sixty-three, when Samuel lost his life, Anthony said to the Old Folks: "They'll take me now. They need me to fill Sam's place. I will go!"

THROUGH the influence of General Grant, Congress passed certain laws in Eighteen Hundred Seventy-two that had to do with the suppression of Vice, suggested by Anthony Comstock. At the same time Grant appointed Comstock Post-Office Inspector.

Since the year Eighteen Hundred Seventy-two, Anthony Comstock has been the brains, the brawn, the backbone of the Society for the

Suppression of Vice in New York. Comstock has made enemies—powerful enemies, unscrupulous enemies.

He has been accused of keyhole-listening and transom-peeping, of persecution, of Pecksnifianism, of prudishness, of ignorance of art and its traditions, of an inability to differentiate between vulgarity and intellectuality. The records prove him guilty.

His mistakes, and they have been numerous, bespeak the small villager, who had held to the old order and scorned and misunderstood the new. His allegiance was given to an orthodox, narrow, out-of-date conception of conduct and morals.

Moreover, he had more Power than any one individual knows how to use.

The Government's Commission permitted him to intercept communications, to open letters, to pry, salaciously to sneak. Your intimacies he had catalogued in his office. Officially he was the man under the bed.

He would walk into the Metropolitan Gallery in hobnailed boots, and advise the Academicians to put Woolen Nightgowns on their statues—to touch them up with putty. He'd storm and rave and bring the Law down on them when they refused.

Show a picture on the cover of a Magazine with any part of the Equator or the Tropic of Cancer exposed, and Andy would clasp it to his bosom and weep great crocodile-tears of mortification and dismay. Meanwhile, the subscribers would wait for their share of the thrill until some crowbar was found to pry Andy loose.

Let Bill Reedy try to slip over one of his Saint Louis Rathskeller stories—clothed, of course, in a beautiful garment of innuendos and subtleties—and Andy would clutch the rotund *Mirror* and squeeze it until the story popped out naked and ashamed; until Bill promised for the fifty-seventh time to reform.

Let Christobel Pankhurst attempt to instruct

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the American public in *How to Be Happy Though Married*—and all the modest, intelligent women of the United States could not convince Andy that he erred, that Christobel's Eugenics and Soul-Stuff were simply over his head ♫ ♫

Andy was a busybody. The necessary phases of his job kept him busy on Mondays, Tuesdays and Wednesdays. Thursdays, Fridays and Saturday mornings he made his mistakes. Like all one-ideaed men, he slopped over. He was so righteous he was only forty-nine per cent right ♫ ♫

ANTHONY COMSTOCK is an old man of seventy-one. For forty-four years he has rendered this country a great, though at times, an exasperating service. Right or Wrong he has been faithful to his task, courageous, persevering, incorruptible.

Bill Johnston, one of the owners of the Louisiana Lottery, ex-warden of the Tombs, offered Andy two hundred fifty thousand dollars cash in hand to leave the country for six years; this was at the time that Comstock was investigating that swindle.

Andy pounded Bill Johnston's table, and gave him the Presbyterian equivalent of "I'll see you in hell first."

When Comstock's bulky form disappeared through the door at One Hundred Forty-two Nassau Street for the last time, on June Thirtieth, Nineteen Hundred Fifteen, an Era in the development of this country had come to an end.

IT is said that almost all off-color stories are evolved within the walls of prisons. The convict, whose physical body is restrained, lets his mind run amuck ♫ The first one out brings, as a breath from hell, these contributions of the damned.

Such stories find their way into print for those who read. For those who can not read, the obscene picture is created. Anthony Comstock has destroyed two million five hundred thousand obscene pictures. For forty years, he has destroyed an average of four tons a year of vile books, intended to excite the young, the criminal, the vicious.

Let those of us who would give the withering word to Anthony Comstock think twice. His mistakes were zealous ones.

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L'ENVOI: I am sure that Anthony Comstock's idea of heaven must be the Rue de Rivoli on a rainy night, with beckoning Parisians concealed behind every Pillar, offering those delectable Postcards, and Anthony the only Sherlock in sight.

O'Donovan Rossa

O'DONOVAN ROSSA of Skibbereen has passed out. With Stephens and O'Mahoney, and some other wild Irishmen, he kept John Bull awake o' nights from Fifty-eight to Seventy. He was a Fenian. The dream of an Irish Republic lived always in his breast. Perpetual resistance to the pusillanimous English was his War-Cry.

Trouble brought him sweet peace.

Twice at least the Fenians raided Canada and played hob in the U. S. They killed a policeman or two in Manchester. Cavendish and Burke, English Officials, were bumped off in Phoenix Park, Dublin. They blew up Clerkenwell Prison, London. They organized in every country, and drilled their "Army" openly in Philadelphia. Ireland was to be free!

Alas! Gladstone, to save England's face, to divert the Irish, disestablished the Protestant Church in Ireland. The Catholic Clergy went over to the English side. Informers betrayed the Revolutionists, who were apprehended, tried, jailed, banished, hanged.

The O'Donovan Rossa for years had been an exile. He lived in America, but his heart was with the persecuted, held-down Irish people. He would start a Revolution with a postage-stamp for capital. He would rush at England's throat with one man, or one hundred, in his "Army." He never figured the odds—to him the fight was the thing. He had no sympathy with compromise.

God be good to the Old Boy, forgive him his sins! He fought for Liberty, and those who fight for Liberty shall abide with the Immortals ♫

Renegades

ORTHODOX people can not understand the New Religion that is emptying the Churches of America. It is not Presbyterian, Christian Science, Baptist, Roman Catholic, Jewish; it is not any such. Stranger still, it is not opposed to any.

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Though the amateur, militant missionary chides him for his indifference to a set creed, the New Religionist refuses to argue. "Go to"—is his attitude. "Suit yourself. I am disinterested." ❧ ❧

Religion is so much a matter of the Spirit, so much an individual, undebatable matter, the sensible person has decided to keep it personal.

❧ The physical feature of appearing in church once a week no longer appeals. Perhaps in Pastoral or Agricultural communities, where the Sunday Church Service satisfied the social instinct, where the mental requirements demanded no more than the Minister's sermon, the Church served a purpose. But not in a place or age where men meet, discuss, think.

❧ The test of your Doctrine is to practise on yourself. Become your own masterpiece. Let your life show. Mind your own Business.

The downtrodden workman, the Chinese, the Hindu, the unlettered and unwashed, may be enlightened in a more permanent fashion than through Religion. Besides (who knows?), they may resent your efforts to reform them, or laugh in their sleeve at your provincialism ❧ Faith is everywhere these days: faith in Self, in Each Other, in Home, in Business, in Country, in the Future. The old rewards for conduct, the old scare-head advance-notices from Hell, go by us. The New Religion is a twenty-four-hours-a-day religion, and the rewards and punishments will not wait.

Hotel vs. Service

❧ In every Family, there is one backward child. In the American Business Family, the Backward Child is the Hotel Business. He puts on white gloves and a pressed uniform, but he forgets to wash behind his ears.

He is covetous, grasping, selfish, shortsighted. He is tricky, sly. He stands on the street-corner dressed like Beau Brummel, but there is the air of the Racetrack about him. When you talk to him, you instinctively keep your hand near your watch-pocket.

Unlike the other children in the Business Family, he has not yet grasped the full meaning of the word SERVICE. He is Ignorant and Self-Satisfied. His customers are not his friends; they are "Yaps"—and "Suckers." He is desperately bent on grabbing the last dollar. He inspires no confidence.

Strange indeed is the City in the United States that can not exhibit a building designed for Hotel Purposes, aged in advance of its years, run down, going to wrack and ruin ❧ Each year new Hotel Plants are opened. Old Hotel Plants close down. Inventors Organize, another mammoth structure goes up, the Trade leaves the last gilded Palace and goes whooping across the street, "The King is dead! Long live the King!"—and two or three years pass and the Process is repeated.

❧ No matter how prosperous the old Hotel has been, the Patrons leave it without a backward look. The Newcomer is King. Even the Help quit the Old and go over to the New. Over there the tips are larger.

The Old-Timer sinks and slinks down the social scale, and there are none to mourn but the sorry owners.

NOT so long ago, a Business Acquaintance spent three days in a Michigan Boulevard Hotel—a fine Hotel.

At twelve the first day he had an important Business Conference in the "Governor's Suite." Not an Elevator-Boy, not a Bell-Boy, not a Clerk in the House, could direct him to the place of his appointment. They said, "I don't know!" But with their eyes and manner they asked a tip for what they did n't know.

❧ The Assistant Manager found the Governor's Suite for him—when the gentleman was twenty minutes late for his appointment.

Next day at Luncheon in the Hot-and-Tot Room, the same gentleman asked the waiter, "Are these 'New String Beans'—NEW Beans?"—and the waiter answered, "Of course, Sar—certainly, Sar." But the Beans it proved were those canned, dyed, Paris-green Beans, so much admired by McCann and Doctor Wiley.

"Well, that 's what *they* gave me!" protested the surly and disrespectful waiter. But who They were, was not explained.

The Hotel was unorganized, disorganized ❧ That night, the gentleman ordered two glasses of Orange-Juice sent to his room. The check was one-eighty; and the waiter from Alsace—who said he was "a German by the Grace of God and Count Von Bismarck, but not for long"—apologized for the size of the check, and blushed a waiter's blush and protested his Personal Innocence.

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When the gentleman paid his bill, the Cashier, who is a determined Lady of Connecticut Ancestry and outline, assured him in strident tones, "I don't know anything about it," and took the cash and let the credit go.

Before my friend passed out the door, he enjoyed an exhibition by the large and florid manager, who was speeding up a line of Bell-Boys: "Come here — — — you! Why don't you move when the Bell rings? You little — — — !" The little chap ducked and ran for it!

Yes—your memory is not faulty; this happened in a Top-Notch Chicago Hotel in June, Nineteen Hundred Fifteen.

That Hotel is owned by a "Hotel Company." The Manager, investigation proves, has no authority. Their Principle of doing Business is, "The Customer is always Wrong," and the Customer (God Bless Him!) is waiting for the next Hotel to go up. He hopes for no better treatment over there, but there may be something interesting in the new Method of filching him.

IN Boston the old Adams House goes back almost to Paul Revere. In New York the Waldorf antedates Doctor Munyon. They live and prosper because they render service. Their employees are not gangsters. There is intelligent Business Management behind the Desk.

¶ In Buffalo, Detroit and Cleveland, the Hotel Statler flourishes because Mr. Statler has a Service Code. He insists that his employees shall appreciate that the Guest is the one who Pays Salaries. That the guest is always right. That the guest shall be glad to return, with his friends. Moreover, Mr. Statler gives away two Pants-Buttons and a needle and thread with each room. To give away anything in the Hotel Business is so unusual we simply must encourage him with our Patronage.

In Asheville, North Carolina, the Grove Park Inn charges what it pleases, but Mr. Seely insists that you shall receive a dollar in value for every dollar you leave with him, and though his Hotel is larger than the Roman Colosseum, he turns away a thousand guests a Season for want of room.

Exceptions you will find everywhere. Many Hotels are splendidly managed. The man with a Business Training is coming into the Hotel Business fast. The opportunity shouts for him.

¶ But while he's on his way—the fancy and cross-stitch plundering of Hotel Patrons by the Other Seventy Per Cent is still the most exciting of Indoor Sports.

Up With the Boys!

CHICAGO Advertising Men, for fifteen years, have supported an "Off the Street" movement for boys. They have seen the finished product of their efforts become a man. They have discovered that it takes just eighty cents a month to educate a slum child to become a useful, self-respecting citizen. On graduating from this "School," the self-supporting boys come back to lend a hand to other boys. All workers are volunteers. Each advertising man contributes some of himself, as well as his money.

The cash receipts of the "Off the Street" Organization for the year Nineteen Hundred Fourteen total \$5,385.96, and every cent was accounted for in the annual report. There were no "incidentals," no "miscellaneous." There were twenty-three industrial and educational classes. Eight hundred children participated.

It would seem that here is work for the American Businessman. One need not be sentimental or religious to get into it. Just help the boys to help themselves. It is n't charity; it is commonsense put into deeds. A man who helps a boy is investing in an enterprise that always pays a dividend.

Cy Comes Back

TWENTY-ONE years ago, when the first issue of *The Philistine* was printed, Hubbard employed just two Helpers, a man and a boy.

The man is lost in the mists of time, but the boy was "Cy" Rosen. Cy ran errands, read proof, locked up the forms, and manipulated the Old Washington Hand-Press.

He was the first Hubbard Devil.

They called him Cy because he looked it. His Nationality was Swedish, unexpurgated—and his method of expressing himself was the first noise on Earth that sounded like a Ford—"Aye Tank—Aye Tank—Aye Tank."

Sixteen years later the Master Printer of The Roycrofters, Charles Rosen, decided that he

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needed the "Outside Viewpoint on Printing." Though we had some strong arguments with him, Cy packed up and pulled out.

June First, Nineteen Hundred Fifteen, Cy came back. He printed the first *Philistine*; he wanted to print the last *Philistine*.

A TALE is told how the boy Pompey, victorious in two wars, defied the Roman Emperor Sylla at the gates of Rome. Pompey would have his Triumphant Entrance down Broadway before the Roman Populace. Sylla for Political Reasons desired otherwise. Pompey admonished Sylla, "More people worship the rising than the setting Sun." Sylla was flabbergasted by this Epigram, and the Youthful Conqueror had his Way. But the Triumph of Pompey through the streets of Rome pales into a delicate and inconsequential pink compared to the scarlet and gold entrance of Cy Rosen into East Aurora.

FOR more than ten years Cy was a Deacon in the First Methodist Church of this Village. For sixteen years he read and re-read Hubbard's Hot Stuff. He corrected it. He printed it. But under his breath he sang *Onward, Christian Soldiers*—and every Wednesday evening he vaccinated himself with a Prayer-Meeting, and so he never caught it. Religion, we venture the opinion, did not help Cy, but surely his gentle manner—his goodness, his willingness to serve, his kindly courage—gave something to his Faith. At Church-Fairs, Strawberry-Festivals, Ball-Games, Firemen's Picnics, Dances in the Grove, Conventions, Christmas-Trees, Marriages or Funerals—in all affairs where the Home Folks gathered—there you would find Cy: Grand Marshal, Floor-Manager, Umpire, Santa Claus or Best Man. There he would fill the Uniform and the Job.

TO Friend Editor was delegated the honor of escorting Cy into town. When we turned into Main Street we met Zeke, the Plumber. He was motoring on his bicycle. He had six twelve-foot lengths of water-pipe, strapped along the frame. He took one look, fell off the wheel, and left it in the mud. All that I could hear as he pounded Cy's back was: "You old Son-of-a-Gun! You old Son-of-a-Gun!"

Cy understood and countered, "Zeke—you have n't had a bath since I saw you last." Ali Baba met us, one block farther on. "My Gawd!" he shrilled, "if it ain't Cy!" Then, lest we think him emotional, he deserted his wheelbarrow with dignity, and inspected Cy critically.

"I knew it," he said. "You could n't stay away. None of them can. It's the East Aurora Air." Then with a twinkle in his eye and a chuckle in his whiskers he sprung his latest joke: "Cy, do you know why the air is so pure in East Aurora?"

"What's the cause, Baba?"

"The Farmers sleep with their windows closed"—and he slapped his pant-leg and Haw-Hawed 'till we were out of hearing! It was directly in front of the Christian Science Church that Cy began to strike his speed. There we met one of the beautiful Roycroft girls, and before I knew it Cy had kissed her, and held her off at arm's length and kissed her again.

I protested: "Look out for Material Animal Magnetism!" "What about the Absent Treatment?" and several bright things like that.

¶ "Oh, Shucks!" Cy admonished me. "Will you please remember, I have seven children!"

¶ Another block along, Grandmother King tucked her apron into her belt, ran down the Path, and she kissed Cy—and so the average was maintained.

For two hours this Celebration continued, and late that night Cy was called out of a Business Conference by the Village Fathers to attend what proved to be a Surprise Party. Sunday Morning the Methodist Minister from the Pulpit welcomed back "One of our Earnest Workers"—and the first day to work, the Print-Shop naturally did n't work at all until every man had a word with Cy.

You Folks who have n't been back to the Home Town for several years ought to take a week off to see how you stand back there. What the Home Folks think of you, you are!

The man that endures is the man that wins. I would never harass my employer with inopportune propositions. I would give him peace, and I would lighten his burdens. Personally I would never be in evidence, unless it were positively necessary—my work would tell its own story.

One Hundred Thirty-five

Gott Strafe Der Buyer!

WHEN you present yourself to a certain kind of Buyer, after you have waited patiently for an hour of Precious Minutes, outside the door, he looks at you as though you were a Leper, scowls and greets you: "What, you here again!—Another half-hour gone to Hell."

Fifty years ago, the Buyer was an Important Individual. Production was an uncertain science. What it cost to produce goods was more or less Unknown. Standardization had not yet come in. Prices for the Same Quality Goods varied in proportion to the intelligence of the men who manufactured them.

The Buyer was the Distributor's Safeguard. The price the Manufacturer asked, and the Price he would take, oftentimes differed fifty per cent, with another discount or two for quick cash! Barter was in the air. Suspicion dominated all transactions. The convincing Liar was a Great Fellow!

Every Manufacturer accused every other Manufacturer of This and That. One season the Manufacturer "stuck" his Customers and enlarged his Bank-Account. The next season his Customers "stuck" him, or refused to trade with him at all. Ruin lay down with him at night and called him in the morning. It was a glorified game of guess.

On the ability of Mr. Buyer to beat the game, oftentimes depended the Success or Failure of his Firm. Primarily he was supposed to know the goods—to be able to judge their quality and value. Once certain in his own mind that a certain article cost the Manufacturer a dollar to produce, he would offer the Manufacturer's Representative fifty cents for it—and the fight was on!

A Boy with a fishy eye, a disagreeable manner, a distaste for other boys' company—who would hang two cats across a clothesline, rob birds' nests, steal examination-papers at school, and sneak pennies out of the Baby's bank—was sure to grow up and become a Successful Buyer—in Eighteen Hundred Eighty.

BLESS the day, suspicion is gone. Manufacturers have formed Associations to tell each other what they know. "Trade Secrets" are exchanged on the Golf-Links. Cost Systems

challenge Perfection. The Quantity and Quality of the Production of practically every Manufacturer in the United States are known to the intelligent men in his line.

The fixed price is a fact.

Business Methods have been revolutionized—and in the Buyer's Office you find a Salesman; a man who is not Buying Goods, but who is selecting goods to SELL. He represents the Sales Department of his Firm.

All of which leads up to the meek statement that a real "Buyer" in the year Nineteen Hundred Fifteen will treat every Traveling Representative of another firm, perhaps larger than his own, as a friend who came a long distance to present, for his consideration, another possible Profit!

The Buyer who returns a card to a Salesman with the curt message, "I'll not see you," is actually classifying himself with the dyspeptics of Eighteen Hundred Eighty. He is sending away unheard a man who may help him solve the Problem that at Present has his Angora!

¶ Always a Buyer may listen to a Salesman with Profit—because a look around will prove that the great men in every line of Business are Salesmen.

Charles Schwab, the man who stepped out of the Presidency of the Steel Trust to build up Bethlehem Steel, is a Salesman—a Salesman who nets, say, five million dollars a year. Hugh Chalmers, who earned a salary of fifty thousand dollars at thirty, with the National Cash Register Company, is a Salesman. Today he is President of the Chalmers Motor Co.

¶ Both resigned.

Did you ever hear of a Buyer resigning any Job that paid more than Coffee and Doughnuts? Not he!

The Salesman is a Producer.

But not the Nineteen Hundred Fifteen Buyer—unless he, too, is a Salesman.

ONCE on a Day, several years ago, an Ink Salesman came to East Aurora. He had a good line, and he was given a small order, a try-out. He asked permission to visit the Press-Room. Down there he met old Louie Schell, Master Pressman—easy-going Louie. He smoothed Louie down—and on leaving he slipped a Ten-Spot into Louie's hand and suggested, "Mr. Schell, I'm sure you will like Old Oak Inks." Then he left for his train.

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Ten minutes afterward Louie came up to Cy, muttering threats. He said, "By Gott, Cy, I chust discovered it—I've been bribed." He threw the Ten Dollars down, like a dirty thing, on Cy's desk.

Cy caught the Ink Salesman at the Railroad-Station, and returned the money. "I was about to cancel the order and telegraph your firm. But instead I will double your Order—and suggest that you think it over."

The Salesman, who was an oldish man, blubbered his apologies, his regrets, his good resolutions. His only excuse was that "some of them want it."

All of which may or may not suggest that the Salesman and the Buyer are the last two men in Business, still apart, who need to get together *so so*

The Salesman worthy of the name sells SERVICE FIRST. The Buyer worthy of his job will meet every Salesman who calls on him as one of his own kind. He will treat him as he himself would want to be treated. He may limit the second, the third call, but the first call he should give the Salesman a show for his White Alley.

Napoleon The Piker

THE generation of a hundred years ago trembled when the news came that Napoleon had returned from Elba. Then, Waterloo! It is an old story now; how Wellington, with the help of a God-given rain, "blundered through"; how Grouchy, who was late at Bantry Bay, was late once more; how old man Blucher came up for his revenge—and, like a true Prussian, disgraced his victory with a massacre. The retreat, the capture, the life at Saint Helena, the death, the resurrection, and how the faithful Bertrand brought back the body to Paris and placed it beneath the Dome of the Hotel des Invalides, in the Little Red Bed.

Napoleon rocked the earth, and tore down the battlements of the world. He made and unmade countries; monarchs cringed before him; the Pope was quick to do his bidding; he unfolded civilization and folded it up again, in another fashion.

Yet, June Eighteenth, Nineteen Hundred Fifteen, the Hundredth Anniversary of Waterloo, passed unnoticed. Another mad man now

seeks to destroy the World. The Battlefield of Waterloo becomes crowded quarters for one Division of the German Force. Napoleon's "contemptible little army" of one hundred twenty thousand men who fought so gallantly at Waterloo, forces a smile. One shot from a German forty-two-centimeter gun would blow Marshal Ney and the Old Guard into eternity.

¶ This mammoth age of men and millions makes us forget Marengo, Jena, Austerlitz, Moscow, Waterloo. Le Grande Armee becomes Division Forty-six in a three-hundred-mile trench. Junot, Soult, Augereau, Massena, Ney, Berthier, Murat, are overshadowed by Herr Field Marshal Von Dunderandblitzen, the hero of the Duck-Ponds.

Verily, Napoleon was a Piker and he has been forgotten. Moreover, there are other Pikers, other Saint Helenas, and other generations who will forget.

Slaton—Courageous Citizen

GOVERNOR SLATON that was, is now Citizen Slaton. The Governor's Mansion in Georgia is occupied by another. It is probable that the Ex-Governor is Politically dead. But his example of courage in the face of the mob, like John Brown's soul, will go marching on and on.

Leo M. Frank, a Jew, was accused of an atrocious crime. He was the Manager of a Pencil-Factory in Atlanta. Mary Phagan, a young girl employee, was found in the cellar of this Factory with a string twisted round her neck, murdered.

You know the details.

Down South emotions run high! The twelve good men, and true, who constituted the jury, said, "Guilty!" Hoarse shouts of approval rang out in Court. The mob spirit reigned. On the street-corner, staid and sensible businessmen said that, for Frank, hanging was too good. Provided Frank did kill Mary Phagan, provided he was proven guilty, provided all agree that Capital Punishment cures crimes, then certainly, hang him! Perforate him with lead and burn what's left and then throw acid on the Funeral-Pyre.

But—!

And it is because of this "But" that the Frank case has been appealed through all the courts. Because of this "But" the people of the U. S.

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have constituted themselves a Voluntary Court. Thousands upon thousands of letters addressed to the Georgian Governor rendered another and different verdict.

"Guilty!" said the Courts. ¶ "Reasonable Doubt!" said the American People.

The evidence that convicted Frank was furnished by a flat-headed nigger. He is the typical, shiftless, no-account, lazy, Southern nigger. It was proven that, on the day of the crime, he was sodden drunk on whisky. He admitted himself to be an accomplice—but he maintained that Frank was the Principal. ¶ The Courts said, "We believe you!"

The Public at large said: "Mistah Coon, the crime was a savage crime. It recalls to our mind other savage crimes in which a drunken coon, a girl, and a lynching played a part. Too often you change your story. You know too many of the details, too intimately."

Leo Frank said: "I did not commit the crime. I am innocent!"

Certain Georgians said, "Hang the Jew!"—and other Georgians said, "Let us go out to Slaton's House and hang him for commuting Frank's sentence to Life Imprisonment."

Governor Slaton said, in the face of a mob that had to be removed from his front steps by the State Militia: "I did right. I'd do it a thousand times again. I did not reflect on the Jury, the Judge, nor the Prison Board. There was that Reasonable Doubt. I simply could not feel that Frank's guilt had been proved." ¶

THE merits of the Frank Case, you have read and reread. You shall decide for yourself what you would have done, with the written evidence before you, had you the life or death power in your hands.

But to appreciate the quality of Governor Slaton, you must put yourself in his Place; you must sit up with him in his Study all through the last night; you must read the evidence again. Every word of it you must read, for the thousandth time. You must realize that Georgia is willing that Frank should die. You must realize that feeling runs high. You must realize that you are Governor of Georgia. A Young Man, you have come far, over a rough road. You are Governor of a Great State; other heights, other honors, lie beyond. You must read the evidence again—and again.

One Hundred Thirty-eight

You must walk up and down the room as Christ walked in Gethsemane. You must understand that if Frank lives, your future is a blank. You have been a somebody, and it's hard, hard to be a nobody. Then that Reasonable Doubt comes into your mind again, and you say, "I may have to plow; I may dig in the ditch; but this man's blood shall not be on my hands." Then you sign the reprieve!

Once more, the next night you must be with Governor Slaton. You must rest with him in his Country Home, six miles outside Atlanta. The great decision has been made. You have been misunderstood, abused, referred to with harsh epithets. You expected it. But now, you are tired, terribly tired, in body and spirit.

¶ But Hark!—Listen! A mob is coming!

"It was not the people of Georgia," explained Slaton—"the worth-while people! It was the rag-tag element. I tell you, Sir, that this is not an expression by the State of Georgia." ¶ Let us hope that some day, soon, the people of Georgia will demonstrate as much faith in Ex-Governor Slaton as Governor Slaton demonstrated in the People of Georgia.

For out-and-out man courage, for the Will to do what was right, in the face of the mob, he deserves a Bronze Statue on Peach-Tree Street—and all the honors Georgia can confer.

Poets All!

MICHAEL MONAHAN witnessed a weird, semi-oriental, semi-alcoholic dance late one evening by one of the Literati, a gentleman named Osaki O'Donnell, whose name includes the nationality of both his parents. 'T was in a Public House! Mike told Dickie Le Gallienne of this wondrous performance. "He flapped his arms," confided Mike, "and he swayed and swung and swirled, his face turned purple, his eyes popped, and damn the beast he kept on till he fell." ¶

"I know," said Dickie, pensively; "I've seen him do it! Does n't he dance beautifully!"

We benefit ourselves only as we benefit others. And the recognition of these truths is what has today placed the businessman at the forefront of the learned professions—he ministers to the necessities of humanity.

The Shame of American Art

By Gutzon Borglum

LET'S go back to Phidias, that great man, that man who brought glory to Greece. Pericles asked him, "What do you think of these monuments?" We do not know what Phidias said in reply, but we do know that he pulled most of them down.

That was n't very important in itself, but it created a good deal of bad feeling and bitter criticism that finally destroyed Phidias.

In the meantime it meant this, that Phidias told Pericles and he told the people of Athens that Athens has a story, Athens has a theory of life, Athens has a Mythology of the hour that we may pass on to posterity. This other work belongs to a past period. Our sacred obligation to posterity is that the best thought of this hour is the only thing that we dare put into our Monuments.

We have the Acropolis, with all of those wonderful things that that heroic period gives, the standard that will never be excelled; and yet tomorrow, if I were given the power, I would sweep it all into the Atlantic Ocean. For why? To give the American people courage enough to be proud of the things they themselves think.

No knowledge of form I can conceive can excel the Greek sculptor and the figure he used in his art. It is perfect. You have got to know form. You have got to know it through years and years of sweat, toil and privation with the thing itself, to know how thoroughly those men mastered the thing they made.

We, like pettifoggers, sit here and crawl around and imitate them, way down below their knees.

The great thing that Phidias did for humanity, a lesson we have absolutely lost, was that he said: "This hour of Greece is beautiful. This hour is wholesome. This hour has its fine story. Let us build beautifully the story, the life of today."

The architect for the State of New York Building for the California Exposition wrote

me when that building was in the preparation, "Mr. Borglum, will you kindly act as adviser as to how the sculpture in our building should be made?" "Delighted," I said.

Right across the face of the Building, he had the coat of arms of New York State—a stupid, dull thing, but still it is a coat of arms, and quite good enough. To the right, four prancing Greek horses dragging a little chariot. Over to the left were the same four horses galloping up and down the other way. "Well," I said very blandly, "why don't you put something there that relates to the Empire State?"

"Had n't thought about it. What would you suggest?"

It came to me in an instant. "Well, how about Washington going in there, and General Howe going out there?" He pretty nearly fell over. He was perfectly delighted.

They had some statues in front of the Building. They were also to be Roman or Greek Gentlemen of some sort or another. I said, "We will put Governor Clinton there and get rid of all these." We decided on Governor Clinton. Then he said they had already contracted for seven or eight thousand dollars to do these things. And the plaster man who was given the job at San Francisco would not change his contract.

He said, "I have no models in my gallery, garret or cellar that I can use for Mr. Howe or Mr. Washington, and I have no picture of Mr. Clinton."

We would not agree, we corresponded back and forth many months, and I grew angry and talked plainly as I am talking now.

But the little Italian plasterer had his way, and those of you who go to San Francisco will see the Greek chariots and the Greek maids dancing around the New York State Building. I expect to see Lincoln in a Roman toga or some Greek dress before I get through. They are erecting a Greek temple for him now in Washington.

Why a Theatrical Moses Is Needed

By John H. Raftery

Editor "The Treasure State"

THE successful American factors of the theater—like the successful factors in journalism—are giving, or trying to give, the playgoing majority what they want, and not what the producer—or editor—thinks they "ought to want."

And the tastes of the people are ephemeral, spasmodic, mercurial, transitory, whimsical to a degree. A few successful producers—with sensitive and strong fingers always upon the public pulse—have occasionally diagnosed the oncoming desire, tendency, fever—and have made ready the right potation. Belasco has successfully risen on the waxing tides of a dozen vogues until he is called "the wizard" for his prescience.

Christian Science, telepathy, hypnosis, New Thought, syphilis, wireless telegraphy, Socialism, aviation, Masonry—every fad, foible and fanaticism, from thumb-prints to the tariff—have been utilized to keep step with the vagrom trend of vacillating public interest. George Cohan, who launched a dramatic dory on the swelling sea of American patriotism and dramatized Old Glory at a fortuitous moment, now floats the ensign of an Admiral of the Stage from the flagship of his seagoing squadron.

Wherefore, to my way of thinking, it is futile—and not always tolerable—for the Moses pioneers and the Pharaoh reformers to keep on whipsawing both the producers and the playgoers as to what they must produce and where they should or should not go. As for the critics and—for instance—as between the William Winters of our discontent and the glorious summers of our Ashton Stevens, the public as well as the producer naturally prefer the latter. One dogmatizes and the other discourses; one talks at you and the other talks with you. In the ultimate synthesis of the discussion as to what is the impending future of the drama in this country, the critics of the press and of the stage may as well agree with

me that the public—just the plain pee-pul, sometimes invidiously termed "the proletariat"—will decide for themselves just what is to be the racial preference in things dramatic. The Boreal aloofness of the mincing dilettante and the spectral scorn of the Polaric purist will scarcely hasten or delay the development and final prevalence of dramatic standards in this country.

As a matter of fact, these library and closet students of Thespes' art have never made a box-office bulge nor have they dominated in the uproar of applause which yet continues to reward the presentation of good plays well acted. They do read plays at two bits the copy, and they pass them around to other adepts of "litrachure," and if they occasionally happen to witness a great and genuine scene in the theater itself, they never applaud or laugh. They absolutely dislike to split a glove or crack a smile. Only vulgar enthusiasts are demonstrative, anyhow.

When all is said and sung, the American Theater must fall back on its old friends, Hoi Polloi, Vox Populi, Proletariat and Plain Peepul. The rich, the learned, the elite, the patricians of belles-lettres and the cultured exclusives of high society—eminently desirable as they may be as patrons and pillars of the theater—are not—nor likely soon to be—its main motive or support.

Old Vox Pop is the boy we want to hear from, and it is my thought that he is thoroughly capable of making his own selection, of deciding his own preferences. It is the every-day multitude, the wage-earners, the workers, the ambitious, milling, toiling, moiling masses of American men and women, who will maintain an American Drama if it is to be maintained. These millions of people—our people—will of themselves—timely and sturdily—repudiate that which is bad and cherish that which is good in their theaters. But they will insist upon judging for themselves.

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The Defense of the Pacific

By Dr. David Starr Jordan

Chancellor Leland Stanford Jr. University

WHAT shall we say to the demand on the part of army experts for the "establishment of three large mobile forces" for the defense of the Pacific Coast—one at Seattle, one at San Francisco, and one near Los Angeles? General Leonard Wood is quoted as saying at Berkeley recently: "We are prepared to cope with the situation so far as the bombardment of cities and towns is concerned, but we are not prepared to protect our people from the landing of a hostile force beyond the reach of our coast artillery. The seacoast defense is useless without a mobile army. Now, how are we to get men for this army? At present there are approximately one hundred forty thousand men in the various stations of the army service in the United States. We have need of four hundred fifty thousand more. It is imperative that a reserve be established, as we wish to train the citizen to defend his country in case of war."

Elsewhere military experts have told us that if a large Oriental army should without warning sail to our coasts, we would be helpless, without these three great forces. Must we take all this seriously? And must we stand the expense of all these military visions?

It is not stated how large these mobile forces ought to be. It is hard to fit figures to a warrior's dream. Ten thousand men in each of the ports is an easy figure on which to calculate. That means another twenty millions a year just for pay and board and keep.

What shall we say of the moral effect of these garrisons on our coast cities and of our coast cities upon them? However well disposed and well controlled, every idle garrison of idle men the world over is in its degree a standing menace to virtue, a standing target to vice. At the best a standing army should be a school, a school in which two or three years brings graduation, a school in military drill if it must be, but in industrial training as well, to fit its graduates for useful civil life. It should not be

a life profession for men debarred from marriage. The humble cottages of "Washerwoman's Row" disturb the neatness of our army posts—hence married soldiers are not wanted. But the choice remains—marriage or vice—and vice goes with barracks the world over. Our own army officers and post surgeons have in late years done their best to alleviate these conditions, yet the tendencies remain still true. The Secretary of War, with more emphasis than I have dared to use, speaks of our forty-nine army posts as "adjoined by dives and ill resorts of the vilest character." It is these conditions, he believes, "which make the record of the army in this respect shameful beyond that of the army of any other civilized nation." This actual supremacy we may doubt, for like conditions produce like results in every nation, whenever idle men are gathered together to wait for the action that may never come.

The purpose of this added force is to defend the Pacific Coast from an "enemy's attacks." We ask again, What enemy? It is plain that no such enemy exists. "The large Oriental army" which shall slip away from Asia, running the gauntlet of hundreds of reporters, to land unsuspected at Monterey, could come from nowhere. There is no such possibility outside of the land of dreams.

"The Dream of Universal War" with which some of our military experts have become obsessed, has no foundation in any needs of the United States. It is a natural result, perhaps, of the existence of great armies and great navies maintained in idleness. The leaders of these armies and navies find in their dreams a world where soldiery is not play but action. We listen to them, and we open our treasuries at their behest because their art is one we do not understand. Everywhere the people's money is spent as money was never spent before on the "great illusion"—that of ideal defense against imaginary dangers.

One Hundred Forty-one

What to Do With the Criminal

By H. De Weissen

THE problem of crime is international, but its solution is both racial and local. The Chinese deal with their criminals by cutting off their heads and placing them on long poles in the sight of all people, to serve as a warning. In France, the guillotine still serves the ends of justice, and it was not so very long ago in America that, when a man committed a crime, the only logical sequence seemed to be to shut him between four prison-walls, and—forget him. But a strong note of progress in this direction has been sounded. Preventive, rather than punitive, methods are coming into play.

The root of the vast network of crime is considered by most prison reformers to lie in juvenile delinquency. F. Grossen, director of the correctional school of Berne, Switzerland, says: "The public authorities ought energetically to combat the habit of children roving about the streets. I do not hesitate to say that the increase in juvenile crime bears a direct relation to the fact that so many married women work in factories; that the children are not properly cared for and watched over. The reports of educational institutions for reform show that the majority of juvenile delinquents come from cities which are industrial centers."

¶ "The principle maintained by Cæsar Baccaria," says A. Stoppano, of University of Bologna, Italy, "was that one of the checks to crime should not be the cruelty of punishment but the certainty of its application. The principle that punishment in its application should look to the moral improvement of the culprit is of social importance, and the mitigation of penalties for certain offenders and making them sharper for habitual criminals is a truly social duty. It is certain—long experience has demonstrated it—that short sentences applied without distinction to juvenile delinquents and first offenders, for certain kinds of misdemeanors, have not always produced good results, either as measures of prevention or

repression." ¶ P. Grimanelli, Minister of the Interior, Prison Society of Paris, advocates the appointment of probation officers, similar to those of America. He says, "If one asks what thing marks the greatest progress in the United States in the last five years in judicial methods and principles, one would reply without hesitation, the creation of courts for children."

"No country has thus far made provision for the abnormal children who manifest dangerous moral tendencies," says Daniel Phelan, M. D., surgeon, Dominion Penitentiary, Kingston, Canada. "There *should* be special institutions for these. Children received into them should receive education suited to their mental condition. All diseases or imperfections demanding surgical measures should be looked after. The correction of all these evils may improve the disposition and temper of the children, and they may thus be prevented from developing a tendency to commit criminal acts as the result of fits of passion."

At the extreme end of the long procession of criminals stand the vagabonds, forty per cent of whom have a court record. "The etiology of vagabondage is complex," says L. Vervaeck, physician of the prison, Brussels. "It is useless to spend so much money in reforming vagabonds and beggars if we leave them without moral support when they are released and thrown back into the common life. Only those should be released who are capable of self-support. The infirm should go to hospitals, public or private. The incorrigible should go to workhouses. The man who means to regain his place in society should be placed in a shop or factory and intrusted to someone who will look after him, a member of a guardian society. It will be his duty to follow the man, to counsel him, to stand by him in his trials, and to inspire him with self-respect and courage, that he may persevere in the hard road he has to follow to regain his place in the community."

America, The Peacemaker

By H. G. Wells

THIS war is a war between the two German Powers and most of the rest of Europe in alliance. But behind that conflict there is another conflict, greater, less clearly defined, the conflict between liberalism and—what shall I call it?—militarism—between liberalism on the one hand and force, authority, monarchy, obscurantism on the other. In Britain and Russia you may see this collateral conflict going on now; you may see the liberalizing forces seizing upon this war to make it a war against imperialism and militarism, and the reactionary forces declaring it a war against the German people and making it an excuse for discipline and martial methods. Germany now is all military, but directly the strain tells there, too, the Prussian officer caste, the Kaiser and the Krupp organization will find itself face to face with the resentment of a people misled. And if the allies conquer, there will begin at once, as soon as victory is apparent, a subtle and often silent wresting of the issue towards one or other of these two sides—everywhere.

This war must end in a peace-making that will be something more thorough than the usual agreements and treaties. We do not want a series of treaties, with perhaps secret understandings behind them, between Britain and Russia, and Italy and Russia, and France and Italy, and so on, and so on, entangling Europe in a new set of uneasy relationships. Such things delight the souls of diplomatists and World Politicians, and are hateful to all right-spirited men. We do not want any more of that fear which lurks in the darkness of whispered undertakings. We want to "Americanize" the methods of this vast settlement, we want open diplomacy and an open conference of all the States in the world, and we want not many treaties but one, one to which all the nations of the earth must subscribe.

And another huge opportunity there is that America may take or waste. It is bound up

with the preceding conception of a world pacification, and it is the ending of the private trade in war material, the closing down of the business of the war trust, forever. It is not too much to say that while there is a private industry in armaments anywhere in the world it is impossible to dream of ending belligerence. The profits are too enormous.

The Kaiser's close association with the Krupp firm is only the monstrous demonstration of this reaction. ¶ There is no need to be hypocritical because one's country is at war.

About a year ago Philip Snowden published a list of the British public men who held shares in armaments firms; it was a very startling list, and no one pretends that the political life of France is any cleaner-handed. The whole governing system of the world is more or less in it. It is a trade more damnable than any trade, a trade in accumulating danger ♣ It must end. But it can not end if any neutral Power chooses to stand out and shelter the traffickers. It is necessary that a strong group of nations should be prepared to enforce this most urgent and salutary suppression upon any outstanding State, and, if need be, suppress it. This is a thing that only the United States can set going and carry through.

Here, then, is the program for America as the peacemaker. She will come forward into the community of nations as a strong man comes into a dangerous quarrel, neither noisily nor weakly, but decisively. It is her line of duty. I think, also, it is her line of safety. For if there is no liberal settlement of this great conflict, then, even though Germany be crushed forever, militarism will still rule the world. War preparation will become the sole business of life in every country, and the warpath its only object ♣ ♣

America will not escape that universal misfortune. Measured in days' journeys the Atlantic grows narrower every year and the guns and bayonets creep closer.

Education and Success

By C. A. Munn

Editor "The Scientific American"

WHILE the value of a higher education is in our day fairly generally appreciated, there are not wanting voices that ask: "What gain does this education bring to the individual? Is it not true that we see men of little or no schooling winning in the race, over others who have had every opportunity that institutions of learning can offer? Nay, more, are there not numberless instances of men to whom their very education has been a stumbling-block, whom it has made blind to opportunities recognized and seized upon by their more alert brothers of less schooling, and perhaps more commonsense? Do we not see educated men following after dreams and visions, while their more practical, though less erudite, fellows are gathering a material harvest?" In brief, "Is education on the whole conducive of success?"

If by education were meant an ideal education, we should hardly hesitate to answer with an emphatic "Yes." In so far, however, as actual education departs from the ideal, there will, of course, be instances in which it fails to lead to the highest degree of success that might have been attained with a given raw material under prescribed circumstances.

To cast a sound judgment on this question, we must put away the personal point of view, whether centered about our own self, or about some other specific individual, in whom perhaps we are personally interested. We must endeavor to see things in their true perspective.

¶ To the educator, whose function it is to assist in molding the raw material of his generation, and who, from the nature of his activity, is brought to view classes of individuals collectively, this point of view must be perfectly familiar. Is it not an obvious sign of some imperfection in the methods or materials with which he has worked, if this or that individual of his charge in later years accumulates personal profits at the expense of his fellows without due compensation? Yet, so long as he

keeps within the law and accepted custom, he may do this and be reckoned by many a "success," because they take only a personal survey of the situation and lose sight of the interests of the community.

While flagrant breaches of the principles implied above are recognized by all as criminal, it is far from being generally understood that every "success," which is success only from a personal standpoint, is in fact a failure.

But, some may say, barring exceptional cases, is not the world's estimate of the value of a man a very fair approximation to the truth? To this the reply seems to be, that the world's estimate of a man's services is indeed, broadly speaking, a fair approximation to the truth, in most cases, but we are not here concerned with the case that represents the rule—there seems to be a fairly general agreement that, as a rule, a higher education is an aid toward success; the cases which are of interest in our present discussion are the exceptional cases, in which apparently the result of education has been to handicap the individual. Is not the explanation of at least some of these cases to be found in the disparity between the value of services rendered and their market price? It must be remembered that market price depends upon human judgment, which is fallible, while absolute value is fixed by natural law. Have not some men been counted failures, owing to false perspective, who should be reckoned among successes? And perhaps conversely, do we not often hastily pronounce a man a success because of his accumulated profits, without counting the cost to the community? ❧ ❧

And what is our conclusion in fine? Education, in so far as it approaches the ideal, is unquestionably conducive of the highest success, if only we have the right idea of what constitutes success: Your success is measured, not by what the world gives to you, but by what you give to the world.

ROYCROFT - JULY - FOURTH



JOHN J. LENTZ



DAVID BISPHAM



CELEBRITIES, INCLUDING MIKE BUONARROTI



MEMORIAL SERVICES TO ELBERT HUBBARD AND ALICE HUBBARD
SUNDAY AFTERNOON, JULY 4, 1915



GARRY MAC GARRY



WILLIAM MARION REEDY



Original from

UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO
RABBI CHARLES S. FLEISCHER

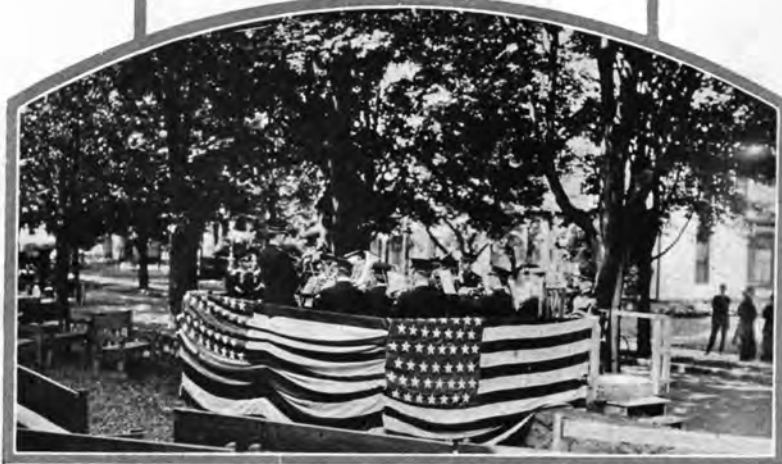


ALONG THE ROMANTIC
RIVER BUG



WATERS OF LIFE AT THE
ROYCROFT SPRING

THIS IS THE LIFE



HARK! 'T IS THE ROYCROFT BAND



THE IMMORTALS AT DEAD MAN'S GULCH



POETIC SPIRITS SEEK WOODY DEPTHS



OUT-OF-DOOR AMPHITHEATER, A BADGER ENGAGEMENT



WALK A MILE, REST A WHILE



ALI BABA AND ELBERT HUBBARD'S
HORSE, GARNETT

RICH MEN, POOR MEN, DOCTORS,
LAWYERS, MERCHANTS AND
SUFFRAGETTES :
EVERYBODY LENDS A HAND
AT ROYCROFT



COLLEGE
CHUMS :
HARVARD AND
RADCLIFFE



PIG-PEN PETE AND HIS POLITICIANS



GO-SOME
IT'S THIS BABY'S SECOND SUMMER AND HE'S
WELL AND HAPPY, THANK YOU !



THE ROYCROFT BIG BARN



SOME ROYCROFT BEAUTIES



ELBERTA, BARRY OF BOSTON, DR. ARNOLD, BILL REEDY,
CAROLINE LOWE, TERENCE V. POWDERLY,
DISCUSSING HOME RULE FOR IRELAND



W. ATLEE BURPEE, FAMOUS SEEDSMAN, BROUGHT TWO AUTO-LOADS OF
HIS FAMILY TO EAST AURORA, TO SHOW THEM HOW THE ROYCROFT
FARM HAD IMPROVED WITH THE USE OF "SEEDS THAT GROW"



ELBERT HUBBARD II



TWO FAMOUS ROYCROFTERS, BEFORE
IVORY SOAP WAS INTRODUCED INTO
EAST AURORA



MIRIAM HUBBARD



THE MAIN SHOP OF THE ROYCROFT



Original from
UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO
THE ROYCROFT CHAPEL

THE FRA

The National Old Trails Road

By J. Horace Lytle

THE National Old Trails Road was the first transcontinental road ever suggested in this country. It is secured in total by the amalgamation of several old roads, such as Braddock's Road, Cumberland Road, Boone's Lick Road, Old Santa Fe Trail, Grand Canyon Route, etc.

The National Old Trails Road passes through sections of the country rich in scenic beauties and historic traditions: through the wonderful resources of the Prairie States, to the more impressive grandeur of the Rocky Mountains, past the scenic marvels of the Grand Canyon of Colorado, the Painted Desert, the petrified forests of New Mexico and Arizona, the quaint and fast-disappearing Indian villages of the Southwest, the Aztec ruins and the evidences of prehistoric civilization. It runs through the greatest agricultural and most densely populated areas of our country, and, what is of greatest interest to the tourist, it is a truly all-year-round road on account of its climatic advantages and its south-central location. The National Old Trails Road reaches the Rocky Mountains at a point and crosses at an altitude easily accessible to the automobile, and is sufficiently far to the South to escape the great snowstorms of the North.

The selection of the National Old Trails Road for the first transcontinental highway was not made haphazard nor by guess. Neither was it selected for purely sentimental reasons, although it is rich in historic, patriotic and pioneer annals. But it is the most centrally located, serves the greatest population, and has a greater mileage already permanently constructed, than any other transcontinental road.

For two-thirds of its length (from Kansas City to Los Angeles) at convenient distances, are the world-famous Harvey Eating-Houses and Hotels, where the tired tourists will find the most appetizing cuisine, and the most attractive hotel accommodations in every way. This

is a unique feature, not found on any highway in Europe nor on any other road in America. Just think of these luxurious accommodations for more than two thousand miles!

Although the National Government possibly will take over this historic old road and maintain it again as a National Highway, still it is a significant fact at the present time that this road, on which more money is being spent than any other road in the world, is being maintained by the States and Counties of the States through which it passes.

The Panama Exposition authorities estimate that not less than twenty-five thousand cars, carrying one hundred thousand people, will travel over the National Old Trails Road this year, and if that estimate is anywhere near correct, and each individual expends an average of only five dollars a day, there will be left along the line of road thirty millions of dollars, or five hundred thousand dollars every day for sixty days.

No other single enterprise has so successfully unified good roads sentiment in the West as has the signposting of the National Old Trails Road; and the heaven of highway improvement that has been introduced by this important undertaking may very well produce so great a sentiment for National Highways as to prove a determining influence when the subject receives the attention of the next Congress.

WE shall learn the freedom that comes with perfect adjustment, with perfect co-ordination, and we shall express the best that is in us. I believe that deep down in our hearts almost all of us desire the best for all—the common good. If we get together we shall re-enforce in one another this desire until it becomes dominating and effective.

—Margaret Woodrow Wilson.

A little ignorance is not a dangerous thing.

One Hundred Forty-five

THE FRA

As I Journey Through Life

By Napoleon Hill

Founder of the Betsy Ross Candy Company

WISH to be of service to my fellowmen as I journey through life, and I wish to carry with me, wherever I go, a disposition of sunshine and goodfellowship. To do this I have adopted a guide which I shall endeavor to follow in dealing with my fellow-beings throughout life's journey. A part of this guide I adopted in my boyhood days, and a part of it I picked up from observation as I grew into a more mature age and as I learned from personal contact with men and women that life is pretty much what we make it—that we largely control our own destinies and our own progress on this earth. For the benefit of those who may wish to emulate me in adopting so much of my daily guide as may be conveniently put into use by them in their own dealings with their fellowmen, I submit a copy of it as follows:

To train myself so that never, under any circumstances whatever, shall I find fault with a single person, no matter how much I may disagree with him or how inferior his work may seem to be, so long as I know he is sincerely trying to do his best.

To respect my country, my profession, and myself. To be honest and fair with my fellowmen, as I expect them to be honest and fair with me. To be a loyal citizen of the United States of America. To speak of it with praise, and act always as a trustworthy custodian of its good name. To be a man whose name carries weight wherever it goes.

To base my expectations of reward on a solid foundation of service rendered. To be willing to pay the price of success in honest effort. To look upon my work as an opportunity to be seized with joy and made the most of, and not as a painful drudgery to be reluctantly endured.

To remember that success lies within myself—in my own brain, my own ambition, my own courage and determination. To expect difficulties and force my way through them.

To turn hard experience into capital for future struggles.

To believe in my proposition heart and soul. To carry an air of optimism in the presence of those I meet. To dispel ill-temper with cheerfulness, kill doubts with a strong conviction, and reduce active friction with an agreeable personality.

To make a study of my business. To know my profession in every detail. To mix brains with my efforts and use system and method in my work. To find time to do every needful thing by never letting time find me doing nothing. To hoard days as a miser hoards dollars. To make every hour bring me dividends, increased knowledge or healthful recreation.

To keep my future unmortgaged by debts. To save as well as to earn. To cut out expensive amusements until I can afford them. To steer clear of dissipation and guard my health of body and peace of mind as a most precious stock in trade.

To avoid procrastination in all of its various forms, and never, under any circumstances, to put off until tomorrow any duty which I should perform today.

To endeavor to give something to the world in return for the food and raiment which the world gives me, and to so live in the pursuit of my daily occupation that I will make those with whom I come in contact happy.

To reap a rich harvest of happiness from the thought that my aim in life shall be to give happiness, help and encouragement to those around me, and to expect my reward in a generous return of these same virtues, in exact proportion to the seeds I sow which generate them.

Finally, to take a good grip on the joys of life. To play the game like a man. To fight against nothing so hard as my own weaknesses.

So I may be courteous to men, faithful to friends, true to God—a fragrance in the path I tread.

Rockefellers For Publicity

By B. C. Forbes

STANDARD OIL is to change its whole attitude towards the public and towards investors in its many enterprises.

Secrecy is to give place to publicity—real publicity *•••*

Holders of securities in companies identified with the Rockefellers are not to be kept in the dark much longer. Reports will be issued and other legitimate information given out.

No more welcome news has been given for many a month.

The secrecy hitherto practised left too much room for profitable operations by insiders. And since the splitting of the parent oil company into over thirty parts, the gyrations of more than one subsidiary stock have caused people to talk, to say the least. All that is to be changed. ¶ John D. Rockefeller, Senior, and John D. Rockefeller, Junior, are joint authors of the new policy.

The man selected to carry it out is Ivy L. Lee, ex-Hearst newspaperman and later right-hand man of the Pennsylvania Railroad's president in preserving the right kind of relations between the road and its employees and also the public.

Appointed by the elder Mr. Rockefeller, one of his cabinet of three—Mr. Rockefeller, the younger, and Starr J. Murphy are the other two—Mr. Lee has already been made a director of several corporations and will by and by become Mr. Rockefeller's direct representative in others.

Mr. Lee's duty will be to establish a policy of full publicity—and, incidentally, to see to it that the corporations do nothing that full publicity would hurt.

Here is the profession of publicity faith of John D. Rockefeller, Junior:

"It has been the policy of most large corporations and individuals to maintain silence with reference to their affairs. I think the public feeling has been growing of late years that that attitude toward the public was un-

wise, and that the public is entitled to know about large concerns, whether private or public. The importance of that policy has been growing, and we have felt for some time that we should adopt the modern policy of greater publicity."

The more the Rockefellers have to do with the public direct, the more they like their experiences *•••*

They have also made this discovery:

It is not only necessary to do the right thing, but to do it in the right way.

And the right way is the publicity way—the open and aboveboard way.

Of course, it will take time to infuse the new principle into all the enterprises identified with the Rockefellers.

Quarterly reports from all the subsidiary oil-companies need not be looked for just yet *•••* But the fiat for fuller publicity has gone forth. ¶ And if progress be not made, Ivy Lee will not be "making good," for it is his special business to insure that fair and square treatment be meted out to the public and to investors *•••*

Down in the financial district Young Rockefeller's reputation has soared immeasurably since the day he first took the witness-stand before the Industrial Relations Commission. He astonished many of the hidebound reactionaries that still exist there. His candor, his level-headedness, his sincerity, his breadth of sympathy and insight into human nature were a revelation to them.

Nothing so helpful in removing prejudice has been enjoyed since the original J. P. Morgan gave his clear-cut unaffected testimony before the Pujo Committee on the eve of his departure for his final trip to Europe.

The new policy of the greatest aggregation of capital ever known in this or any other country marks an epoch in human history.

Can less powerful interests afford to lag behind? *•••*


War and Culture

By F. J. Gould

EUROPE and America have sneered a great deal at the German "culture" which devastated the city of Louvain. It seems to me that the wasting and burning of this noble town was a most effective bit of logic; remorseless logic, if you will; but it is in the nature of logic to be remorseless.

War having been declared by Austria, Germany, England and the rest, it is each combatant's business to injure the enemy to the utmost possible degree. We must each hack our way through; and the devil—that is, the pursuing cavalry—take the hindmost. Red Cross ambulances, Geneva conventions, and the so-called laws of war concocted at The Hague are, no doubt, admirable agencies of mercy, but mercy has nothing to do with war. Mercy is the everlasting contradiction of war. If you are going to wage war in an absolutely consistent manner, you must turn Louvain into a wilderness, sow mines in the North Sea, drop bombs from Zeppelins, cut the wrists of the wounded, and praise God.

We owe the Germans a debt for their convincing and scientific exposition of the art of war. Nevertheless, people say, "The Germans pride themselves on their culture; their culture can only be skin-deep; their professors are barbarians dressed up in academic paint, feathers and pomp; and their pretended education is obviously only an efficient means towards the brutal ideals of Bernhardt."

Very well; then we had better ask, What is culture? 

If by culture we mean the accumulation of collegiate learning; accumulation of the data of mathematics, astronomy, physics, chemistry, biology, archeology, philology, and criticism, Biblical and Classical, then it is clear that Louvain-smashing and mine-strewing and culture may very well go together; and I see nothing to sneer at. ¶ You will never convince me that this sort of encyclopedic cramming will make any man or woman a good neighbor.

Teach me mathematics, physics and chemistry, and I may utilize your gifts by constructing a cunning air-ship from which to fling bombs that will blow you and your wife and children into hell-fire smithereens.

The original idea of culture is the careful tilling of the earth; and the "colter," or plow-share, is the ever-blessed instrument of that "cult." The objects of culture will be the earth-nature and the nature of humanity; so that there is a curious and subtle kinship between the pious and skilful devotion of the farmer to the field and pasture, and the devotion of the teacher and social leader to the soul and heart of humanity. The Hindu peasant worships his plow, and worships the earth, and thus E. B. Havell is able to say that "the Indian peasantry, though illiterate in the Western sense, are among the most cultured of their class anywhere in the world."

I will not say this species of culture is complete; but I will say it is nearer to the process which makes the gentleman than is the pretentious erudition of Western universities. ¶ For my part, I am not at all astonished to observe this superficial erudition combined with Louvain-smashing and the ingenious craft of disemboweling. This culture so called may be, and often is, entirely detached from reverence and mercy; whereas the genuine culture seeks truth because truth aids humanity, seeks beauty because beauty exhilarates and consoles humanity, and seeks goodness because goodness is humanity's very essence; and therefore it values poetry, music, architecture, painting and sculpture as creative expressions of the true, the beautiful and the good. ¶ Culture would never shatter a stone of the splendor of Louvain; but neither would it desecrate the glorious trinity of Man, Woman and Child.

Through culture humanity unfolds. Culture is finally the death of war.

And of gods 

The Peon

By C. W. Barron

Manager "Boston News Bureau"

HE is the cause, the victim, but the ultimate beneficiary, of all the trouble. The United States may have to fight him, later on to foster him. He represents a problem at our back door into which we were being drawn by economic threads before ever the strong cable of political and military force dragged us in. And he himself does not and can not realize the mutual relation. Every possible influence works against his comprehending us or our motives.

Akin to the "Man with the Hoe"—only, being deprived of the very use of the hoe—he is the dense base of the inverted pyramid of Mexican politics; when it was agitated, the structure had to fall, demonstrating inherent instability. Sympathy with him unquestionably has inspired the powerful idealism of the Wilson Administration, just as it actuated the impotent Jewish visionary, Madero.

He makes up eighty per cent of the fourteen millions in that distracted area touching our own and nearly one-quarter as geographically large as our own continental territory. Utterly different from us racially, socially and in outward human equipment, material and mental, he represents for us, in all save the sense of sovereignty, a nation problem akin to that of England toward its nearby island.

The princely landed estates of Mexican magnates, largely of the ruling Spanish extraction, have magnified all the woes of landlordism in Ireland. Peon literally means "farmhand"; but the peon and his leaders translate it as *serf*. The great States of Chihuahua and Morelos now legally belong to seven families; to three hundred thousand evicted peons they paid twelve and one-half cents a day. Whether or not the transfer of title followed shameless trickery with deeds and manipulation, whereby thirty-five dollars of national debt was counted as one hundred dollars in buying in over one hundred seventy-five million acres of the best lands at three cents an acre, the evident

fact remains that in the altered system of tenure lay the seeds of the present trouble. Add to this the fact that Diaz, while unquestionably the one type capable of first developing the country economically, thereby in a sense cut the ground beneath himself. Discounting all tales of graft in land deals, loans and concessions, the fact remains that, plus the domestic agrarian discontent, the influx of foreign capital, bringing a gradual and irregular wage increase to its hired workers, served slowly to fan their discontent. Varying wage-scales spread it. The peons who had been satisfied to tote ore in one hundred pound parcels up ladders for forty-five cents Mexican, per diem, were brothers to those who not long ago struck at Cananea for two dollars and a half, American, a day.

Add further the fact that in these economic awakenings of discontent the American employer, with his billion invested, came to be regarded not only as an exacting taskmaster, to be struggled with for more wage whatever the service in work, but also as a co-exploiter, with the semi-Spanish aristocracy, of the country and the people. Then add the general native delusion and distrust, product of both ignorance and cunning deception, regarding "Gringos" in general, and the proportions of our present problem become even larger and clearer.

Given the new glorious occupation of brigandage, and inflamed with revolutionary romanticism, it is small wonder, considering his economic antecedents and racial make-up, that the peon has behaved in the saddle as he has done lately.

He is our white man's burden to the southward—to whatever degree Fate shall force us to subdue him, then to school him, to emancipate him economically and democratize him politically, and to tame and disillusionize him psychologically, as well as again to hire him for imperatively needed manual labor.

THE FRA

Business System of Government for Cities

By Theo. F. Thieme

State Chairman of the Business System of Government Committee of Indiana

FIVE features are necessary to a correct system of city government :

First, a united body of stockholders

Second, election of representatives or a board of councilors or directors by the stockholders at large without party division, and from the city at large without ward division.

Third, the selection of active officials for their qualifications and expertness by a small representative body of the citizens.

Fourth, long tenure of office.

Fifth, ability of the people or the people's representatives to remove officials.

The business system of city government provides for the election of a board of councilors consisting of twenty-five members in cities of the first class, seventeen in cities of the second class, eleven in cities of the third class, and nine in cities of the fourth and fifth classes. At the first election one-half the board is elected for four years, and the other half for two years. Thereafter an election is held every two years for one-half of the councilors, whose terms then are always four years.

Qualifications for the board of councilors are that the candidate must be a citizen of the United States, a qualified voter, and must have resided in his city for a period of three years preceding the election.

No party or sectional designations can appear on the ballot ; the candidate must be elected as a non-partisan from the city at large.

A primary election is held at which those candidates who, in numbers equal to twice the number of councilors to be elected, have received the highest number of votes above any other candidates in the primary are declared the nominees to be voted for at the regular election.

Under the business system of government the board of councilors in each city will no doubt adopt the policy of taking their officials from among their citizens. You who have had experience with city problems and city man-

agement, and have accomplished results under conditions that were adverse and trying, will have a rebirth of usefulness to your communities. Under the business system of government, with every opportunity to obtain expertness and efficiency, free from the fret and fever of politics and the disturbances by politicians, job-hunters and the seekers for favors, you will be able to do vast things for your cities and their people. You will then be able to appreciate with overflowing souls the difference between the old way which you already know, and the new way which, let us hope, you soon will know. You who then will return to municipal service will do so with the consciousness that you have re-entered it not in pursuit of politics, but as having taken it up as a profession, a business, in which you will want to succeed and will want to continue, increasing your usefulness, adding to your efficiency, and giving breadth to your fame.

Under the business system of government we can plan and we can execute. The citizens of our progressive cities will, under this system, be inspired with new hope and imbued with the spirit of enterprise and progress when they find that now, for the first time, they will have an opportunity to select well-qualified men to put the affairs of their city on a sound, healthy basis, and have them administered under economical, efficient conditions, without the waste that is now so apparent.

And on the other hand the officials and employees of the city will, for the first time, have an opportunity of putting their entire attention to the management and development of their city, each man for himself, giving the best that is in him, free from political and private interference ; and the officials will become more and more efficient as the experience of each year will make them more expert and qualified for their work.

A thought is mental dynamite.

THE FRA

Great Britain as a Market—Now

By Charles Frederick Higham
The Famous British Business Expert

COME to Great Britain *now*. Come and get ready to secure your share of our present and future prosperity. Come if you have good goods to sell at a fair price. Come if you can back up all the claims you can make on behalf of your product or service or both.

But be sure you can do these things. There is a ready sale here now for trademarked articles of every kind. It costs very little to advertise and market your produce successfully—but get the best help you can, not the cheapest. Study everything here as you do in your own country. Leave nothing to chance—come yourself—don't send your Sales Manager—he may not want to stay here for two years “getting on to our damfool ideas.” Come yourself and get good Britishers to handle your proposition. Ask John Willys—the O'Cedar Mop people—the Ingersoll people—the Victor Talking-Machine people—the I. C. S. people. Ask any of the firms who *know* this market what they think of it now.

Don't go by what you read nowadays—investigate! American firms now in this market are losing thousands of dollars a day by not sending the goods their British branches have a ready sale for. “Retrenchment” we hear is your pet word now. Forget it. Trust your men on this side of the water—they know, whilst you are only guessing. Get busy—Know! There will never be another chance like the present for American firms to get into this market with as little risk and expense. Great Britain is a staggering surprise to the American resident here. We take things “as usual,” as a matter of course. Those who are not shouldering a gun are “carrying on”—attending to business. No panic—no worry—no bluster. It is the survival of the great British trait—sticktoitiveness.

“The war is costing ten million dollars a day,” you will say. Well, what of it? The bulk of it goes into the pockets of the masses for labor

and skill. Material wasted is a small item. Never before has so much money been in circulation in this country, and never before has one nation been able to finance not only itself but all of its Allies as well! One newspaper fund reached over five million dollars in six months. The National Relief Fund reached twenty-five million dollars in the same period, and half the money lies idle! There was never less poverty. Every one is working. All are well paid. All must dress, eat and enjoy. Are you benefiting by it? I wonder.

“Optimist” you will call me, and rightly. I know what I am talking about, though. I was entrusted the other week with two appropriations for advertising starting July First—one for thirty thousand dollars and one for one hundred twenty thousand dollars—and both from American firms long established in this market. Now will you take heart and come!

Such in a brief word or two is Great Britain today. I owe so much to the things I have learned from the United States that this message is prompted by the spirit of good-will, and I hope that it will help you from standing still as far as your opportunities for bigger markets are concerned.

The science of advertising is the science of psychology. And psychology is the science of the human heart.

LET us learn to be content with what we have, get rid of our false estimates, set up all the higher ideals—a quiet home; vines of our own planting; a few books full of the inspiration of a genius; a few friends worthy of being loved and able to love us in return; a hundred innocent pleasures that bring no pain or remorse; a devotion to the right that will never swerve; a simple religion empty of all bigotry, full of trust and hope and love—and to such a philosophy this world will give up all the empty joy it has.—*David Swing*.

One Hundred Fifty-one

Breezy Borrow

By Walt Casey

Life is sweet, brother; there's day and night,
brother, both sweet things; there's likewise a
wind on the heath. Life is very sweet, brother
—who would wish to die?—*Lavengro*.

THUS, in a crystallized nature sentence,
does George Borrow's gipsy express the
joy of life. A fine sentence, I wonder
where the equal to it may be found? An
express challenge to mopers and mangers, kill-
joys, humpers and peezers.

We are all Nomads at heart, though we sit at
desks adding numbers to damnable numbers
until brain reels. There are thousands of
Nomads at heart, who wear tall hats whilst
fretting to be with Mother Nature. Murger's
Bohemians are only caricatures—and poor
ones—of Borrow's. Lives lived to a buzzer's
awakening notes, or a buzzer dinner-summons,
or a buzzer accompaniment to tea, are not
Lives, they're Deaths.

Hubbard says: "A Sheeny is a Jew who has
more money than you have." So a Nomad is
easily distinguishable from a *Yesmad*. A
Nomad is a person who graduates in the
university of adversity, and who is much too
human a document to be pigeonholed. Borrow
says he was a Nomad partly through God and
the King. His father, being in the Army, was
forced to carry his luggage about with him.
George was not the least important part of it.

¶ As a boy Borrow had the utmost horror of
the sot. In *Lavengro*, he says of Ardrey, "He
was fond of pleasures and dissipations, whilst
I was fond of study and reflection." On one
occasion he led the London police a long run,
and escaped them by diving into the Thames
and swimming across. In these days of im-
prisoning honest male and female doubters,
this may happen tomorrow.

In drinking, however, what may be a skinful
for one may be only a nutshell for another. Borrow
was a stern hater of shams.

When the Czar sends a member of the Russian
Embassy to him for a copy of his book, *The*

Targum, George sturdily suggests to the
flunky that the Czar might fetch it himself. The
curse of Babel held no terrors for George,
and he gained a knowledge of tongues without
Pentecostal aid.

This linguistic giant translated Scripture in
Manchu, Basque and Gitano, and in middle
age was conversant with over thirty languages.
He swaps a pack of cards for lessons in Irish.
He threatens to fight those who mock a Welsh
groom, and annexes the Welshman's language.
Monte Cristo was a fool to him. In Italy he
traces a "patteran" sign in the dust, and
arrives at a Bohemian encampment. The
Moscow gipsies hail him with *Ah kak mi tonte*
Karmima ("Oh, how we love you!"). Meeting
Ambrose at Norwich Fair, he begins to study
Romany, and gains the title of Lav-engro,
Word-Master.

But it is not his linguistic accomplishments
that have kept Borrow's name fresh, and will
continue to keep it fresh for many a gener-
ation to come. It is his character as expressed
in his books. Among all the remarkable
individuals who during the middle of the
Nineteenth Century figured in the world of
letters, Borrow was undoubtedly the most
eccentric, the most whimsical, and in many
ways the most extraordinary.

Folks who get fussy about their digestion and
assume a personal charge of nerves, have
nerves, and are apt to have no digestion.

LOVE is the weapon which Omnipotence
reserved to conquer rebel man when all
the rest had failed. Reason he parries; fear
he answers blow for blow; future interest he
meets with present pleasures; but love is that
sun against whose melting beams the winter
can not stand. There is not one human being
in a million, nor a thousand men in all earth's
huge quintillion, whose clay heart is hardened
against love.—*Tupper*.

A Plea for the Pessimist

By Frank M. Bicknell

THERE is a story of an ex-Christian Scientist who, when asked why he had relapsed, or backslid, or become unchristian-unscientific, confessed to having tired of being "so darned happy all the time." Evidently that man needed an occasional dash of pessimism to make life interesting after the monotony of persistent, unvarying optimism. The hopelessly incurable optimist revels—yes, wallows—in cheerfulness; his object in life is the pursuit of happiness, and, like the infant creeping toward a cake of soap, he won't be happy till he gets it.

Epigrammatic comparisons of optimist and pessimist drop often from the lips of would-be wits: "The optimist sees the rose, the pessimist feels its thorns." "Of two evils the optimist chooses the lesser, the pessimist both." It is as easy to cover the pessimist with obloquy as if he deserved it.

If there were no pessimists to ballast the too buoyant optimists, how long would the human race last? The optimist sits upon the deck of a crowded steamer, serenely smiling, blissfully content. The pessimist, sitting beside him, smells smoke and begins to fidget. The optimist says it is his imagination and advises him not to worry, for all will come right in the end. Nevertheless, the pessimist gets up and "noses 'round" till he discovers fire, which is then quietly subdued. But when, on his return, he tells the optimist of it, the optimist exclaims triumphantly, "Did n't I say all would come right in the end?" And the exasperating part of it is, the optimist's confidence is justified—thanks to the pessimist.

Is it not an obvious deduction that a world made up wholly of optimists would be as impracticable as one containing only mendicant friars? The pessimist may be over-cautious, but the optimist is over-credulous. The optimist trusts in providence, the pessimist distrusts everybody and everything. The man who did n't know the gun was loaded was

an optimist—he's dead: the one who feared it might go off whether it was loaded or not is a pessimist—he's still alive. The gentleman whose head was severed from his body so neatly that he could not be convinced of the disconnection till they had given him snuff and made him sneeze must have been an optimist; seemingly he had not the brains not to be. The optimist does n't know enough to go in when it rains—or at least he will start out on a cloudy morning without an umbrella, because he thinks he can borrow one from the pessimist if need be, and he usually can. The optimist saunters gaily through life, wearing that fatuous smile that won't come off, secure in the knowledge that drunken men, fools and optimists get looked after somehow. Left to his own devices, the optimist is an irresponsible baby, dependent for his very existence upon the pessimist. The optimist is a butterfly, the pessimist a grub: without the grub there could be no butterfly.

Doubtless the optimist has his place in the world; so, too, have the amiable lunatic and the other irresponsibles. But the pessimist is the safer and more useful member of society, and it is to be regretted that his services to mankind get so little credit.

Here's to the pessimist: may he live long and (cause the optimist to) prosper!

WE can not go into the world's byways and frighten people to righteousness. We can not go and tell them if they do not this minute turn around and profess certain dogmas they will be eternally lost, because we do not believe it; but we can go to everybody and to ourselves and say, that he who wastes a single blessed opportunity has lost something which he can never regain, and his soul's salvation depends upon his getting the spiritual foresight and wisdom which will make him wise unto that salvation, which will enable him not to lose anything.—*Henry W. Wilbur.*

Elbert and Alice Hubbard

Address at the Memorial Services, East Aurora, July 4th, 1915

By William Marion Reedy

MY FRIENDS: I do not expect to address as large a meeting as this at the contemplated mass-meeting of my creditors, to be held some time in the near future, on which occasion I intend that Mr. John J. Lentz shall address the overflow.

It is a pretty good policy for a man who is a very poor speaker to present his apology for his speech before he makes it, and I tender it to you now in all abject submission.

After such an address as you heard from Mr. Lentz, anything that I might, could or would say would be, in comparison, but the popping of a toy pistol as against the explosion of a forty-two-centimeter gun.

We have gathered here at this beautiful institution, which is "the lengthened shadow of one man," upon the Fourth of July, a day consecrated to all that is most idealistic as enshrined in the life and works of Great Americans

And I thought, after Mr. Lentz had delivered the speech, which he filched from my trunk in our room at noon, and while I was reshaping my remarks for this occasion, that they could not possibly be better introduced than by saying that to me Elbert Hubbard represented the finest flower of the American spirit and the American philosophy.

Elbert Hubbard concentrated, crystallized, and incarnated in himself the gnomonic wisdom of Ralph Waldo Emerson, the splendid love of Nature and of a wide margin to each man's book of life from the work of Thoreau. His democracy was as inclusive as that of Walt Whitman, whom he greatly admired and often echoed. His practical knowledge of the world was equal to that of Benjamin Franklin, and he had the advertising capacity of Phineas T. Barnum

Mr. Hubbard represented nothing but the individual man standing squarely on his feet and looking life in the face—and that is everything—all there is.

For twenty years he and I have been friends, and I assure you that I had never any occasion to doubt the sincerity of his friendship or the sincerity of any of his professions or performances. I have taken long rides with him at night over moonlit roads discussing all the philosophies and coming to the final conclusion that probably the best compromise we could make as a solution of life's problem was to "do a little good and—get the money." Often have we sat o' nights around a little burnished table, with a tinkle of ice in the pitcher, and our talk drummed up the dawn, and in all those years I never heard from his lips an unkind word against any man.

He had his enemies, as who has not? And they said things about him that would bring the blush of shame to the cheek of a hippopotamus. But he answered them with that slowly widening and all-inclusive smile and he would say, "Bill, we must n't mind the little fellows."

¶ I well remember the first appearance of *The Philistine*. Those were in the early, bad days, when my chief efforts were directed to the building up of the magnificent brewing industry in the city of Saint Louis as an ultimate and permanent and absolutely uncontrollable consumer

On a certain night I had been out all night studying mankind, and as Will Honeycomb, friend of Sir Roger de Coverley, said, in Addison's *Spectator*, my head was very achy in the morning from the study. I came down to my office with a peripatetic and bibulous friend, and the mail was just being delivered. It was absolutely necessary that we wait for the business manager to appear to furnish the wherewith for the harmless, necessary matutinal cocktail. I opened my mail with the hope that there would be one subscription from Constant Subscriber, but again I was disappointed

And then I came to a little package and opened it, sat down, read it and for a while,

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turned it over to my friend and he read it too. He jumped up and said, "By God, Bill, here's the real stuff." And it was.

This was the year Eighteen Hundred Ninety-four. We had just passed through that drastic and disciplinary period of Eighteen Hundred Ninety-three when we had all been forced to a course of exceeding plain living which generated some pretty high thinking.

The world, and especially America, was in a particularly despondent mood. Literature was apparently in a state of paralysis and stagnation. There was nothing doing except along the old traditional lines.

There was published in Chicago, a little periodical known as the *Chap Book*, which pursued all these traditional theories and had practically no influence upon the time except that it gave to the public an idea of a more fictile form for a magazine.

There was a man down in Texas named William Cowper Brann, who was writing like a vocabularistic volcano and discharging vituperation and epithet like a battery of forty-hundred-power cannon. He was stirring up the animals all over the country with a literature of protest that had the wide sweep of the Texas prairies in it, and breezes that came from the South like siroccos and from the opposite pole like the marrow-chilling "Norther."

There was incubating out in Nebraska the political revolution that was to come three years later.

After the *Chap Book* had made its appearance, multitudes of little publications that you could put in your pocket sprang up all over the country—all bad because they were not genuine—all base because they were imitations. ¶ Into this field was thrown *The Philistine*, and at once it struck twelve all over the United States. There never was so instantaneous a success in the history of publications in the world. ¶

Everybody at once sat up and took notice and realized that here was a gadfly that was to sting the intellect of America into real activity and execution.

Here was a man who came to us with a mocking smile, with a gentle laugh, and all the time he was reaching us with a message and giving us subcutaneous injections of the philosophy that was going to make Americanism some-

thing more than a mere shopworn phrase. ¶ For a long time a great many people were wondering what Hubbard was driving at, but as they wondered, it gradually crept into them that here was a man who was taking, as if out of the empyrean somewhere, a philosophy, thoroughly correlating and condensing and combining the philosophies of the past and present in a way to fit them to modern, everyday conditions, and readjusting the mentality of the American people in such a way that they could address themselves to the solution of their own problems.

Elbert Hubbard never thought of himself as a politician; but I tell you, ladies and gentlemen, that Elbert Hubbard was a prime factor in generating the intelligent discontent in this country which, in the last twenty years, has wrought a revolution, political, social and economic, which at this time we can not understand or comprehend, simply because we have been in it and part of it.

We got to inquiring about Elbert Hubbard, looking him up everywhere except in Bradstreet's, because we knew, then, it was not necessary. The next thing we heard about him was that he was going to print books, that he had been to the establishment of William Morris in England. ¶ He had been to that world-famous workshop and got the Morris idea, but in catching it, he bettered it.

William Morris was a very great man. He had a theory of reconstructing the world and bringing art to the people, but as he put that into effect it began to look very much as if he was carrying art away from the people.

He published magnificent books, wrought a revolution in printing, but, strange to say, while he professed to be working for the people, these books were procurable only by the wealthy and dilettante. His inspiration was found back in the Middle Ages.

Elbert Hubbard got the idea that if a book was worth printing at all, it was worth printing well, and that the object of a book was not principally the delectation of a few, but to develop the minds of the many. He did n't care for the Middle Ages, but for the man and woman of today. He brought the Morris idea to this country, put it into effect here at East Aurora, and has done more for the beautification of printing, for the dissemination of knowledge beautifully presented, than has ever been

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done in the whole history of printing from the days of Gutenberg, down through the days of Aldus and Pickering to the present time. Incidental to the development of the book-beautiful industry, his mind reached out with his own remarkable intuitiveness until he caught the further idea that he could bring art in many forms closer to the people, and so there grew up his system here of beautiful manufactures of many kinds of ware. He has done more to make the home happy, to make it a pleasant place to live in, than any other man who lived this side of the Atlantic Ocean. He surrounded us with beautiful things to generate in us beautiful thoughts and actions. ¶ These were practical results.

He conceived the strange idea that democratizing was the best method of liberating the human spirit. And so it is that millions of people in the United States who, up to the time when he came on the scene, took all their views at second hand, began to follow his works and, as they followed, they expanded and enlarged their souls.

There was one beauty about everything that Mr. Hubbard printed or that he wrote, and that was that there was no determinism in it, no finality.

He had no sense of dogma in his heart. All he aspired to do was to take the individual, to put him in the right way, put him where he was facing the light, give him a little intellectual impetus and then say: "Go on! Go on and on, and, by keeping your eye on the light, you will eventually arrive at the truth which will make you sane and happy and free." Incidentally again to this, he dawns upon us as absolutely the discoverer of Health. He came out here and made practical application of Colonel Ingersoll's suggestion that "health should be made catching instead of disease." He applied this by the simple method of putting people *en rapport* with Nature.

He applied it by emancipating their minds from all forms of superstition. He was an anti-authoritarian in every respect. He was anti-law and anti-doctor, anti-preacher and anti-punishment—anti-everything but humanity. Or, rather, he was against all the forms and shapes into which law, medicine, religion, government, had been distorted by bad thinking and worse practise.

As I next recall, there came along the *Little*

Journeys, and to state in moderate terms the influence of those publications is absolutely impossible.

No man in our time or in any other has brought more people into friendly, familiar and helpful converse with the dead but sceptered sovereigns who still rule our spirits from their urns. All that man has done and been in the world at any time or anywhere was a part of Elbert Hubbard, and whether he went to the home of Goethe or Rubens or Longfellow, or, in a later day, to the lowly cabin of John D. Rockefeller, he discovered in all these people—what? Hubbard! Every man whose picture he drew was a reproduction of Hubbard. He found in each of them what was his own and presented it to the world, and made of all the masters of mind and deeds just the exemplars of his own philosophy.

¶ Elbert Hubbard I loved for the reason that he was a great anarchist. He was a law unto himself. And he advocated that every man should be to himself that selfsame law, conditioned only by the natural, ultimate and universal decency of things.

When *The Philistine* first appeared, I can well recollect that the Socialists hailed him as a new convert, but he was too great a man to be confined in the grooves of any such philosophy. He had no sympathy with the regimentation of humanity. His gospel was the gospel of freedom, and he went with our friends, the Socialists, only as far as his sympathies led him to sympathize with them in their aspirations for a greater freedom.

But in the aspect of Socialism which has for its object the shaping of all men into a system of government which would eventually resolve itself into a mechanical and mathematical tyranny, he had no sympathy whatever.

Many people had seen in the later development of Mr. Hubbard's preachments an apparent departure from his previous spirit, but I have never been able to discover that. I can see in the very latest work that he has done nothing but a reiteration of the philosophy which he enshrined in *A Message to Garcia*. That was his message to the world, and in his later exposition of it, where he is supposed to pay tribute to the wealthy and successful, it was entirely the other way. Mr. Hubbard maintained that the chief duty of man was service, and he recognized in the successful businessmen of the United States the prime

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fact that they had served, and that their service had brought them merited reward. He was not without a larger vision of the matter at all. There were many things he glided over with that gracefulness of evasion which is a necessary requisite to business success.

He recognized the value of service, but nobody ever heard Elbert Hubbard raise his voice in behalf of privilege. He believed that every man should get the profit of his own labors, but he was no believer in the theory that any man should exclusively profit by the labors of others.

He was an intense individualist, and he recognized in the successful businessmen of our country the fact that, with all the clutter of misarrangement and disarrangement of our system, they had simply triumphed over it, had done the best they could under the circumstances, developed their qualities until they became a kind of superman, and incidentally had made opportunity for others. He believed that all men might become supermen by honest work, under fair and honest conditions, where the few succeeded now.

That is why I am not one of those who doubted, of recent years, the master's sincerity. I think that his philosophy in the end and at the beginning was entirely consistent.

I think he recognized fundamentally that there are no common men, that somewhere in everybody, in the slums or in the palace, there is a divine spark which can be raised to a magnificent, illuminating and warming flame if you will let play upon it the winds of freedom. Elbert Hubbard, in all the years that I have known him, never was tainted in the least with the aristocratic superstition. There was no man in all the world who was readier to give hail and welcome to the new man who came up with a new idea or a new work for the benefit of his fellows.

There was no more appreciative man within the confines of the four seas than this man who was popularly supposed to have no use for anything that did n't boost the game at East Aurora.

Mr. Hubbard and I were, as I say, friends for twenty years, and if he knew I was here speaking on this occasion, he would say, "Bill, this adds new terrors to death." There was never any foolish flattery between us, and I have not proposed to make an address that shall be

mere indiscriminate eulogy of the man. I don't want to preach about him—to exalt myself, but only to speak of him as I saw him.

This world is full of books about books, and the people of the United States are especially pestered, imposed upon and persecuted by fat men going around on holidays and talking about great men.

The thing to do is not to stand around and talk about Elbert Hubbard. The thing to do is to read him and follow the advice he gives. You can not go wrong in following a man who was not afraid of any truth in the sunlight or in the moonlight or in the dark.

Elbert Hubbard was a magnificently free spirit and a magnificently human man, because he had the splendid gift of humor. And while all the "unco guid" and the indecently pure were often shocked by him, the glorious thing about him was that, as Ingersoll said of Lincoln, he hesitated to use no word that wit could disinfect.

There was in him, in my opinion, no guile, notwithstanding the continuous implication that you heard about him everywhere, that he was doing this or that with one ulterior motive—always the coin.

Elbert Hubbard was the simplest man I ever met, and if it was n't for the wonderful rig in which he accoutered himself when he went about the country, I have no doubt every time he came back home here to East Aurora he would have brought a valise full of gold bricks. He looked so wise the "con" men were afraid of him, thinking him one of themselves. Thus his simplicity saved him on his way through the world. He was so simple that people could not understand him. He was the simplest pirate that ever sailed the literary seas.

He could take the thing that you wrote or the story you told him and print it in one of his widely circulated publications and it was better than when you turned it out.

He took his own wherever he found it and was not bothered with any nice scruples. There was another beautiful thing about Hubbard, and that was he could always laugh with you at himself. One of the best jokes in the world to Elbert Hubbard was Hubbard. And the people that he liked were the people that knew he knew it. This was the bottom fact of his humor, his wisdom, his kindliness.

The people who worried the Fra were those

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pertinacious in their discipleship. He came to me one night after a lecture, when the people were pursuing him madly over the stage, jumping over the chairs, and he said, "For God's sake, Bill, save me from the disciples, and take me to a chile-con-carne joint."

In this wonderful blend of multitudinous personalities which we call Hubbard, there were all things intermingled. Even in this miraculous self-advertiser there was a substratum of shyness showing itself at times

A thing that struck me about Hubbard very often was a strain of mysticism running through him—a strain of mysticism which was apparently at variance with his practical and so-called materialistic philosophy. And every time I tried to get particularly close to him about any of those eternal subjects which men will talk about when the politics and the weather have worn out, always it seemed as if that smile came over him as an impenetrable veil, and he would say, "Bill, the thing to do is to get by."

Always during the years that I knew him—other people, I am aware, knew him better—there was an inner core of Hubbard to which the merely curious and inquisitive could not penetrate. People knew all there was to know about Hubbard from what Hubbard was content to let them know through his writings. I remember on one occasion I thought I had him cornered when I brought up the subject of Shakespeare, and I said, "Fra, what do you think about Shakespeare?" He thawed into that smile of many meanings or none, and said, "Bill, Shakespeare *is*," a remark inclusive of everything and committal as to nothing! I believe that he did n't wish to commit himself on the Shakespeare-Bacon proposition, because he did n't want to lose any material number of subscribers from any side of that interminable controversy. Probably he agreed with the Irishman who said that he was convinced that Shakespeare did n't write his plays, but was positively certain they were written by another man of the same name.

What did Hubbard stand for except what I have generally referred to? I believe above everything else, as I have iterated and reiterated it, in liberty. This brought him naturally into apparently contradictory positions. I can well remember the time that he had

an awful controversy with the gentleman who makes those O'Sullivan rubber heels because he refused to have his East Aurora Shop unionized

This was not because Hubbard had any inherent or cultivated antagonism either to labor or its organization, but what he objected to, and what every man in the United States, when he is not running for an office, objects to, is the tyranny that has grown up in the name of organized labor.

He objected to the development of class consciousness. He objected to the theory, as it works out, that the union laborer and the capitalist shall get together and then say between themselves, "You take yours and I'll take mine," and we fellows in between them both get it in the neck.

He objected to class consciousness either at the top or at the bottom.

When he started out, his magazine was a magazine or periodical of protest, and for a long time he was a leader of the revolt. But he had too much humor, too much judgment of human nature, to make a good reformer. No man can be a good reformer who loves people more than he loves his own theories, and so in the course of time, when revolt had developed into and proceeded as far as inanities, when the whole country was spattered over with the results of muckraking, and all the waters of the rough, rude sea could not wash off the stain, Elbert Hubbard rose in revolt against that tyranny and took the opposite side as the defender of the tired businessman, who had nothing to his credit except the cabaret-show and the "best seller" novel.

Mr. Hubbard was a perfectly sane man. He believed in everything in moderation. He carried nothing to extremes, except his hair and his necktie!

This sanity it was which made him many—not enemies, but critics.

You know the American people have a perfect passion for putting everybody in compartments and labeling them this, that or the other.

But Elbert Hubbard refused to be catalogued. He refused to be put in a Globe-Wernicke bookcase and lost in the ruck. He stood for himself and for the right of every other man to be himself.

I do not know what his political views were. I do not particularly care. I know that Hubbard

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knew that pretty nearly everybody who is in the public eye, parading up and down on flag-bedecked platforms, is putting a more or less elaborate "con" game over on the general public ❧ ❧

He had no "fixed ideas" and he had no fetishes. As I said before, he looked life straight in the face, and when he looked at a man, he saw not only into him, but all around him and through him. He was the greatest judge of humanity that I have ever seen, notwithstanding the fact, as I have said before, that he had a wonderful simplicity. Anybody who could get close enough to Elbert Hubbard could get anything he had. The only trouble was that you could not get close enough to him. This was his shield and buckler. As he said to me once, "Heavens! the game is up if they get on to us!"

I remember one friend of mine came down here to live with Hubbard, and I think he stayed here two years and then he fled, and the desperation of his flight may be understood when I tell you he came to Saint Louis in the hope, the vain one, of getting a job from me ❧ I said to him, "What is the matter between you and Hubbard?" He answered: "Bill, he takes me out and walks me over those roads and talks to me and I go home and I go to bed, and two days afterwards *The Philistine* appears and everything in it is mine! Mine, but mutilated!" ❧ ❧

I have no hesitation whatever in admitting that many of the best things that are going hurtling down the ages as the words of Elbert Hubbard, and some of them quoted by Mr. Lentz this morning, were lifted boldly from the columns of *Reedy's Mirror*. But this was only in line with the freedom of all great men. Shakespeare himself took his plots wherever he found them. In taking them he improved them. And I will say this for Mr. Hubbard, that even those masterpieces which he filched from me were used by him to more effect than ever they have been used by me ❧ He put them where they would do the most good, and I was very glad in my humble way, down near the Tropics, in the grateful shade of our great breweries, to delve and forge mental jewels in order that he should be constantly supplied ❧ Now I have talked about Mr. Hubbard for some time and I have said nothing about his partner. I wonder how many people there are

who really realize the greatness and the glory of Alice Hubbard.

Until Alice Hubbard came into the Roycroft Shops, the institution was a magnificent one, but it proceeded successfully by a certain kind of genius of chaos.

With her arrival upon the scene came a real organization here. She it was who translated into performance the efficient doctrine of Hubbard ❧ ❧

It is a rule of life that, when you find a man preaching anything particularly pertinaciously, if you look into his conduct you will find him doing the exact opposite.

Mr. Hubbard had all the theory of business all right, but he was really too good a fellow to get the best results. He could sell anything, but he would buy anything and he'd give away more than he got—until Alice came upon the scene ❧ ❧

As soon as Alice Hubbard appeared, the Roycroft Institution came into its golden age, and it had a better, a wider and a stronger influence: that influence was more intelligently directed and with a better eye to results.

Alice Hubbard was a wonderful woman. When you think of all the years during which she remained in the background, when you think of the obloquy she bore, when you think of her patience of waiting and dignity in suffering, you begin to realize the truth of the saying that "whoso his love to prove, is willing to be forgot, stands on the heights of love."

This woman lived for an idea, and for a principle. That principle was that love should be free—a thing far higher, nobler than free love. She suffered for it, but, as rarely happens in the history of suffering souls, she came finally into the full light and warmth of realization, and into vindication and glorification.

¶ For how many years this woman in the background had been the inspiration of Elbert Hubbard, we have all learned from the things he has said and written of her.

She was the person who gave to the philosophy of Hubbard its chief quality of heart. She was the fructifier of his institutions, she was the person who was his spiritual support and sustenance. When this institution began, as all institutions must, to be a drag upon the man who created it, because in our efforts for freedom it is a part of the irony of life that, the more we try to go onward, the more we find

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our feet caught in the net, and the more we build and construct, the more certain it is that these institutions will become an obsession and a burden upon ourselves—it was she who saw to it that he did not faint and fail and fall under his load.

If it had not been for Alice Hubbard, as he told me one night in Chicago, "If it had not been for Alice, Bill, many a time I could have come up here and walked out into the lake."

¶ This woman it was who brought Elbert Hubbard finally into the camp of those who insist that democracy in this country shall not be limited in its benefits to one-half the human race. Elbert Hubbard, under the influence of this magnificent, kindly, tender, gentle, loving woman, came boldly to the front for the theory that woman should have a share in the government under which she lives, and the two of them working together have brought nearer to us the day when we shall realize a perfect democracy, and when there shall come into the system and policy of government the quality of womanly intuition of straight-seeing: the quality of the woman which during the long ages has been suppressed, the quality of seeing things as they are, and when that day comes, the people of this Government will not be put off with the lies and the half-truths which are offered us as substitutes for the immortal principles of the Declaration of Independence and the Golden Rule.

This was the last great work of Elbert Hubbard—but no: we can not say that unless in finality, the grandest, the greatest thing he did was in the last days of his life in lifting his voice, sharpening his pen against the diabolical insanity of war.

In all the world there was no man who did more to place this insanity across the water clearly before the minds of the people. And it is not unfitting—indeed, it makes one see something of a large divine design about it—that Elbert Hubbard, the man who did and said most in condemnation of war, the man who stood out strongest and boldest in denunciation of the chief instigator of that awful calamity, should finally be called upon, in the inscrutable wisdom of events, to give up his life in order that the iniquity might be more apparent to millions of millions of Americans.

Now, as was said this morning, and again this afternoon, we come here not to mourn, but

really to rejoice. As was said upon this day upon another occasion by the greatest man "who ever lived in the tide of time," "The world will little note or long remember what we say here, but it will never forget what they *did* here." And stealing a few words more from the Gettysburg address, we can say that these two people paid with their lives "the last full measure of devotion" to the idea of liberty when they went down in the *Lusitania* off the Irish Coast—a sacrifice to the man-devouring God they holily blasphemed.

"They outsoared the shadow of our night; Envy and calumny and hate and pain, And that unrest which men miscall delight, Can touch them not and torture not again."

¶ Both of them taught us the glory of work illumined by love. Both of them pointed us to a time when democracy shall have developed into a reality, taken down from the clouds of idealism; when every man shall have work to do that he loves to do; when every man shall have the benefit of the full product of his labor; when there shall be time left over from work for leisure; when in that leisure we may develop an art more glorious than any we remember from times past; when life itself shall be an art; when every man shall be free of his own spirit; when he shall be free of the joys of earth and air and sea, and shall go down the way of life rejoicing and facing death as the last enchantment. For these people have shown us one great thing, and that is the great glory and the moving power of love. And well we know that the power of love does not stop with the here and now.

Well we understand that as Fiona Macleod has said, "Love is more great than we conceive and death is the keeper of unknown redemptions." So let us then go on our way in the path which these people have pointed out, down the road which they have bordered with flowers, and let us feel that as we go, "burning from the inmost veil of heaven," the soul of Elbert and Alice Hubbard, one in death as in life, "like a star," beckons from the abodes where the eternal are.


To benefit others, you must be reasonably happy: there must be animation through useful activity, good-cheer, kindness and health—health of mind and health of body.



LOYALTY



LOYALTY is that quality which prompts a person to be true to the thing he undertakes. It means definite direction, fixity of purpose, steadfastness. Loyalty supplies power, poise, purpose, ballast, and works for health and success. Nature helps the loyal man. If you are careless, slipshod, indifferent, Nature assumes that you wish to be a nobody and grants your desire. Success hinges on loyalty. Be true to your art, your business, your employer, your "house." Loyalty is for the one who is loyal. It is a quality woven through the very fabric of one's being, and never a thing apart. Loyalty makes the thing to which you are loyal yours. Disloyalty removes it from you. Whether any one knows of our disloyalty is really of little moment, either one way or the other. The real point is, how does it affect ourselves? Work is for the worker. Love is for the lover. Art is for the artist. The menial is a man who is disloyal to his work. All useful service is raised to the plane of art when love for the task—LOYALTY—is fused with the effort.



Conventionalities



Bert Hubbard Led the Faithful Into Town



John J. Lentz Spoke From Subterranean Depths



Bill Reedy Overworked Pegasus



Mrs. Solomon Divorced the New York World for East Aurora



David Bispham Filled the Night With Melody



Bruce Calvert Arrived Early Saturday



Sophie Irene Loeb and MacGarry Reconstructed the Literati



Dard Hunter, the famous Prussian Raspberry Merchant, Was Present



Rabbi Fleischer Remade the Earth and Shifted the Stars



Mike Monahan Said a Word for Ould Oirland



The Rochester Quartette Tore Off a Few



Byron King Gave Billy Sunday Professional Jealousy



Jean Kerr Sang, "I Love to See My Mother Braid Her Hair"

THE FRA

For Philistines and
Roycrofters —



September 1915

Orison Swett Marden
Gerald Stanley Lee
Gutzon Borglum
Scott Nearing
Deshler Welch
Ed. Howe

ELBERT HUBBARD

CREDO



BELIEVE that God is here, and that we are as near Him now as ever we shall be. I do not believe He started this world a-going and went away and left it to run itself. ¶ I believe in the sacredness of the human body, this transient dwelling-place of a living soul, and so I deem it the duty of every man and woman to keep his or her body beautiful through right thinking and right living. ¶ I believe that the love of man for woman, and the love of woman for man, is holy; and that this love in all of its promptings is as much an emanation of the Divine Spirit as man's love for God, or the most daring hazards of the human mind. ¶ I believe in salvation through economic, social and spiritual freedom. ¶ I believe John Ruskin, William Morris, Henry Thoreau, Walt Whitman and Leo Tolstoy to be Prophets of God, who should rank in mental reach and spiritual insight with Elijah, Hosea, Ezekiel and Isaiah. ¶ I believe that men are inspired today as much as ever men were. ¶ I believe we are now living in eternity as much as ever we shall. ¶ I believe that the best way to prepare for a Future Life is to be kind, live one day at a time, and do the work you can do the best, doing it as well as you can. ¶ I believe there is no devil but fear. ¶ I believe the only way we can reach the Kingdom of Heaven is to have the Kingdom of Heaven in our hearts. ¶ I believe that death is a manifestation of life.

—ELBERT HUBBARD

THE FRA

DEVOTED-TO-BUSINESS-AND
THE-BUSINESS-OF-LIVING

FELIX SHAY
EDITOR
JOHN T. HOYLE
MANAGING
EDITOR



TWENTY-FIVE CENTS
THE COPY
TWO DOLLARS
THE YEAR
FOREIGN POSTAGE
SEVENTY-FIVE CENTS

ELBERT HUBBARD - PUBLISHER

SEPTEMBER, NINETEEN HUNDRED FIFTEEN

Grandfather and Grandmother Hubbard

Bert Hubbard



IN a little flowery cottage, just around the corner from the Roycroft Shops, live Doctor Silas and Julia Frances Hubbard, the father and the mother of Elbert Hubbard.

Silas is ninety-four, and Julia is eighty-six. Both are in full

possession of every faculty—they are healthy and strong. The Doctor has his own teeth, an abundance of hair, and reads without glasses. Up to ten years ago he practised his profession—but never on himself.

One day last year, I was called suddenly to the old gentleman's aid by Grandmother. The Doctor had been working all the long afternoon in his garden. The sun was very hot, and the Patriarch had become slightly affected. He lapsed into a semi-conscious state.

We all were worried, and naturally called in a

near-by physician. There was really nothing he could do. Soon after he came, Doctor Hubbard recovered ☞ ☞

On looking about the room, he espied the M. D. Immediately Doctor Silas asked him who he was and why he was there. An explanation followed. Thereupon the supposedly weak and worn-out patient launched a discussion on things medical by asking, "Doctor Phelps, are you a Homeopath or an Allopath?"

Doctor Phelps had come to be kind to an ailing old man, but instead he had to meet a vigorous attack on the Profession generally and argue strenuously, with no chance to win.

SILAS HUBBARD never took any of his own dope, and he states positively he does not intend to begin at ninety-four with another man's dope.

This grand old man has a strength of character and an independence that are beautiful. To offer him your assistance or make any allusion to his age as being a handicap is always resented ☞ ☞

One Hundred Sixty-one

His garden is the best in East Aurora. He works it himself. Ali Baba is allowed to give advice only. When there are no new potatoes in Doctor Hubbard's garden on the Fourth of July, he considers the season's work a failure. He has been a worker all his life, and will be to his last day.

JULIA FRANCES HUBBARD is alert, active, keen for discussion on any subject. She knew Lincoln. She believed in him and his principles. She has a wonderful memory. She knows every date of importance in American history, and observes them all with genuine sincerity. In her you recognize the true unspoiled spirit of the American pioneer.

Elbert was her only son, and I believe it was the training of his mother and her inspiration that made him reach the height he did. He always confided in her and told her about his business.

He left home early in life to face the world, but the letters he wrote his mother are revelations in love and idealism. She has given me some of them recently, and I see in them an early shaping of the great work he was to do.

In Eighteen Hundred Ninety-two, Elbert Hubbard wrote this letter to his mother:

My Dear Mother :

Next to the selection of my parents, I have completed the most important move of my life. In fact, my death can not be a matter of as much importance—or fraught with greater moment. So to you, above all others, I write it first—I have sloughed my commercial skin. That is to say, I have sold out my entire financial interest in the Soap Business. My last share was transferred today and the money is in the bank to my credit. Why have I gone and done this thing? Because, Dear Mother, I have all the money I want and there is a better use I can make of my time.

That excellent man, S. Hubbard, M. D., and myself are probably the only men in the whole U. S. who have all the money they desire.

The next question is: What do I propose to do? I am going to Harvard College, and it is my intention to take a full four years' course. I also hope to spend a year in some University in Germany as well.

John and Frank look upon my plans as a mild form of insanity, but I am at peace with them and

all the world besides. I have not paddled away from a sinking ship; the business here was never more prosperous.

I have concluded that he who would excel in the realm of thought must not tarry in the domain of dollars. Another thing, I believe that he who would live long and well must live like a poor man, no matter what his income is. We must be warmed and fed, of course, but we must wait on ourselves and work with our hands a certain number of hours each day.

Many men want to lay up enough money to give their children a start. Money will do it all right, but it is on the down grade. If my boys can not get along without my financial aid, they can't with it.

I wish you and Father would both write me giving your blessing to my new arrangement.

With much love, as ever,

E. H.

WHEN Elbert Hubbard was lost with the *Lusitania*, the news was withheld from Grandmother Hubbard for several days. Long before we told her that there was no hope, she seemed to know. Her boy had perished and his body lay at the bottom of the sea; she felt it.

Never again would he make her his daily visit; never again would he stop in for a moment when returning from his horseback-ride. Her silent grief was indescribable.

But with a philosophy and a strength almost beyond comprehension, she bore her burden. Today she will greet you with assurance and a smile. She will talk with you of the great loss with dry eyes. She will reason with you as to why the *Lusitania* sank so quickly. She will discuss Hubbard's works, and no mother ever was more proud of her boy.

To her his fame was only the outcome of her hopes, her dreams. Only he had far outreached them all.

In her I see all the characteristics of his genius: that nervous desire for knowledge—a most extraordinary energy—a high moral sense—a genuine regard for the rights of others—a firmness of purpose and a determination to do the thing regardless. There, too, is the kindest heart—the sweetest disposition—a love for peace.

Surely can it be said, she is a great mother of a great man.

What you think of THE NEW FRA vitally concerns us. We ask that you write us, criticize us, suggest—and should you find it in your Heart to say—"Good Cheer!" "Go on!" "God Speed!"—it will please us mightily.

THE ROYCROFTERS

"I speak Truth, not so much as I would, but as much as I dare; and I dare a little more as I grow older."

FELICITATIONS

Felix Shay

German Kultur



GERMANY'S Kultur is the bone of contention in the World War. One side fights for it; the other against it. One year of time, millions of men, billions of dollars the argument has cost us. Should we not determine, with all humane and sentimental con-

siderations cast aside, what may be the ultimate benefits?

You will perhaps misjudge my intent were I not to tell you here and now that I am pro-Ally—for the past twenty generations. Whenever I say *Gesundheit*, or *Prosit!*, the beer never tastes the same. I am Irish, and in the matter of Germany I am "agin' the Government."

Beyond that, I believe that the German people have already won their place in the sun! I believe that German Kultur has come to stay.

It matters not that Germany's Army is cut up into four quarters and smoked (God speed the day!). The supposed result will be insignificant in the forward march of Civilization. But the diffusing of German Kultur, the real German Kultur, throughout the world must give the sustained victory to Germany—the far-felt victory.

Forget the Kaiser now! Forget Belgium; forget Louvain; forget the *Lusitania*; forget the conduct of the officers of the War-Lord's army and navy. Think not of war as the ghastly thing it is, but think of it as a job—a work to do! Only with the latter thought in mind may you harbor a true estimate of the possibilities of the German people.

NOT since the world was cemented together, has such a work been done as the German people have done in the past half-century. Never have we known such efficiency, such organization, such intelligent application. Forty years' preparation has been given to this war. Once the Bernhardt premise is accepted—that is, that War is beneficial to mankind—who shall say that a single second of the forty years was wasted!

Once you agree (and you must agree to get the sense of this argument) that Germany needed to prepare, needed strong protection, needed to go to war, then, by the Spike of the Kaiser's Helmet, you must admit that they accomplished what they set out to accomplish on a tremendous scale. Gun for gun, man for man, army corps for army corps, suspender-button for suspender-button, cook-oven for cook-oven, transportation system for transportation system, airship for airship, the Germans have demonstrated superiority over their foes.

Whether or not their fears played them tricks—whether or not the old World-Conqueror's Dream beckoned the Kaiser on—the fact remains: the German Nation started in forty years ago to build up an invincible army, and they have succeeded almost beyond the understanding of mankind. Whatever the purpose behind the development of this German Juggernaut, the machine in its full power suggests a unity of purpose, an ability to make millions unselfishly serve a common cause, unknown to the world heretofore.

I am prepared to yield the point that the German Army in itself is worse than waste; it is the cause of waste. But the methods that were worked out in the advancement of this mighty force will be coveted, adopted and used by humanity forever.

How wonderfully even was the First Line in this forty-year march of the German Nation! Scientists, City-Builders, Surgeons, Teachers,

One Hundred Sixty-three

Sanitary Experts, Soldiers, Literary Men, Inventors, Shipbuilders, Engineers, Businessmen, all strode shoulder to shoulder toward *der Tag*. Each had his work to do; each did it. Such oneness of purpose, such discipline, such endurance was never before.

PERMIT me to name for you the elements of German Kultur that are already distributed as seed to grow up and flower in other nations: Foresight, Thoroughness, Team-Work, Endurance, Economy, Simplicity, Thrift, Ability, Initiative, Inventive Genius, Modernity, true Morality, true Education, Application, Boldness, Loyalty to each other and to a cause—UNSELFISHNESS!

How quickly the Allies absorb these qualities in their perfected form will tell how quickly the Germanic Nations will be defeated. The Allies are openly copying German methods now, as speedily and as well as they know how. All they ask is TIME. The Germans, for the health of the German people, must be defeated, lest they believe that the War is the thing sought. So all that they evolved shall be duplicated and used against them.

Mistake not the raucous roar of us that are prejudiced. We want Kaiser Bill's scalp; we want his War Party to join him in Convention at Saint Helena; but we would not humiliate the German people a whit. All that we ask is the privilege of watching them work—with the wish that we may learn how.

Peace will bring the greater victory for thoughtful Germany.

Moreover, and not to be overlooked, Germany needs very much that which either England, France or Russia can lend her. For want of a more explicit term, let us say "Good Breeding." With all Germany's accomplishments, she sadly needs a lift up from Boorishness. The average German of whatever class is a one-ideaed man—and very positive. You will understand quite well what I mean, if you will discuss the War with an Englishman, and then with a German! Each may feel strongly. But the Englishman is a gentleman, with an ear for your viewpoint; while the German either calls you a D. F. and flares up or else contemptuously pities you. The smell of the workshop is on the German. The ideal has been just a little too much "blood and iron." His diplomacy is the ridicule of the world, because he lacks that

expansiveness, that facility, that nicety of give and take, which distinguishes some of the other nations. His one-track mind only permits him to go forward or go back. Other nations can give German Kultur the fine finish, and raise it to a higher plane of progress. Other nations have much to exchange for all that Germany can give.

But first, that great Anachronism, the German Army, must be repulsed, defeated, annihilated, dissolved, absorbed, forgotten.

Eccentric Signatures

SOME day, some one, bent on bringing a blessing to Business, will organize The Society of the Sane and Simple Signature. The single purpose of this Order will be to encourage and honor the man who signs his name so that one unfamiliar with his greatness may read and understand.

Of all petty annoyances, the one that annoys the most is to have your correspondent address you, "My dear Mr. Boozer," when you know that your signature spells, B-l-e-e-k-e-r. You know it, but you'd have the Devil's own time to pick out the separate letters in the signature you wrote last week.

Hotels find that the undecipherable signature on the register causes more complaints than anything else.

"Is Mr. Ridder there?" inquires the voice over the telephone.

"No! Sorry!" says the Hotel Clerk.

"Are you sure?" persists the voice.

"Oh, yes—I'm quite sure! He is not registered."

On the book the name is Riddle. Certainly, it's not Ridder! Anybody can see there is n't any final "R" at all.

What can Mr. Ridder do about it when he misses connections? The fault is his only own.

DUPLICATING eccentric signatures, the authorities tell us, is easy work for the forger—like the cartoonist who finds it less difficult to sketch a very fat man, a very thin, gaunt man, or one with a beak nose.

The signature that sums up as three flourishes meant for initials and a wave in between is the work of the stupid man, the careless man, the vain man. He may think he gets people with his curlicues and sweeps of ink; but all he gets is their nanny.

THE FRA

What we want is a signature signed to a business letter that is so plain, with each letter so perfectly outlined, that even the Simple Simon of the office may read it and file it where it may be found.

A preliminary measure advanced while The Society of the Sane and Simple Signature is forming is this: Instruct your stenographer to write in the corner of your letter, not J.-per-G., but John Jones-per-G.—and then your misanthropic scrawl may be deciphered without calling in Sherlock Holmes.

Banks Behind the Times

NEXT to Gas and Electric-Light Companies American Banks fall furthest below the expectations of their public. Unless it is that banks are officered by the inexperienced sons of rich men, it is difficult to explain why they fail to function. Permit us to pause here, while we analyze what is a Bank! A bank is a business institution that has three things to sell: Reliability, Service, Assistance. Its chief function is to redistribute accumulated wealth, to make it give the greatest good to the greatest number.

To show good faith, let us not question any bank or trust company, its reliability, its fair intent, the responsibility of its Board, and the bars of bullion and bundles of paper money stored in its cellar. Especially, the bullion and the bills, let us not question, or else their multitudinous and not-understandable "annual statements"—and ninety-five per cent of the only kind of advertising they have courage to print—is immediately anomalous.

¶ Now then, come with me! It is Saturday morning—say, eleven-thirty. Your suburban train leaves at twelve-ten. You have an extra hundred that you should like to deposit. We enter the bank to find every minion of that Business House safely ensconced behind a grating. A chill clutches you when you see how the automatons are barred in. For some unexplained reason, banks and penitentiaries are designed by the same architect.

Now then, be brave. Walk right up to the window and make the sour-faced man take your money. Ah, but there is an obstruction! Twelve impatient, chafing, busy, productive citizens are held in line, while a lean, cold-blooded, superior, suspicious Teller makes his marks and adds his columns.

Why are there not two, three or four Tellers in rush hours?

Why is not the banking business conducted across open counters, like a department-store? Why are customers treated with suspicion, and their rights as to their time ignored?

Sh! Be still! This is Service!

SHOW me one hundred banks, and I will show you ninety-nine that never get under the surface of their market. Unless the city is one of those hustling cities, west of the Mississippi, the entire hundred are operating on the same plan, practically, that was used by their grandfathers. For that reason, the ability of the average banker in his line is equal to the barber who learned his trade from his father, who, in turn, learned it from a horse-clipper. ¶ Would you like to know why there is a Money Trust? Because by some accident of Fate, there are half a dozen men in banking in New York with brains—and they simply can not avoid issuing orders to the high privates throughout the country.

Would you like to know one problem that the bank has not yet solved? Very well! When a city sells its bonds to the citizens, let us say, there comes a golden stream of ginger-jar money: the kind any bank not afraid of itself could secure in a six-months' campaign—planned as any other kind of business house would plan. But bankers are something different, something out of the day's work. They speak a jargon. They read another part of the newspapers. They talk "margins" and "rises" and "percentages," and the average man feels them aloof—he suspects them. He suspects them as he knows they suspect him.

Some day, some bank will discover how to restore confidence, how to get the ginger-jar money. Some day a bank will be so organized along human lines that a young girl, an easily frightened little housewife, a servant, a laboring man, will not be afraid to go there to cash a check ➤ ➤

ANOTHER queer quirk in bank management may deserve comment. Has it ever been your privilege to see a dozen bank presidents bootlicking the most successful manufacturer in town? Say, at the Country Club? Will they grant him credit? Why, "the sky is the limit." Courageous, are they not? ¶ Ten years ago they insulted this same man.

One Hundred Sixty-five

They sent him back to his office with his head on his chest. He was risking all he had then, and they would n't risk a nickel with him. Does he remember? Yes, gentle sir, he remembers. He banks in New York.

While they are crawling on their bellies to the now-rich man, with him disinterested, there are forty firms just around the corner that a thousand or more would turn the scale from failure to success—big accounts in the making. In the development of every business, there comes a time when the banker down the street can make it or break it. The businessman, tense, excited, hurries to the Bank. He wants to explain. The situation is plain to him. He finds what? ♣ A constructive businessman interested in the upbuilding of his city; keen on the success of the business ventures within his territory; enthusiastic, intelligent? No-o-o-o! He finds a money-lender with a cold, aristocratic eye. The money-lender wants nothing to do with the transaction! Or he wants his pound of flesh.

Not always. But too many times.

Would you like to know how little most American banks really understand American business? (Primarily, American business is that occupation which improves whatever it handles; essentially not *trading*.) Appreciate this topmost incongruity. Find your own statistics, make your own tests, but in certain very prominent cities of the U. S. Constellation a Trademark that may be worth a million dollars is not considered a basis for credit ♣ A banker is neither a professional man nor an investment broker—he is a businessman, and he must learn the ways of his breed.

Friends of the Devil

GEORGE BAXTER lived in a small village in Canada for forty years. He was a respected parent, a loyal friend, a generous neighbor, an inspiring companion, an able man. Yet this exceptional man was never elected to office; few conventional honors came to him ♣ Children would be called indoors when he walked down the street. The indictment from the doorways, "There he goes," would follow him. He was an atheist. He did not believe in God.

Baxter did or did not believe in God, as the case may be; but he did believe in The Good. He fostered it. He created it.

One Hundred Sixty-six

For years he devoted much of his time to the Indians on the Reservation, one mile from his home. He taught them that to spit on the floor meant tuberculosis; that dirt meant disease; that laziness meant poverty; that whisky meant jail; that ignorance meant death.

He organized them. He taught them to work systematically. He found a market for their products. But the Catholic Priest considered his efforts too enlightening, and therefore opposed to the True Religion. He was made to feel unwelcome at the Reservation.

When want cried out, when a woodman was caught under a falling tree, or when a farm wife ten miles from nowhere needed some one to sit up with her sick husband, George Baxter was in demand. He taught the unlettered, he nursed the sick, he closed the eyes of the dead. Many a man in that North Country, when his life was passing out, with his blue lips whispered the request that George Baxter preach his funeral sermon.

Baxter's sermons were understandable, personal talks, free of forms, free of anointed persiflage and the litany of altars. It was one friend saying, "Luck to You!" to another; wishing him a pleasant journey and a safe port; then explaining to the assembly on shore his virtues as the soul sailed out.

George Baxter died last week, aged seventy-some, and over his grave was read one of his own funeral sermons. They could find nothing that would so well commend him to the God of things as they should be, as his own words spoken over the body of another.

I knew this man; I revered his way of doing things. His field was a restricted one, yet he followed the Light; he spoke up for liberty. His life, his work and his refusal to accept dogmatic creeds made an impression on a thousand people. Would that we all did as much! One side of him could not be considered and the other ignored. At his death his townsfolk said, "Well, he was a *good* man."

♣ A good man and an atheist.

Why is it that those who help to take the fetters from the human mind are supposed to be in league with the Devil? Why is it that the supreme logic of their lives does not win wholesale conversions? Why must we hark back two thousand years for our ideals? And why, and why again, must we persecute the men who come to set us free?

Of all dissenters, Moses seems to have been

the only one who carried off any honor with his own people. He knocked over the golden calf of the Jews, but his dramatics were the equal of David Belasco's and so he was saved. But Christ was crucified by the Jews. Though it was his "second coming" they anticipated, they nailed him to a cross and crowned him with thorns.

Savonarola, the Italian, was against the Church and the Medici. Even Lorenzo the Magnificent could not stop his mouth, so he was hanged and his body burned. Bruno, the Inquisitors jailed for six years, and when he refused to recant they lit the fagots under him. Within my life the Pope has protested against raising a monument to Bruno. Copernicus was an astronomer and remade the sky, and so confused the location of the various corner lots in Heaven that Pope Paul the Third crossed his fingers and wished him This and That, and the learned man died of dysentery.

Montesquieu ridiculed all France—the Church, the Literati, the Academy. He was a friend of the Earl of Chesterfield, who taught us our manners—a citizen of the world. It is written that his was the first highly intelligent voice raised for liberty. But in his own provincial France, he was vastly unpopular.

Voltaire, they chased out of France, out of Germany, out of Switzerland. For what? He cracked jokes at the expense of the dignitaries, and the echo was more than they could endure. Voltaire had to buy himself an estate at Ferney with "Feudal Rights," virtually a country of his own in which to live out his life.

Ingersoll, Brann, Hubbard!

They say devils danced on Ingersoll's foot-board as he died. Who says it? Why, my friend, it is n't orthodox to be curious. You should accept—believe.

Brann was shot down on the street of an American city, not so long ago, because he lambasted the frocked and formal gentry. Were Brann's statements justified? Why, Silly, what has that to do with it?

Hubbard, dear old "John," you moved Liberty's flag ahead another mile or more! You helped make free speech attractive, interesting—aye, popular. You helped make the church-lawn a golf-course. You helped make the job of preacher, soldier, king, an anathema. Your vision was clear; your im-

pression was vivid; you could describe what you saw—and you did!

They have n't evolved a popular myth about your death yet, not yet. But in Valhalla, you know that some round-collared, round-headed theological student is working on it. You know it, and much you care! Much you care!

¶ Good friend, I ask you the fair question: "Why are the bright spirits like the Baxters, the Brunos, the Voltaires, the Ingersolls, the Hubbards, made to pay tribute to the dead and musty past of men? Why is it a sin for a man to think his thoughts and to stand by his conclusions?"

Browning for Blues

HAVE you ever belonged to a Browning Society? No. Neither have I. You've laughed at them? So have I. They are funny, you say—so do I. And yet—when God seems out of Heaven and all's wrong with the world; when the blue devils hold a requiem in my occiput, and nobody seems white, to whom do I turn?

Who but Browning!

Let me out over the window-ledge, slide down the ladder of sheets and counterpanes and coverlets with Fra Lippo Lippi—"Zooks, sir, flesh and blood"—and follow the face that looked up.

"Flower of the broom—

Take away Love—and Earth is a tomb."

"Flower of the Rose—

If I've been merry, what matter, who knows."

Or let me loose my hold on the Open, puttering over books, the good horse growing corns on the wood floor of the barn—who is it that sends me out to cinch up the saddle and go whisking off into the dusk—Browning. He, himself, loved a rousing gallop, like he loved all full-blooded pleasures; and though the *Good News to Ghent* was written at sea, off the Barbary Coast, in it you hear the pound of the horses' hoofs and feel the rhythm of the gallop.

I sprang to the stirrup, and Joris, and he;

I galloped, Dirck galloped, we galloped all three;

"Good speed!" cried the watch as the gate-bolts undrew;

"Speed!" echoed the wall to us galloping through;
Behind shut the postern, the lights sank to rest,
And into the midnight we galloped abreast.

Not a word to each other; we kept the great pace
Neck by neck, stride by stride, never changing our place;

One Hundred Sixty-seven

I turned in my saddle and made its girth tight,
Then shortened each stirrup, and set the pique right,
Rebuckled the cheek-strap, chained slacker the bit,
Nor galloped less steadily Roland a whit.

Little the sequestered Browning Societies ever had in common with this Man of the Earth whose personality compelled the cripple Elizabeth Barrett from her bed out into a London Park, where she stepped from her carriage and stood and waited for him.

Give me Browning, the man of many moods and many forms of expression; an Italian Englishman, an English Italian. Who always knew the inside, front and back of his subject.

Who lived his poems; who shows you his sun-tanned face, his deep chest, his kindly voice, his strong hands in all his works. Who found his ideal in a bedridden woman of forty! Who defied her irascible father to get her ♡ ♡

Give me Browning—!

Bogus Americans

HYPHENATED Americans will go out with the Great War. But the Bogus Americans, what shall we do with them? I refer to that class made up of young Snobs and Slobs; Debutantes, Divorcees, and those who know another way round; Men-About-Town, Whips, Ambitious Westerners, Old Sports, members of the Younger Set, the Young Married Set, the Older Set, the Sporting Set, Near-Titled Foreigners, Adventurers; the Rummies, the Rogues, the Roues and the Actress who got in on her shape ♡ You see, M'sieurs and Mesdames—I sing tra-la-la to American Society.

Find their pictures in any issue of any of those sweet-scented, kid-gloved, high-heeled periodicals that prostitute good printers' ink and paper to give the Four Hundred the trade news. They run to groups, like Jimmie Schermerhorn's microbes! He says he does n't know much about microbes except that it takes a lot to make a mess.

Seat yourself on your sixth vertebra with a dozen magazines for company, expecting nothing, and when you open the "Rogue" and find it, you spit disgust. Pages of stuff like this:

"Miss Sally Upstart Logroller, daughter of Old Man Logroller, now Mrs. T. Worthless Kidd. The bride wore a gown of cocoa-matting

One Hundred Sixty-eight

decorated with corrugated beer-caps, an ancient family heirloom! The bridesmaids' gowns got past the censor all right, but were deleted later for this special photograph. Silk stockings are by Gervais. The ushers are all old college chums, and they live on invitations. The scarf-pins are a gift from the groom; everything else the young men's fathers paid for with their hard-earned. The cut-up with the open-work face and the hair-lip, all dolled up in spats and swallow-tail, has introduced the Boston Bull into the picture to give it intelligence and quality.—The Picture!"

YOUR interest in photographs of these uninteresting people is saved by the slim-legged, full-chested horses, and the well-bred dogs. The "lower" animals possess all the intellect, all the blood, breeding and beauty that is displayed. The horses and dogs are the true aristocrats. You find yourself passing over the frivolous nobodies, unconscious of their presence ♡ ♡

Even so, that peculiar class should have more attention than is usually given them. They are not breeding representative American boys and girls. In both body and mind, their children are inferior, below grade. They are denied their peck of dirt a day; they are denied their inalienable right to have some one ridicule their absurdities to their face; they are denied the opportunity to work with their hands. Their "physogs" show it. What self-satisfaction! What smugness! What ignorance! Lack-luster eyes, dull, heavy faces, identify the girls. Marred, weak, pulled-out-of-shape cigarette mugs on the young men.

Ed Geers, that marvelous old judge of thoroughbreds, would condemn them in the same breath that he would approve their horses. The framework, the fiber is not there; the will-power is gone, the staying quality, the sense, the strength.

WHAT does this class signify? What do they mean to American progress? Are they harmless? Do they exert an influence? Do other people want to be like them? What service do they render? Where are they going? What is their philosophy? What do they think? Do they think? What for? What does the Constitution of the United States mean to them? Whom do they ape? What do they get out of it? ♡ Uneducated! Unmoral! Un-American!

Poor, weak, silly, great-grandchildren of men and women who drudged away their lives—who bent low and ate humble bread, and saved pennies. Three generations away from ditch-digging and dish-washing these frumps and fools, these parasites, put their Palm Beach pictures in the "Rogue" to impress—whom? ¶ You? Me? Pooh!

Is there anything in the social history of the United States that justifies a class of this character at the top of the ladder? For wholesome young girls to imitate? For inexperienced young men to envy? Is there anything in the precepts or principles of our Government that encourages a class of idlers? Is there any rule or regulation that permits these non-producers to own all the fine dogs and horses?

Especially I want to know about the horses.

Dishonest Advertising

PATENT-MEDICINE Men discovered Advertising. They were quick to see that a newspaper or a magazine that was graciously received in ten, fifty or a hundred thousand homes each day or each month was a salesman of infinite capabilities.

Once convinced, they plunged.

While legitimate business cast aspersions on advertising as undignified, the medicine men cashed in and made millions. Then the change came; a new consciousness of the service that Advertising rendered, found expression in all branches of business. Shrewd businessmen said, "I should like to advertise, but I can not risk the reputation of my firm in a medium that is in partnership with scoundrels."

¶ Agitation forced investigation. The Government threw the spotlight on the "Positive Cures," and incidentally on the firms that manufactured them. Strange, grotesque figures scuttled away—gibbering! Legitimate business dropped its smug attitude. "Alas," they cried; "a thief has been stealing our markets, drugging the people, plundering the pocketbooks!"

The voice of the Wailer was heard in the land.

¶ But not until "dignity" was cast aside and honest advertising was placed in competition with dishonest advertising was the real reform instituted.

With publishers, it was discovered, dollars talked. Their columns were for sale. Preferably, to honest advertisers. But still, their

columns were for sale. More and more, honest advertisements were published. The honest advertiser became influential.

A little later the publishers admitted that to introduce a simple-minded citizen to a deadly drug, disguised as a "cure," was not entirely ethical. Nor was it ethical to introduce a reader to a bottomless investment, or to a "ninety-eight-cent bargain" that was worth forty cents. Honesty became a policy—almost!

TEN years ago, in the Middle West, the honest advertisers banded together, to help one another to "clean up" the situation. Advertising organizations were formed in all cities—the Associated Advertising Clubs of America were launched. Today, the name is the Associated Advertising Clubs of the World.

¶ Progressive publishers joined this Association in good faith; the buyers and sellers of advertising were now working side by side to crowd out the crook—to make advertising believable, confidence-inspiring.

The cure-all, the fake bargain-sale, the bankrupt-sale, the dishonest real-estate lure, the something-for-nothing sure-shot proposition, the fly-by-night merchant, shortly found that no self-respecting magazine or newspaper would carry his "copy."

Advertising was to be Truthful; the consumer was to be protected, respected.

One Merle Sidener, of Indianapolis, a bald-headed, blue-eyed, straight-speaking, true-thinking, incorruptible fighter, is now the head of the Vigilance Work of the Associated Advertising Clubs of the World. He is bent on destroying the "graft" of the last of the easy-money men. Also, he desires to educate honest merchants and manufacturers who are too enthusiastic, who are afflicted with overstatement in advertising.

He insists that every advertisement in every magazine or newspaper, everywhere, shall tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. Every clean and decent advertiser and advertising interest in the United States backs him up.

Twelve or more States have passed an Honest Advertising Law. Most States have some law or another that can be made to inconvenience the crook. In extreme cases, Sidener goes to court, but usually a suggestion to the publication or a warning to the offender gets the same result. He believes in education.

One Hundred Sixty-nine

Should you chance on an advertisement that does n't "smell" just right, sit you down, and first give the publisher of the medium that printed it your candid opinion, and then send a carbon of your letter and a copy of the offending advertisement to Merle Sidener, Indianapolis, Indiana. In that way, you will further the cause of good business; you will protect your family against the wiles and snares of the slick schemer, and the indifference of the limited number of need-the-money publishers.

Never Go Back!

GOD wot, I remember well the day she passed me the mitten, I left for foreign parts, instanter ♣ A sailor I would be—with a curse for the Devil and Danger. Come disaster! Come shipwrecks! Come days in open boats! Come, Oh, ye desert isle! Come privation! Welcome Death—thrice welcome! She was plump and had an upturned nose, and sang *Juanita* in a way that rattled my heart like a nickel in a toy bank. She filled her skirt, and put her heels down hard when she walked. She was trim and trig; and she had a way, a way! I swear it, I was encouraged ♣ Yet she cast me aside for a husky farmer who played Right Tackle.

That girl flung me so far, I did not get back for ten years. And then, with long-delayed curiosity and a wish for the worst, with new dignity and new clothes, the tan of suns on my face and well-practised greetings in my mouth, I called on her—casually.

O Victory! O *Revanche*! O kind Fate! O blessed Providence! She was Fat. Not plump, mind you. Not majestic. Not commanding ♣ Essentially, it was not *embonpoint*. It was just plain, ordinary, soft, shaky fat—accumulated at leisure. She bulged and billowed. When she talked or walked, she quivered. She filled a skirt, an overskirt and an apron with a bib. Her arches were down, and she bobbed about like a catamaran.

SHE let the children and the Right Tackle entertain me while she made sponge-cake and ice-cream for supper—or was it dinner? No matter. Sponge-cake, chicken and dump-lings, jellies, creamed asparagus, and several other vegetables, salad, pickles, sweet milk, fruit. Napkins, toned with bluing, and a trifle damp ♣ ♣

One Hundred Seventy

She said how good it was to see me; she talked about my journeys over seas. She told me I had changed. Once, rather coquettishly I thought—I wished to think—she hinted at our "childish affair," but I had forgotten it. Altogether, she was very, very nice to an Old Friend. But I was not to be turned aside. I had come for what I had come for. She felt my gaze and I let her. I dined with my eyes. She was fat, corpulent, obese! She could never throw me over again; she could never throw any one over; she could not throw herself over ♣ ♣

She was stalled on a dead center.

The Book of Romance was closed.

Closed did I say? Out of print!

I left early.

Oh, my lost youth! Oh, my blighted hopes! Oh, Dreams! Oh, sea-seen visions! Oh, Disillusion! Oh, my empty heart!

But, thank God, she WAS fat!

Poverty

FIRST let us agree, distasteful though it may be, that the Dollar is the American Ideal. The average American believes that it will purchase practically anything one pleases to purchase. Therefore, it is sought, pursued. Men devote their lives to the chase; and a soiled and sordid, uninteresting lot we are. Women divest themselves of simplicity, wholesomeness, home life, intelligence, virtue, that they may catch up with the Dollar. The breathless chase never lags.

You recall the clever Frenchman's definition of an American: "He gives up his health to gain a fortune—and then he gives up his fortune to regain his health"; and another philosopher added, "He seems to be in a hurry to die!"

The Dollar is given much too much importance over here ♣ Dollars do not bring love, respect, fame, or the real joy of living.

That Happiness is *not* to be bought we hesitate to admit. Money seems everything. Poverty we fear. Yet the only real poverty is that of the mind. Some of those who are richest in Dollars are poorest in Mental Make-Up. Fear of poverty denotes that the mind is too poor to appreciate poverty's blessings. Those who are well equipped mentally may have nothing, want nothing and have everything.

THE SEA

Elbert Hubbard



THE Sea knows all things, for at night when the winds are asleep the stars confide to him their secrets.

In his breast are stored away all the elements that go to make up the

round world. Beneath his depths lie buried the sunken kingdoms of fable and legend, whose monarchs have long been lost in oblivion. He appropriates and makes his own all that is—dissolving the rocks that seek to stop his passage—forming, transforming, rearranging, never ceasing, tireless. Tireless ever, for he gets his rest in motion.

With acute ear he listens along every coast and lies in wait for the spirit of the offshore wind.

All rivers run to meet him, carrying tidings from afar, and ever the phosphorescent dust from other spheres glimmers on his surface.

It is not to be wondered that men have worshiped the ocean, for in his depths they have seen mirrored the image of

Eternity—of Infinity. Here they have seen the symbol of God's great plan of oneness with His creatures, for the sea is the union of all infinite particles, and it takes the whole to make the one.

Men have fallen on their faces to worship the sea. Women have thrown him their children to appease his wrath. Savagely yet tenderly has he received the priceless treasure and hidden it away where none could recall.

He has heard the dying groans of untold thousands, and drowned their cries for help with his own ceaseless roar; but still his ear has not failed to catch the whispers of confession that have come from souls about to appear before their Maker ❧ ❧

And yet how beautiful and kind is he in his apparent relentless cruelty, for he keeps only the transient part, and gently separates the immortal and wafts the spirit back to God who gave it.

And what does the sea do with all these secrets, mysteries and treasures?

Go shrive thyself, and with soul all in tune to the harmonies of the Universe listen to the waves and they shall tell thee the secrets of life!

Editor's Note—Among Elbert Hubbard's effects was found this manuscript. It has not been published, previously—or so we believe. From the condition of the paper on which THE SEA was written, it must have been composed, say, fifteen years ago. Why was it not put into Print? We do not know. Perhaps Elbert Hubbard had saved it for some purpose or other; perhaps to have us understand that he was in sympathy with The Sea.

A Lincoln Monument for Lincoln

Gutzon Borglum



REAL monument to Abraham Lincoln will some day be built. It will not be that cold-storage Washington atrocity with those thirty-eight marble columns costing two million dollars for marble, in the meantime saving a quarry

from bankruptcy, and allowing fifty thousand for the paltry statue of the individual! Call that a monument of that man! ♣ Call it a monument to that period! Call it a monument to that country! Call that a monument to the million men who went to the devil to save this nation! Shame on us! It does n't amount to that, and those of us who think at all about it laugh, or hide our faces. ¶ When we make a monument to Abraham Lincoln, we will draw a picture of a man who comes out of the Colonial Period, born in Eighteen Hundred Nine, while Jefferson still lived ♣ A simple, honest, sincere, inspired, true creature that knew the straight road and went right through and brushed the unimportant aside.

You will pick the particular giants who built this country—Hamilton, Washington, Jefferson, Franklin. Those men will have an honorable place in that monument, and out of that group, going way back into the early Eighteen Hundreds, will arise this boy. We will assemble Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, Seward, Stanton, and you will see him associated with them down through the friezes that will ornament this temple whenever it is built. You will see him a barefoot boy before the chimney-fire, reading. You will see him log-splitting; wrestling; telling his stories. You will see him when war was declared. You will see him writing the Emancipation. You will see him at Gettysburg—and the central figure of all the acts in between—and then the Great Tragedy ♣ On the other side of the monument, you will see struggling, honestly pushing forward the Southern cause, Lee, Stuart, Jackson, Early, Johnson, and then you will see them all united and the whole thing will close.

That is a monument to Abraham Lincoln. That is the setting for him. That is the tribute to his life and work. That is the service that we must render our great men in portrait statue. That is the monument for Lincoln, the beloved. That is an American monument.

Irregular Men

Gerald Stanley Lee



THE main distinction of every greater or more extraordinary book is that it has been written by an extraordinary man—a natural or wild man, a man of genius, who has never been operated on. The main distinction of the man of

talent is that he has somehow managed to escape a complete operation.

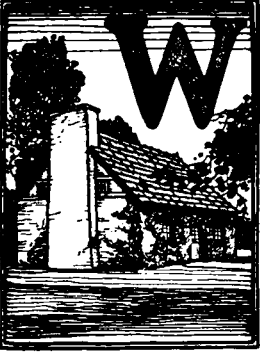
It is indeed a matter of common observation in reading biography that, in proportion as men have had lasting power in the world, there has been something irregular in their education.

These irregularities, whether they happen to be due to overwhelming circumstance or to overwhelming temperament, seem to sum themselves up in one fundamental and comprehensive irregularity that penetrates them all—namely, every powerful mind, in proportion to its power, either in school or out of it or in spite of it, has educated itself. The ability that many men have used to avoid being educated is exactly the same ability they have used afterward to move the world with. In proportion as they have moved the world, they are found to have kept the lead in their education from their earliest years, to have had a habit of initiative as well as hospitality, to have maintained a creative, selective, active attitude toward all persons and toward all books that have been brought within range of their lives.

One Hundred Seventy-two

Under the Old Roof

Susan Brown Robbins



AS it ever your fortune to occupy a room under an old roof through all the seasons of the year? It is eighty years old, this roof of yours, and its cedar shingles give out a pleasing fragrance. Time has colored it with varied tones of

rich brown, and it is vibrant and sensitive like an old violin ♪ Its heavy timbers are rough and show the ax-strokes, and there are even some strips of the bark which weathered the storms of a century ago.

It is a Winter night, and you are awakened by a sharp report, like a pistol-shot. You start up, wide-awake in an instant. Then it comes to you that the sound must have been a nail, starting with the frost ♪ You know that it must be a zero night, and you look up at the window in the roof and see the frost on the glass sparkling in the moonlight.

It is another night, and when you first put out your light it is so intensely dark that you can not distinguish the faintest glimmer from any of the windows. You lie listening in the darkness and presently you see the snow come hissing across the roof, driven by the wind. Soon the sound becomes less distinct, except when there comes a stronger gust of wind. You waken in the night and there is a deathly stillness. When day comes your room is strangely dim, and you see that the skylight is thickly muffled with soft, white snow. After a few days of thaw it clears again, and some morning you raise the sash, and standing on a chair with head and shoulders above the roof you look across the white fields, and from the woods beyond you hear the ringing of an ax. ¶ There is an ice-storm, and when the thaw comes the pieces of the crystal coating fall from nearby trees and crash upon the roof, breaking in many fragments which slide down the slant of the roof.

There are nights when the wind strikes the roof with a shock that can be felt, and the old roof shudders through all its heavy frame. There is an excitement in listening to the

wildness of the night, with only the vibrant roof between you and the elements.

SPRING comes and one morning you hear the first bluebird. The sweet sound thrills you and you listen while it comes again and again. You know that the bird is perched on the saddle-board.

The weather grows mild and you can have the skylight open nights and feel the soft air drift across the fields and you see the delicate shades of pink and purple and brown on the hills turn into the vivid green of Summer ♪ One night you are awakened by the distant roll of thunder ♪ There are faint flashes of lightning. The air is very still, but soon there is a sighing of wind and the leaves of the trees rustle uneasily. The thunder becomes louder and the flashes of light more frequent. You listen for the rain ♪ One drop falls. It strikes the roof with a force which seems almost to bring forth a musical tone. There is a barely perceptible pause, then more drops fall. Each one sounds distinct and you think you could count them, but soon they come too thick and fast for that, and the drumming of the drops on the roof is so loud as nearly to drown out the thunder. The rain slackens, and the lightning is blinding. There comes a flash and the booming roll of the thunder is almost simultaneous. It shakes the house ♪ Your heart beats fast. You hold your breath, waiting. Will the next crash be nearer? There is a blinding flash, and the vicious rattle of the thunder follows before you can count four. The reverberations die away and you wait again ♪ Will the next be more distant, or?—It is farther off this time, and you breathe again ♪ ♪

The fitful showers have settled into a steady rain and you listen to the downpour. The roof is most sensitive to it, and you can tell each fresh impulse of the fall ♪ The drops are fine now, and come down steadily; then another shower comes, and although the first continues you can hear the larger, heavier drops pelt down. You become accustomed to the sounds and gradually you drift off into unconsciousness. The morning dawns clear, and the foliage of the trees, fresh and bright from the rain, is stirred by the cool wind ♪

One Hundred Seventy-three

AUTUMN comes and the hills show the gorgeous coloring of ripe leaves. Frosts come and the leaves fall. You can hear them on the roof. They come drifting slowly down and touch it softly.

It grows colder. You can hear the honk of geese. The moon is shining and you look from your skylight and see them, a large flock, V-shaped.

You gaze till they fade from sight: you listen till their voices are silent. It is cold and you

shiver. You close the skylight softly, but not without its being heard.

There is a scratching sound at the eaves, then a soft pat, pat, pat, on the roof, and a gray head with mild yellow eyes peers in at you. It is your Maltese cat. She mews plaintively to be let in, then goes patting off down the roof in disappointment.

You rise before light, some morning, and see Orion glittering in the cold sky, and then you know that Winter is upon you.

Every Farm a Factory

Charles M. Carroll



THE opportunity of the town lies in the country. The country can get along without the town, but no town ever has been or ever will be permanently prosperous where the land is poor. The town is built on farm profits, on what farmers produce in

excess of their home needs. In fact, towns are liabilities, not assets—consumers, not legitimate producers.

Towns are the natural evolution and outgrowth of necessity—places to store and distribute the world's surplus products through the channels of commerce.

There is but one road to permanent city building—that road leads to the farm. Business is so sympathetic, so sensitive to crop production, that the forecast of a poor wheat or corn crop affects the markets of the world. When the harvest-fields smile, the towns wax fat, and factories increase the payroll. Corn, wheat and hay—beef, pork and poultry—these are the soil-builders, the home-builders, the builders of great cities.

THE old-fashioned Chamber of Commerce, with its cash bonuses and free factory-sites, is rapidly passing away. Instead of grabbing business from one another, towns are looking into the country—in the fields of growing corn and wheat and hay. Here lies the opportunity; for the great city, strange as it may seem, is out on the farm, hidden in the fertility of the soil. A successful hay campaign

One Hundred Seventy-four

will bring factories to the town. Hay means beef and pork, which beckon the packing-house and the storage-plant. More corn means cereal-mills, glucose-factories, starch-factories. Flour-mills locate in wheat-producing sections. Creameries follow the dairy cow, and the truck-patch calls for the canning-factory.

LET us have more Chambers of Agriculture and Commerce, and fewer "Commercial Clubs." Let us create wealth from the opportunities at home, and not subtract it from other communities.

We must have more men like James J. Hill, R. A. Moore of Wisconsin, P. G. Holden of the International Harvester Company, B. F. Harris of Champaign, E. J. Bodman of Arkansas, and Judge A. E. Chamberlain of Minnesota.

We must not forget that every farm is a factory, and that in every State there are thousands of these factories which need our best thought and effort to make them productive.

It is a fine thing to have ability, but the ability to discover ability in others is the true test.

NOTHING of beauty dies without having purified something, nor can aught of beauty be lost. Let us not be afraid of sowing it along the road. It may remain there for weeks or years, but, like the diamond, it can not dissolve, and finally there will pass by some one whom its glitter will attract; he will pick it up and go on his way, rejoicing. No tongue can tell the power of a soul that strives to live in an atmosphere of beauty, and is actively beautiful in itself. And indeed is it not the quality of this activity that renders life either miserable or divine?—*Maeterlinck*.

Where Is Woman's Place?

Scott Nearing



URING the last century man's sphere has been clearly outlined. Man has become industrial. With his nose close to the grindstone of daily occupation, he is devoting his energies to the production of income. Large-scale facto-

ries; high financiering; vast commercial operations; great industrial enterprises, appeal to man.

In adopting industry as his life-work he has co-ordinated his occupational activities with his inclination and his capacity.

Unfortunately woman's position in modern society will not lend itself to so optimistic a

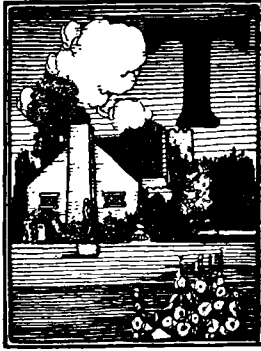
statement. ¶ While man's activities for the next century are definitely determined, woman's activities are, on the contrary, a matter of great uncertainty.

Woman's capacity is the great, undirected force in modern society. The sphere of domestic activity and motherhood is limited to married women, who constitute less than sixty per cent of the women fifteen years of age and over in the United States. The remainder—the girl before marriage, the woman who never marries, and the woman, who, for some reason, is forced after marriage to earn her living—await direction in their occupational choices.

Foremost in opportunity, the American woman may also stand foremost in achievement; but it is for her herself to define the scope and character of the contribution which she will make to social progress.

A Prayer

J. Horace Lytle



THE curse of what the world is pleased to term "Good Fortune" is that with its coming, too often the best qualities of the heart are allowed to lie dormant, or altogether die. It seems the heart of man gives oftenest the freest before his

worldly efforts have been crowned with marked success. The simplest, surest, purest, sincerest truth emanates more often from the cottage than from the mansion. Oh, why must the possible good that might accompany success be, almost inevitably, marred and overshadowed by a certain chilliness creeping around the heart! I have myself worn both overalls and evening dress, and, although I deplore the fact, am compelled to admit that I have never felt quite so free-hearted, nor so much sympathetic charity towards my suffering fellows, while wearing the latter as while wearing the former. Hence, O Lord, I pray for sufficient real strength of character that,

whether much fortune visits me or not, I may never forget that the souls making up the multitude in this world are but so many human hearts that can suffer; and therefore, that I may always regard it as one of my chiefest duties to make as light as lies within my power the passing through this life for some other fellow.

Folks who get fussy about their digestion, and assume a personal charge of nerves, have nerves, and are apt to have no digestion.

POVERTY, with its enforced careful choice among pleasures, is a fine sharpener of the taste. There is no such connoisseur as your poor connoisseur. Poverty keeps the eye eagerly clean for quality; for, while quality in quantity is beyond its reach, it may still hope to possess itself of an occasional example of "quality"—one really fine thing. In that you have the essential excellence and wonder. Long galleries of collections do not go deeper than that. ¶ One good friend, one good book, one great ideal, one definite purpose, one glorious faith—how rich is he who possesses them.—*Richard LeGallienne.*

One Hundred Seventy-five

THE OLD HOUSE ON THE HILL

BY ADELBERT CLARK



HE old house stands upon the hill,
The crickets sing beneath the sill,
The blinds are broken, worn and gray,
And spiders spin their webs all day
Across the shattered window-pane
All blurred and spattered with the rain,
And brambles grow about the door
Where lilies bloomed in days of yore.

Within the ancient orchard old,
The ruddy apples red and gold
Are just as sweet as in the years
When life was free from burning tears;
And in the path the weeds are tall,
And burdocks grow along the wall,
And there's a charm I can't forget,
That lingers 'round the old place yet.

The old house stands upon the hill,
And as I cross the well-worn sill,
The crickets hush their piping song
And there's a stillness all along
The dusky hall and up the stair,
A stillness like a soul in prayer,
And there's a fragrance at the door
Where lilies bloomed in days of yore.

Beside the tangled garden-close
Where used to bloom the yellow rose,
The burial-plot is overgrown —
The moss is thick upon each stone.
The graves are sunken — so I turn
And watch the crimson sunset burn,
And then I wander down the hill,
Though memory lingers with me still.

O, happy days! alas, alack,
I would not seek to call you back,
For well I know earth's joys must end,
And we must part, yes, friend with friend.
But oh! the memory that must burn —
The heart that ne'er will cease to yearn!
The haunting breath beside the door
Where lilies bloomed in days of yore!



GRANDFATHER AND GRANDMOTHER HUBBARD



ELBERT HUBBARD, LYNETTE HUBBARD, DR. SILAS HUBBARD, ELBERT HUBBARD II
FOUR GENERATIONS OF HUBBARDS





YOU MAY FIRE WHEN YOU'RE
READY, GRIDLEY!



HER REACH DOES *NOT* EXCEED
HER GRASP!



THE KIDDIES CAUGHT A TURTLE!



FIVE-O'CLOCK TEA UP THE GLEN!



OH, *DO* HAVE SOME MORE BEANS!



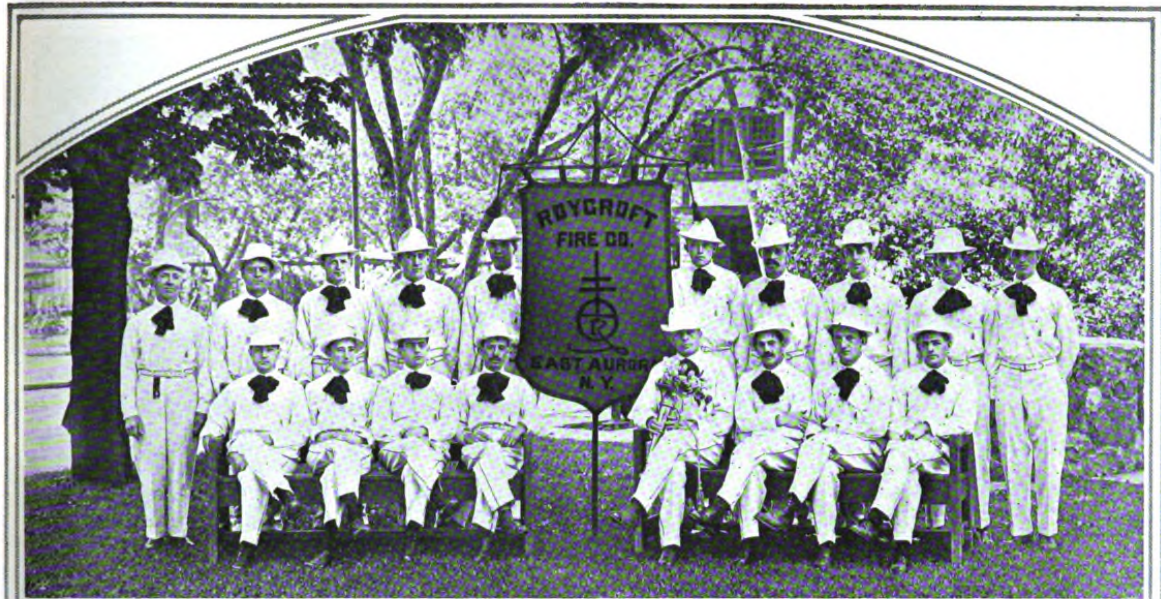
EVERYBODY EARNS HIS OR HER DINNER ON THE WOODPILE!



TOP O' THE WORLD AT THE ROYCROFT FARM!



PULLING DOWN TREES—BECAUSE THE COWS ASKED
FOR SUNSHINE!



THE ROYCROFT FIRE DEPARTMENT IN THEIR SUNDAY SUITS



THE ROYCROFT GERMAN BAND
— WE ARE NEUTRAL!



MERRITT KYSER
ROYCROFT BANDMASTER



THE ROYCROFT BASEBALL TEAM
CHAMPIONS OF EAST AURORA*



THE ROYCROFT BAND. WHENEVER JOHN PHILIP SOUSA WANTS A GOOD MAN HE COMES TO EAST AURORA.

*THERE'S ONLY ONE BASEBALL TEAM IN EAST AURORA



JOHN A. HALL	HOWARD AUSTIN	ERNEST SIMMONS	HERBERT BUFFUM	J. CURTIS HERMAN	ALI BABA'S ASST.	GEORGE WEAVER	WILLIAM DALZEIL	Louis Heim	FRED BANN	CLAYTON FATTEY	CHARLES FABER	R. D. NOTTS
Supt. of Prisons	Reformatory Chief	Traffic Manager	Suit. Furniture Shop	Aid. to Genl. Mgr		Supt. Outside Force	Supt. Prisoners Dept.	Chief Engineer	Folding Dept		Hrad of Art Dept	
FRITZ KRANZ	MRS. WHEBRITT	CHARLES YOUNGERS	MISS TAYLOR	MRS. SIMMONS	JEAN KERR	Miss Hawley	SANFORD HUWARD	MISS QUIRK	MRS. CONRAD	"CY" ROSEN	MISS LATHAM	MISS Malinda D.
Master Leather-Worker	Housekeeper	Master Bookbinder	Domestic Science	Professor	School	Pianist	Supt. Reformatory Bldg.	Supt. Office	Supt. Stencil Dept.	Supt. Printshop		

STENOGS

BY NATHANIEL FERGUSON



TOO rely on my stenog
To frown on faulty spelling,
But now and then in spells she spells
In manner most repelling.

But sometimes too she sees me through
With forecasts of the fashion,
And shows me how by shade of words
To best express my passion.

And so to her I do defer,
As you may well conjecture,
Nor can I find it in my heart
To read to her a lecture.

In olden days the writers wrote
With quill in halting measure,
And did not know, for weal or woe,
Stenogs to be a pleasure.

Today we talk our thoughts to girls,
Who never weary writing ;
And plunk the product to the press,
With promptness quite exciting.

No seas of ink we idly spill
Upon the snow-white paper ;
Nor think of sitting up at night,
To write by burning taper.

But now erelong we 'll sing our song
Into the Disk de Dicto,
And give it to the Printer straight,
And so no girls need stick to.

Pietro Aretino, Premier Yellow Journalist

Deshler Welch

Pietro Aretino, the Friend of Titian and Michelangelo, a Venetian Chronicler of Scandal Who Made Kings Tremble—A Critic of Whom Great Artists Were Afraid



Other nation is so hotheaded and irresponsible in the dissemination of vituperative political literature and ribald caricature as Italy. Even the sacred character of Christ is not free from satire and irony in public cartoons.

I was never more amazed in my life when, during the progress of a recent election, I found the ancient pillars surrounding Saint Mark's Square in Venice plastered and daubed with candidate proclamations in flaring types, libelously attacking their competitors. Neither the revered portals of the Ducal Palace nor the shaft that pinnacles the emblematic lion escaped. A kiosk adjoining the cathedral displayed a large drawing of the Savior as nonchalantly depicted in a compromising position as our own Thomas Nast used to do Bill Tweed.

There is more yellow journalism in Italy and there is more general political corruption than anything we possess in the nature of "graft." The latter is worked in such full public view that it is absurd.

PIETRO ARETINO was called the Caesar Borgia of Italian literature; a perverter of letters and morals; a man of whom it was said he spoke evil of every one except God, and "he never spoke evil of God because he never knew Him."

He led a strenuous career of curious and tortuous adventure, and he had such strange intimacy with notable people that the story of his life is more diverting today than it was to Addison, who described it as too "trite" an instance.

He was born in Arezzo, in Fourteen Hundred Ninety-two. His father was a poor shoemaker in one account, and declared to be a gentleman in another. Perhaps he was both. His mother was a superior woman in her station, and the boy Pietro forever held her in high

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regard and affection. Late in life Aretino had his mother's face copied for the Virgin over the door of a church in his native town.

The cobbler-boy left his home when he was a very youth and went to Perugia. Here he stayed until he was nearly twenty-five years old, studying art with every possible incentive, for his old town, even old then, was one of the earliest Italian schools of painting, an ancient Etruscan place, with many artistic associations and famous collections.

Today you will find it one of the most picturesque cities of Europe, the chief one in Umbria.

It was not until I had several times climbed up the high slope of the mountain on which Perugia is situated, that I came to know of Aretino at all. I had heard of Arezzo after which he was named, and believe that place has furnished Pierpont Morgan with many valuable treasures.

In Perugia was born Pietro Vanucci, otherwise known as Perugino, the master of Raphael. It was on a ramble one day with my new-found friend Romanelli, the sculptor, that I became acquainted with the singular history of Pietro Aretino.

BUT the young man accomplished nothing to make him distinctive in Perugia; at that time he was not particularly bold nor bashful; in fact, he was known to have a delicacy of feeling and quick appreciation—anything, in short, but the kind of man he afterward proved to be. He left no marks in Perugia. When he was twenty-five he went to Rome, and almost immediately obtained some fame, such as it was.

Aretino found a "patron," according to history, in one Agostino Chigi, a papal banker—otherwise, an "angel," in modern parlance. Also, he got somehow into the court of Leo the Tenth, a pope who spent eight thousand ducats a year on his kitchen, a veritable gormand and Lucullus.

While Aretino was enjoying his patronage, Leo also distributed some hundred thousand in gambling, and handed over to Michelangelo six thousand for painting the Sistine Chapel.

¶ I have no positive record that Aretino was making any money at this time, so I assume that Leo and Chigi were looking after him for purposes of their own.

He was a great talker and a caustic writer; he was always either talking or writing in vituperation, and had a style of his own, and one Roman gentleman was advised to try his "best to have Aretino for a friend because he is a bad enemy to make."

It was the fashion then to write verses and pasquinades in satire and disguised black-mail, and paste them where the public could see them, and it is done in a way to this very day, as I have said about the political posters in Venice. Aretino was a great fellow for pasquinades. This form of lampooning derived its name from Pasquino, a Roman circulator of satire on social follies, a sort of "Mrs. Harris" in non-existence.

An antique statue was placed before the Cardinal's palace and called Maestro Pasquino, and this mythical forefather of biting comment and cogent cartoonery flourished as a kind of sandwich-man for four hundred years. It is said that Aretino won the title of Secretary to His Significant Serenity—or something to that effect. Anyhow, in the largest collection of pasquinades, Aretino stands forth as the most prolific contributor of yellow anathemas and billingsgate cleverly concocted to wear a hood of delicate disguise, best understood by the party aimed at.

Finally the posters on Pasquino had in their context larger and more influential circulation by leaflets in which Aretino voiced his sentiments in arch and insidious language.

Sometimes Pietro went too far, and got a drubbing, but this was a want of tact on the part of the drubber, for in these days it were better for the drubbee to be kept quiet, and in many cases now he is glad to remain so for sufficient consideration. ¶ It is evident that Aretino did not relish sword-thrusts, and avoided them as much as possible, and further I do surmise that he lived upon a goodly income derived from more or less affrighted individuals, and in this way it was what Aretino did not say that enriched him most.

BUT his life was many times in danger. Finally he obtained an organ, a journal, for his personal mouthpiece, a sort of "Outlook."

It came about in this way: there was a popular belief in astrology, and astrologers were constantly issuing their predictions about weather, harvests, wars, and governmental affairs. These little publications were called "Guidizi," and had a large sale. Aretino, a newspaperman by instinct, got up a journal as a parody, and under a witty cloak turned his guidizian companion into a commentary of the day's doings, a police gazette, and an opinion upon the current scandals. It was called *Guidizio*.

¶ But Aretino got into boiling water with the Pope and his cardinals, who now came to regard him as a gentleman blackguard, and he suddenly found it would be more healthy for him to get out of Rome, which he did, and March of Fifteen Hundred Twenty-seven found him arrived in Venice with only a bare hundred scudi in his pocket.

Now began his totally new life, which lasted twenty-nine years. He became a celebrity, and once he came near being made a cardinal! He gloried in Venice; he called it the crown and beauty of the world, the terrestrial paradise, and as a climactic declaration: "Venice, impress of the joyful soul of wonderful and foreseeing Nature."

It was an epoch of ease and comfort for the poor, and magnificence for the rich. At the same time it was a period of depravity and "liberty to sin." Aretino did not, however, seem to regard it so. Of course, his moral judgment was warped and his sense of turpitude perverted. This may seem a tautological way of expressing myself, but it goes.

He became a literary power; he wrote in every conceivable way, brilliantly and uniquely. He wrote on religion, and he wrote "pornographically." He was a dramatic critic, and he was a drastic critic on art; he became intimate with Sansovino and Titian, and more times than oft had them at table, for Aretino liked its pleasures ♣ ♣

He was a gourmet, but more than that he was a man after mine own heart, because it was in the *philosophie du gout*, and in the results of experiment that he was more deeply interested than in the mere work of deglutition. He studied in that way the chemistry of food ♣ ♣

He wrote many charming little verses and poetic thoughts about fruits. He said once: "Certainly the peach is a fruit that appeals to the heart. When I see it beside a good melon,

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moved by their charm, I feel the same pleasure my eyes would have in seeing a king and queen together." ♣ ♣

HE believed in the subtlety of dining well, in its civilizing influence, in its cultivation of companionship. He wrote delightfully, almost bewitchingly, on the concoction of certain dishes, and had positive and original ideas about the succulence of good salads ♣ He said: "I am astonished that the poets do not strain every nerve to sing the virtues of mixed salads. The monks steal time from their prayers to keep the soil of their lettuce-bed free from stones, and the nuns tend it like a baby, wasting hour after hour in watering and caring for it. I believe that the inventor of such a delicacy was a Florentine. He must have been, because the arranging of a table, decorating it with roses, washing the glasses, putting plums in the ragouts, dipping cut-up liver in batter, making black pudding, and serving fruit after a meal, all came from Florence." ♣ ♣

Aretino and Titian and Sansovino were continually dining together, and particularly fond were they of partridges, thrushes and finocchio. Titian and Aretino had many tastes in common; they admired each other, and I think the great painter did much to lift Aretino out of his past yellowness.

His friendship with Michelangelo also accomplished other good things for Aretino. On one occasion the sublime sculptor in a letter to him wrote, "You are unique in the world of virtue: kings and emperors consider it the greatest of favors to be named by your pen."

¶ Aretino had risen to such authority as an art critic that the greatest artists—painters, sculptors and musicians—were taking his advice. Many models of his head were made, and his portraits are in several great art-collections ♣ ♣

Meanwhile Aretino paid for many favors by giving the artists "puffs" and advertising, just as writers do now.

In summing up the qualities of his three best friends, Aretino wrote, "Divine in beauty was Raphael, and Michelangelo was more divine than human in his stupendous design, but Titian has in his brush *the sense of things*."

¶ As to Aretino himself he has been likened by French and Italian critics to Corneille and Shakespeare ♣ His tragedy of *Horace*

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marked a literary epoch of the Sixteenth Century. His versatility actually knew no bounds; how he had the time to pursue his varied work, considering his varied pleasures, is amazing ♣ ♣

When he was not "pornographing" he was buried in religious study. He wrote a *Life of Christ*, a book called *Penitential Psalms*, besides a half-dozen other theological things that had many editions. It seems to me you will be just as surprised as I was to learn all this about Pietro Aretino. I have no doubt that the majority of readers never heard of him; and it has been my sly purpose here to put you in familiar contact with an extraordinary individual.

In his religious writing he seems to have established a unique communism of his own. He strangely paraphrased the most familiar parts of the Bible, rambling off in parenthetical discussion from his point of view.

Here is the way he handled the Lord's Prayer: "Our Father who art in heaven, our country, for we travel like pilgrims in these bodies until the hour Thou dost appoint for us takes us from this vale of tears, and, recalling us from earthly exile, replaces us in the bosom of paradise; hallowed be thy name, in everything that comes to pass. Because whether we are called by Thee through grace or punished by Thee through justice, both results are to Thy glory."

MEANWHILE our friend Pietro was spending a deal of money; some say eighteen thousand ducats a year: the richest nobles of Venice were spending only twice as much ♣ Whence his income was derived, was not entirely clear to many of his fellows. He did not make it on his purely literary work, as indicated by his letters, and so it is thought that he was helped by admiring people whose intellectuality caused them to show this method of appreciation.

In those days real genius was treasured just as it is not today. And as certain people went on in their employment of appreciation, Aretino felt bound to return their favors in his own way, and so he publicly proclaimed things to their special glory.

He was a busy letter-writer, running over with diplomatic sagacity; he wrote some six thousand in his lifetime, half of which have been recorded.

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He took occasion, apropos of something or other, to write three times to Cromwell, and said in one of them that he could help his fame by his pen. Cromwell astutely made a memorandum to "remember Pietro for some reward." This kind of thing was called "*certesia*" then; it would be merely to pay a press-agent in these unflattering days. Lots of people hankered after glory, and a perceptive journalist, such as Aretino was, knew how to reap peculiar advantage.

He was very frank about it, too. One aspiring gentleman received word that his ten ducats were not sufficient, and if he could not make the retainer large enough, then he must send back the submitted praises!

Aretino's schemes had also a reverse attachment. These very people so susceptible were also the most sensitive, and many of them paid a good bit more in order to suppress Aretino's acute information regarding their careers. Kings and princes sent on their money as a tribute born of fear.

In all the history of literature there has never been so bold and shameless a man of "touch" as Aretino; he made it a regular business. He sent out hundreds of letters reminding his victims of the value of public eulogy, at the same time telling them of his "*flagellum principum*," and hundreds of letters came back with enclosures according to their means and views. It was a courtesan business worked with a self-complacency to beat the band. His Giudizi paper was a forerunner of yellow journalism, but representatives of the latter kind have never shown the finesse of Aretino.

One of his shrewdest schemes was the subsidy he obtained from Charles the Fifth. Once in a while, however, he ran up against a mustard-pot. The Ambassador of Mantua wrote, "Give Pietro Aretino to understand that if from now on he opens his mouth to talk, or his hand to write, about the smallest personage of Mantua, the Duke will be so offended that, by the body of Christ, he will have him given ten dagger-thrusts in the center of the Rialto." Rather obscure is the implied location.

ARETINO was not only a very great admirer of Michelangelo, but held him in deep reverence as a friend. Still, notwithstanding his feelings, he seemed to expect that Michel would repay him for all his advertising—if not

in money, then in sculpture or paintings. Finally he asked for something to add to his art-collection. He became insistent and insolent, then vindictive, casting away the friendship of years. After that episode, as if it were necessary for him to be eternally engaged in such affairs, he made a blackmailing attack on the Papal Court.

To refer to Titian once more: the intimacy between him and Aretino was now of the most extraordinary kind. In his life of Titian, Gronau insists that it is impossible to speak of one without thinking of the other. Perhaps after this manufactured declaration I never will.

Aretino is said to have declared that "Titian is to me another I," and "He is I and I am he," and in writing to a correspondent he said, "When I write to you it is the same as if the letter were from Titian." They were even more than brothers, said Morcolini, a mutual friend.

There always seems to be a triumvirate in human intimacy and adventure. Sansovino, the architect-in-chief to the Republic, was the third friend in this instance. He was reputed a very dissipated gentleman—as much of a "rounder" as Aretino, and was exceedingly conspicuous in his attentions to women—no matter how old. He commemorated the "Triumvirate" by putting their portraits in the sacristy-doors of San Marco.

PIETRO ARETINO was sixty-five years old when he died unexpectedly of apoplexy in Fifteen Hundred Fifty-six. A remarkable portrait by his fidus Achates, Titian, hangs in the Pitti Gallery in Florence.

I was attracted to it first because of its bold, free strokes and a wonderful sheen. It was of this painting that a traitorous friend declared that it was "done with a brush more than divine—and enclosed within a little square all the infamy of our age." Yet it was to Pietro Aretino that Titian owed many commissions and much of a publicity that led to an immortal name.

Another portrait of him by Titian is in the Palazzo Chigi at Rome. It shows forceful features—a great head with Samsonian hair and beard.

Do not take life too seriously—you will never get out of it alive.

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How Progress Profited Kimo

A Parable

W. W. De Renne



AND there came to pass a year when nowhere in the whole land save in the small province of Kimo was there grown any wheat. And the people of Kimo, who at great expense and industry had for years been improving their

methods of growing wheat, rejoiced.

"Now," they cried, "we will be rewarded for our labor and farsightedness. While other people were content with antiquated methods and kept on year after year tilling the ground and sowing seed as their fathers did before them, we have studied and experimented. And now they have no wheat and we have. Now will they see the reward of industry and achievement. They will have to pay good prices for our wheat and we will grow rich."

And rich men from every part of the country hurried to Kimo and attempted to buy the entire crop. But the people of the province saw that this would result in the starvation of the other people of the land, and they refused. "No," they replied; "we will get good prices for our wheat, but we will sell it in small quantities. This will insure its proper distri-

bution. We will make others pay dearly for our wheat, but we will not starve them."

BUT the people who had failed in raising any wheat became angry at having to buy grain from their successful neighbors at such a high price. "They are cheating us!" they exclaimed. "They have no right to a secret method of growing wheat."

And they wrote to their lawmakers complaining of the hoarding of wheat by the people of the province of Kimo. And the lawmakers heard the voice of the people and gathered together to find a remedy.

And one said: "There is a famine in the land. It is the duty of the Government to condemn all the grain in the land and to distribute it among the poor."

And all the lawmakers except those from the province of Kimo, who were outnumbered six to one, arose and declared it law.

And so it was carried out. The wheat which was the result of so much labor and industry on the part of the people of the province of Kimo was taken from them and given to those whose crops had failed.

"Alas!" cried the people of the province of Kimo, "all our toil has been in vain. Hereafter we will not seek improved methods, but will do one year what we did the last. There is no reward for industry."

False Lights

E. W. Howe



LITERATURE is not only atrociously untruthful; much of it is nonsense.

I find this in a late magazine: "Amid the storm and stress of life, greater than all else is the human love that spreads its warm robe of charity over friend and foe, comrade and competitor alike."

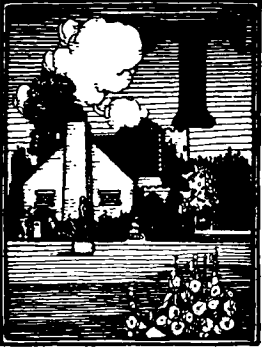
Many people regard this sort of writing as beautiful. It may be, although I do not so

regard it; but it certainly describes an impossible condition. There is no such love as this writer longs for, and I am glad there is not; I care for no friend who loves his enemy equally well. "The dream of every great soul the world ever knew has been to see universal love rule," the writer says again. If this is true, then "every great soul the world ever knew" has been guilty of foolish sentimentality. There never was universal love; there never will be: it is doubtful if such a state would be desirable. Men hustling to do better than competitors they do not love, have done much for the world: much more than the "great souls" who dream of universal love.

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Perils of Reform

Doctor John Emerson Roberts



HE professional Prohibitionist is the most dogmatic of all so-called reformers; he asserts that the drinking of any kind of beverage containing any amount of alcohol is evil and only evil, and therefore should be prohibited by law. He

does not reason or argue: he asserts and demands; he appeals to prejudice, to passion and to the unthinking mind. He knows that it is easier to arouse feeling than to awaken thought. He divides society into two classes—the "wet" and the "dry"—and in all of his talks implies that the "drys" are angelic beings, almost too good for this earth, while the "wets" are a depraved sort tobogganing towards Hades.

He goes to the churches and gets the odor of sanctity upon his meetings, and then encourages the inference that all who are opposed to him are opposed to the church, religion and morals generally. A great many people are thus stampeded into the Prohibition camp, while many others who are opposed to Prohibition remain silent out of fear of being denounced by the professional Prohibitionist.

¶ The issue, however, will not be decided by passion or prejudice or denunciation; it will be decided by reason and deliberate judgment.

¶ You can not make man moral and upright or woman virtuous by legislation; and if you could, I, for one, would rather struggle and fail as a free man than be upright and virtuous and compelled to say that my virtue is the product of legislation.

THE professional Prohibitionist and paid reformer is vehement, hysterical, perfervid, lacrimose and dangerous. He is dangerous because well-meaning people are misled, the ignorant taken advantage of, the uninformed deceived, and the weak swept off their feet. The professional Prohibitionist and paid reformer is a greater menace to the peace, welfare and prosperity of society than is the open saloon. Intemperance is an evil, and the

professional Prohibitionist and paid reformer is intemperate.

The Prohibitory Statutes of Maine, Kansas and the States in the South have not changed the citizens of those States. They had a reform spasm in Leavenworth, Kansas, the other day and went out and found eighty-three Blind Tigers. The Chief of Police of Topeka reports twenty-two hundred arrests for the year Nineteen Hundred Fourteen, more than six hundred of which were for drunkenness. Yet the reformers claim Prohibition closes jails! *~*

This fad or frenzy of making people good by legislation is nothing new: on the contrary, it is a return to the spirit and practise of the Colonies, when they made their Blue Laws. They solemnly declared by law in the Colony of New Haven what men and women should wear, what they should eat, what instruments of music they might play upon and what they must let alone, and what they should do and not do on the Sabbath day. The modern frenzy for legislation is fast driving us into the folly and fanaticism of the Blue Laws.

In the State of Texas it is unlawful to play checkers, dominoes or cards in any public place. In Portland, Oregon, the mince-pies are examined, lest they contain an unlawful amount of alcohol. In the entire State of Oklahoma, as well as in six counties in Missouri and forty-one counties in Texas, no billiard-table or bowling-alley is allowed. It is easy enough to find some one that is opposed to some particular thing, and just as easy to find some legislator who will introduce the Bill prohibiting it.

Prohibition has made bootlegging a regular business. Men in that trade have regular routes, just as rural mail-carriers have; they are protected and shielded by their customers simply because their customers want the thing and believe they have the right to buy it. *~*

PROHIBITION is a Pontius Pilate that condemns Liberty to the Cross—do you want it at that price? Let us concede for the moment that Prohibition would do all it is claimed it will do—even at that price do you still want it? I would rather be a free man in rags than be a slave and be decked with the costliest robes

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that ever came from the storied looms of the languorous and luxurious East. Nay, more, I would rather be a free man and struggle and fail and fall and commit sin and have no one to blame except myself, than be possessed of virtue and purity and be compelled to say that my virtue was the product of the Legislature of the State. Think of going through the world with no better recommendation for your uprightness, your honor, your honesty, than a certificate issued at your State Capitol! Do you want Prohibition at that price?

Legislators can not make Law. Understand that! They can make Statutes. Society makes its Laws. Society is an organization, a development, a growth—no matter what Legislators say, paid or otherwise. No statute becomes effective until it is backed by the will and the customs of the people. Some of us do not believe that Prohibition is enforcible. Because it is said to be achievable in Russia does not render it so in the United States. It is an extreme of sumptuary legislation that is distinctly un-American. It may be possible to get it written on the statute-books, and there are a great many so inexperienced in matters of this kind as to think that just because a law has been passed the whole thing is accomplished.

There are plenty of laws now, but public sentiment prevents enforcement. Law

is not made potent by a Legislature, but by the strength of public sentiment. Almost every community has statutes in abundance, but they are only imperfectly enforced. The statutes are strong enough, but public sentiment is not strong enough.

EVERYBODY is more or less familiar with the Blue Laws. Let me give you only one or two!

"No one shall be a free man or have a vote unless he is converted and a member of one of the churches allowed in the Dominion."

"No food or lodging shall be offered to a heretic."

"No one shall cross a river on the Sabbath but an authorized clergyman."

"No one shall personally cook meals, make beds, sweep house, cut hair, or shave on the Sabbath Day."

"No one shall kiss his or her children on the Sabbath or Feasting Days."

These wise and beneficent laws were in operation in the Dominion of New Haven, a British Colony, in the United States of America, just a few years ago.

I am against Prohibition.

I simply decline, without a struggle, without a protest, to yield this divine, blood-bought thing, that the race has struggled all the ages for—"Liberty."

Victory

Humphrey M. Bourne

TO run a race—to lose—and yet to win,
Still striving on without a thought of rest;
To know no word that "failure" has for kin;
To always feel you've done your level best.

To guard the gate of bitter mood when Fate
Shall give command "You shall" or "You
shall not";

To learn to labor wisely and to wait
Till comes a day when glows the iron hot.

To take in hand the task that looks too hard;
To use it in attaining greater heights;
To play the game while lasts a single card;
To feel that fortune favors him that fights.

To have the force to be to thyself true,
And know that thus you ne'er can play the
knave;

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To feel howe'er the world your act may view,
To compromise you have not been a slave.

To look a humbling fact straight in the eye,
Nor cast about for words to fix the blame;
To bear the brunt and say that "It was I"—
To know that *all* you do can not bring fame.

To make your job a real part of your life;
To feel that by its force you grow and rise;
To know that Victory comes through honest
strife;

That happy labor is itself a prize.

Then, looking back, you'll know why right is
right;

Nor feel false pride since you have played
some part;

*For glory comes not simply of the fight,
But from the true resolves of each clean heart.*

The Servant Problem Solved

Doctor Orison Swett Marden



At a meeting of the unemployed recently held at Cooper Union, New York, the question was asked, "Why do so many women suffer when they can have comfortable homes and twenty dollars a month in wages?"

"There must be some very good reason why the girls all prefer to work in factories or shops under the worst conditions, rather than go into people's homes to work," answered the Chairman.

There is a very good reason for the servant drift away from the home; and the quicker we face the evil and set about to remedy it, the better

Everywhere we hear the same story of the fearful condition of the servant problem. Thousands of families in the large cities are abandoning their old homes, moving into apartments, living in hotels, because of their inability to get and keep good house-servants. For years there has been an ever-increasing drift of the better class of servants into the stores, factories and business offices. Yet multitudes of those girls would much prefer a comfortable home in a good family, domestic service under the right conditions, conditions which are perfectly possible and practicable.

¶ We Americans have got to realize the fact that if we do not treat our domestic servants differently, there will soon be no respectable servant class. There will be none left but the riffraff; all the more self-respecting, the ambitious, those who are determined to have a little variety and pleasure, some social diversion, in their lives are going to seek positions where these may be enjoyed.

THE fact is our selfish, inconsiderate treatment of domestic servants is responsible for much of their present dissatisfaction. The housekeepers, especially those who are always complaining about "the terrible servant problem," saying that they don't know what things are coming to, that they can not find any good servants any more, are largely re-

sponsible for the conditions they deplore. They can solve this problem which is vexing them by treating those who work for them, properly. ¶ Progressive businessmen are discovering that the human element is the most important element in their business. They are finding that it pays to encourage their employees in every possible way, to urge them to improve themselves, to take better care of their health. They know that the ambitious employees are the most valuable ones; they know that every bit of improvement in their health means multiplied ability, increased efficiency. They are finding that it pays good dividends, not only to make them comfortable in their work, but also, by making their surroundings attractive, to make them happy, because happy people are producers. Happiness tends to make the mind positive. It increases the productive power

When women treat their servants like social human beings, treat them as nearly as possible as their husbands treat their employees, consider their comfort and health, give them attractive quarters and regular hours, encourage them to self-improvement, then we shall hope for better things for the servants, as well as for the mistresses.

GIRLS who work in stores or factories are company for one another; they get together and have good times, even when under exacting masters; they have their evenings and Sundays, and are able to have a little social life. But many a house-servant has almost no social life whatever. In most homes they have only one afternoon and one evening a week off duty. They frequently have a great deal of extra work on account of company, and have to be on duty long hours, often late at night, with no extra compensation. Many people have late dinners, late suppers and receptions, after which there are dishes to be washed and a lot of other work to be done, and the servants often never get a chance to retire until after midnight, and are obliged to get up at six o'clock in the morning.

The girls who are working for your husband, my dissatisfied housemistress, have regular hours in the office, the store or the factory. He would not think of keeping them twelve hours

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if their regular time is eight or nine hours. He would not think of keeping them overtime, except in the case of a rush of business; and why should you expect a girl to stay on duty from six o'clock in the morning until eight or nine or twelve o'clock at night without extra compensation?

Is it any wonder that girls rebel at such slavery, any wonder that they are leaving the domestic service and seeking positions in stores or factories, where they have regular hours and then are free? A girl who works in a store, although she may not get any more salary, has more liberty; feels that she is her own mistress when she leaves the store in the evening; and knows perfectly well that she stands a much better chance to marry well than the girl in the kitchen, because of the general stigma placed upon domestic servants. The girls really regard working in a store as a step upwards; they know that they will be more respected than if working in a family ♫

THE great breach between mistresses and maids could be easily healed, as it is in thousands of cases, by a little kindness, a little sympathy, on the part of the mistresses, the cultivation of a real friendship for their maids; and instead of making them feel like menials, to regard them as helpers, as partners in keeping up the home, making it attractive and pleasant, healthful, wholesome and happy. By adopting this attitude, Mrs. Stella D. S. Perry of New Jersey is doing a great deal to solve this servant problem, which is perplexing so many people. She makes friends of her servants, and does not treat them as menials, nor does she constantly remind them, as many mistresses do, of the contrast between their social position and hers, or brand them with the servant's costume, which is a perpetual suggestion of their inferior position ♫ This lady does not confine her servants to the kitchen or to little, gloomy, half-furnished, uncomfortable bedrooms. She makes them feel that her home is their home. She gives them the free use of her library, and to those who are musically inclined she allows the use of her piano, during spare time. She does not make them thieves by always suspecting them when anything is lost, locking things up from them, and openly accusing them of theft when she can not put her hand on her jewels or other articles which she has mislaid.

One Hundred Ninety

In other words, she ties her servants to her with such bonds of friendship that they never want to leave her, and the result is she does not get grudging service, their second best. She gets the best they are capable of giving.

JUST sit down and try to recall the pleasant things in the average servant's life. How long could you endure such an existence? How long would you stand it? We often hear women say at night: "Well, I am half-dead. My cook has been gone today, and I had to do the cooking. I am all used up." That is just for one day. What if you were to do this three hundred and sixty-five days in the year?

The great majority of servants rebel at the mental attitude of their employers towards them, an attitude which constantly emphasizes their inferiority. They rebel against the insistent reminder that they must never forget that they are servants, and that the very fact that they are being paid for their services makes them chattels of their employers.

The maid's room is often a small, dark, cheerless place in some out-of-the-way corner of the house, not only with no pleasant outlook, but also often with little interior comfort. In many homes the servants' beds are hard, with old rattling springs or none at all. The cheapest kind of old-fashioned furniture is considered good enough for them, and there is very little that is up-to-date, attractive, or even comfortable, in their quarters.

IT is astonishing how many rich people neglect their servants. They seem to think anything is good enough for them. A girl who worked in a well-to-do family told me not long ago that she was obliged to sleep on the top of washtubs in the laundry, and had to remove her mattress every morning. In cities, many girls are obliged to sleep in the basement ♫ The trouble is that most of our homes are constructed without any reference to servants. The house is planned for the family, and if there are any little corners that are left over, they are fitted up for the servants. Very few homes have any provision whatever for a sitting-room or any place where the servants may receive callers. This is left to the back-yard, the alley-ways, to the park or the dance-halls ♫ ♫

I have in mind a home where everything is luxurious for the family, but the servants'

THE FRA

rooms are in the middle of the house and in the basement, with almost no outdoor light. There is only one hard wooden chair in the kitchen, and even if the cook were allowed to have a caller she herself would have to stand while the caller remained. Notwithstanding all of these hard, uncongenial conditions—which are calculated to make servants morose, cross and disagreeable, because they do not live really normal lives—many women expect them to be always cheerful, clean, comely, and neatly dressed, when they themselves, with all their comforts and luxuries, are not able to keep pleasant, agreeable, or cheerful much of the time.

Of course, there are many exceptions to such conditions as these; there are many homes in which the servants are treated with every kindness and consideration. But on the whole, the life of the average servant is one that tends to dishearten: long hours, poor accommodations, unattractive, gloomy surroundings, uncomfortable bedrooms and lack of opportunities to receive company, are not conducive to contentment or happiness. Yet under these unfavorable conditions we expect our house-workers to be satisfied and give good service.

It would be a good thing for the housewives who are having difficulty with the domestic problem to exchange places with their maids for a day or two, and then see how affable and pleasant and agreeable they would be after a hard, tedious day's work over a kitchen-range or at a washtub, or scrubbing and cleaning. Has it ever occurred to you that your servants really make your home livable and enjoyable? If you were not relieved of the necessary drudgery of housework, the cooking, washing, scrubbing and dishwashing, your home would undoubtedly be far different from what it is now. The dry, dreary drudgery of your servants makes a happy home possible. If wives and mothers had to do all this work themselves, most homes would not be the pleasantest and the most desirable place in the world for the husband to go to at night. The chances are that he would not receive a very affectionate reception on his return from business. He would probably not be made very happy during the evening, and he would be very likely to find it necessary to go to the club on business or to have an appointment downtown nearly every night. The fact is that the

average housewife does not realize what a disagreeable task her house-servants have to perform and does not half-appreciate the monotony of their lives.

EMPLOYEES usually pay us in our own coin. They will answer a frown with a frown and a smile with a smile, faith with faith. What miracles praise and encouragement and real heartfelt appreciation and interest have wrought! There is no tonic like praise. There is no remedy in the world for indifference equal to encouragement. It is a powerful stimulus which works like magic. You can not expect to call out the divine qualities of another when you give out only what is mean yourself. Is there any philosophy by which you can expect those about you to be polite, obliging, kind, when you are constantly faultfinding and criticizing them?

Do not think you have discharged your obligations to your servants when you pay them their salary. That is only a small part of your debt to them. You are supposed to have had superior advantages, a better education, better training than they have had, and you owe it to them to give them a share in the results of your superior advantages. Give them a fair chance in life and you will not only solve the servant problem which gives you so much annoyance and worry, but you will have the consciousness of opening up a new world to those who, perhaps, have never been awakened to their possibilities.

When you get ready to treat your servants as far as possible as you would like to be treated if you were in their place; give them light, air, comfortable sleeping-rooms, an attractive sitting-room in which to receive company, instead of the dark, gloomy kitchen or the alley-ways or parks; when you are ready to be sympathetic with them in their troubles, to advise and direct them, instead of selfishly leaving them to shift for themselves when they are in difficulties; when you are willing to give them regular and fewer hours of work, you will have little trouble with your servants. The servants who have abandoned the home will flock to it again when housewives learn to treat them like human beings.

The only way to abolish a serving-class is for all to join it.

One Hundred Ninety-one

Mummies in America

M. Martin Kallman



THE Mummy in America seldom has any outward signs by which he may be recognized at first glance. In almost all respects or essentials, he is like other men—a normal human being—interested in the pursuit of life and happiness.

But he has ceased the pursuit of personal liberty, and association with this species soon exposes the Mummy characteristics.

Recruits in significant numbers are furnished continuously to the Mummy Army by the carrying corporations—Steamships, Street-Cars, Railroads.

The entire plan of railroad organization is such as to require the services of men who without protest will do work conforming to a system—an octopus in formation.

Its tentacles reach out into every department, stripping its victims of all initiative, of individualism, and of that sacred personal right—the pursuit of liberty.

Good men are employed—men with ability, foresight, good judgment, and all the other attributes. But, from the day they start to work for this organization, the relentlessness of the system makes itself felt. Everything is subordinated to the organization plans, and the man who stays is soon transformed into a liege subject of Mummydom. This system so hampers the natural intellectual development and ordinary general intelligence of the men, that within a short time they become mere automatons.

They do efficiently the particular duties assigned to them; after years of faithful service and kowtowing to the System, they eventually become Chief Clerks, Assistant This, or Assistant That.

And, with the solace of a Title, Mr. Chief Clerk, Mr. Assistant This, or Mr. Assistant That is enabled to quiet forever that still, small voice which would remind him of his forfeiture of the real assets with which he started his career—a great big confidence in himself, initiative and an ambition to win.

One Hundred Ninety-two

EVEN in the departments with which the public comes in direct contact, the employees very often, when approached with requests for information, are utterly at sea, and it is necessary to waste a half-hour's time or more before one receives the information, or is put in touch with the proper person to supply the information desired.

Sooner or later, an era of regeneration will set in, and a system will be achieved which will make for a more intelligent efficiency.

ADD to the above the daily regiments supplied by the hostelrys of this country, and Mummyism in America has a numerical strength comparing favorably with that of the warring factions of Europe.

In hotels, the Mummy-Making Machine has a maximum production. There is a continual changing of help, and because of the system in vogue, the employees, from the first moment of their service, automatically become Mummies. The more fashionable the hotel, the more absolute it seems is the reign of Mummydom.

In an ultra up-to-date hotel, frequently five or six persons are assigned to do work which could easily be done by one man, with a great saving of time and with more intelligence. So, to begin with, we have a half-dozen men doing the work of one—each man with but a sixth of the responsibility he should have. His natural tendencies toward mental improvement and the exercise of initiative are destroyed; the tape-winding process is quick and sure—and very evident.

It is not an unusual occurrence in a hotel to go to a half-dozen different persons for certain information, only to find that you have not reached the proper one to inform you on that particular subject.

For a simple breakfast of coffee and rolls, at least four people wait upon you from the time you enter the dining-room until you leave. (This does not include the employees in the kitchen who assist in its preparation.)

These are the principal reasons why the so-called efficient service in the hotel is so severely criticized. The hotel must come to a realization of the fact that efficient service can only be given by men—not Mummies.

Follies and Fallacies

Elbert Hubbard



WAS reading the other day in Hazen's *History Since 1815*, and came upon this statement:

In Russia for thirty years a system of remorseless, undeviating repression was steadily carried out. The two principal instruments employed were the secret police and the

censorship. The former, under the name of the Third Section, possessed practically unlimited powers of life and death, could arrest, imprison, exile or execute without let or hindrance.

The censorship was elaborately and minutely organized, and was most effective in stamping out freedom of the press and of speech, though making itself ridiculous by the senseless zeal with which it pursued its work. Musical notes were investigated on the ground that conspirators might be using them as ciphers for malevolent purposes.

It was decreed that books on anatomy and physiology should contain nothing that could offend the sense of decency. Punishments were of great severity. The most harmless word might mean exile to Siberia. The rigor of this regime increased as the reign wore on.

To rivet it still tighter, that vigilance should never sleep, a committee was appointed to watch over censors; thus there were censors over censors. It has been estimated that in the twenty years between Eighteen Hundred Thirty-two and Eighteen Hundred Fifty-two probably one hundred fifty thousand persons were exiled to Siberia, suffering fearful hardships on the way and after arrival, condemned, as they generally were, to work in the mines. In addition, tens of thousands languished in the prisons of Russia.

Needless to say, under such a system no such thing as a free press or a free reading public could possibly exist. In Eighteen Hundred Forty-three all the Russian journals combined did not have more than twelve thousand subscribers.

That Russians might not be contaminated by the pernicious liberal ideas of the West, their travel abroad was greatly restricted by a system of passports. These passports were expensive, and were only granted on the consent of the sovereign, and then only for a maximum period of five years. Any one outstaying the time permitted might have his property in Russia confiscated; on the other hand, the travel in Russia of foreigners was elaborately discouraged. Such travelers must obtain passports from the Russian Government, must explain why they were visiting that country, and during their

entire sojourn were under police surveillance. Russia was as completely as possible shut off from the outside world. No attempt was made even to connect the railways with the systems of Western Europe. In later years, regarding educational institutions as "hotbeds of revolution," the Czar practically limited the number of students at any Russian University, with the exception of those pursuing courses in medicine, to three hundred. The result was that, in Eighteen Hundred Fifty-three, in a country whose population was about seventy million, there were only about two thousand nine hundred students. Religious persecution accompanied political and intellectual.

Any one renouncing the Orthodox religion was punished with loss of property and with eight to ten years of hard labor.

Any one attempting to convert an Orthodox believer was imprisoned from eight to sixteen months, and, for the third offense, was exiled to Siberia.

UNTIL a few years ago, in all prisons of the United States, the inmates ate in their cells.

There was no such thing as a dining-room or a convention-hall in a prison.

The silent system was supreme.

The striped suit of disgrace was first done away with in Elmira in Eighteen Hundred Eighty-six.

Now the striped suit has been abolished in all prisons; and the silent system has been practically abolished.

Not long ago I spoke to the prisoners in Auburn in their Association Hall.

There was not an armed guard in sight.

There was an orchestra made up of the inmates.

The chairman was an inmate, and he introduced me to the audience.

The stenographer who made a report of the proceedings was an inmate.

The whole affair was conducted with dignity, and with just as much good order as you would find in any well-regulated audience.

Nevertheless, the prisoners talked with one another when they came in; they applauded the appearance of certain people; they gave three cheers for the warden and three cheers for the speaker; and the whole place was permeated with good-cheer and kindly spirit.

In this prison there are a library, a director of physical culture, a baseball team, a night school, and many opportunities are offered for

One Hundred Ninety-three

mental and physical benefit. Occasionally a man will go there a physical wreck, and in a few months will be rejuvenated in mind and body, even if not in estate.

THERE seems, however, yet an idea that if a prisoner is allowed to communicate with the outside world something wrong will follow ♣ ♣

In most prisons an inmate is allowed to write to his people only once a month. He can, however, receive all the mail that is sent, but even that was not so forty years ago. Mail for prisoners was rifled and destroyed, until the courts ruled that mail sent to prisoners was as legally inviolate as if addressed to a free man. But the writing and mailing of letters is yet enjoined.

There is nothing in any law that I can find in any law-book in the United States that forbids a prisoner the free use of the United States mail; yet there are rules and regulations in almost all prisons limiting the writing of letters to one a month.

Of course some prisoners know how to evade this rule; but it has to be done usually by connivance with some one in the business office, and this of itself is an error. No man should be compelled to do by hook and crook a thing that it is his natural right and privilege to do. The withholding of United States mail privileges from prisoners is a refinement of the old-time Russian idea of punishment, repression, suppression, and the belief that any man who communicates with the world is going to do so for reasons of conspiracy, contumacy and contravention ♣ ♣

I ALSO notice that in most prisons daily papers are not allowed.

I think this is also a mistake.

Fully admitting that the daily papers are far from being what they should be, I do not think they are any more contaminating for people behind the bars than they are for the people outside.

Prisoners should be allowed to know what the world is doing and saying; for although a man may be behind prison-bars, yet "within the winding bastions of the brain thought roams free and untrammelled."

We are getting away from the matter of punishment—"Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord."

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Granting that it is still necessary to protect society from the operations of certain individuals, yet, our right to protect society and to protect the individual from his own machinations being admitted, when we take charge of the individual who has gone wrong we owe him a certain responsibility, and it should be our entire intent to give back to society a better man than we took.

MY dealings with ex-convicts convinces me that society's distrust of the ex-convict is not because the man once did wrong, but because he is inefficient.

Three years in prison, shut off from the world of workers and doers and thinkers, irons the individuality out of a man until he is a helpless derelict requiring constant supervision. It is his inefficiency that makes us slow to accept him. We have troubles of our own and we shun responsibilities. Therefore, the ex-convict is tabu.

Convicts can be divided into two general classes: the sick or the mentally and physically deficient; and those with energy plus, otherwise good men who do the wrong thing ♣ This last-mentioned class is made up almost entirely of men between the ages of eighteen and twenty-two. It is the inexperience, the restlessness and the wanderlust that get them into trouble ♣ Such individuals are seldom criminals by instinct. What they need is direction for their energies.

They need friendship and encouragement; and all efforts to shut these individuals off from all communication with the world is a fallacy which society eventually has to pay for ♣

AND so, let us take a commonsense view of the matter, and for our own good, the good of society, and the good of the culprit who has been caught, let us give him the free use of the United States mails. Let him keep in touch with father, mother, sisters, wife or children. Then give him newspapers, so he can keep in touch with the world.

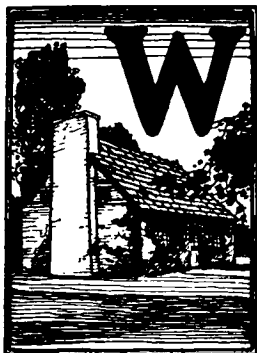
Then give him employment for head, hand and heart, and educate him so that when he comes out he can get a job and hold it down.

¶ And thus will he be an asset and not a liability ♣ ♣

If calamity, disgrace or poverty come to your friends—then is the time they need you ♣

Vaccination—A Phase of Medical Oppression

Harry Weinberger, of the New York Bar



WHAT about vaccination and the United States Health Board? ¶ Some States have laws which make vaccination compulsory upon all, and many States have laws that children going to public schools must be vaccinated. Vaccination is there-

fore a medical prescription, incorporated into law by politico-medicos. It is open to discussion and decision by laymen, for the State pays for the vaccine virus used in vaccination, and pays the salaries of the Board of Health doctors—many of whom without these political jobs could not earn a living. Doctors are clan-nish and stand together, are interested parties, and on the question of vaccination and all medical compulsion should not be allowed to be the final judges. Medical compulsion, in whatever form it appears, should be opposed and the question of vaccination should be decided by each individual.

Politico-medicos should have nothing but the contempt of honest men. I have the highest respect for the trained doctor who uses his best knowledge and training to alleviate human suffering, who uses natural methods to cure, and not drugs to make future patients. But I have no respect for the doctors who feel that their theories and prescriptions are of so little true worth, and can so little stand the test of examination and comparison with the natural methods, that they must call in all the power of the State and the Courts to protect them and enforce their nostrums.

IN New York they prevent children who are unvaccinated from going to school—that is, public school—the theory being that it would be dangerous. But if vaccinated children are protected from smallpox, how could unvaccinated children be dangerous to them? Though how a healthy child could be dangerous to any one is past understanding, except perhaps to a medical mind. In a dozen cities or more of New York State they ignore the law, and vaccinated and unvaccinated children go to

school. If the theory of vaccination is right, all children and all adults should be vaccinated; but we find that in New York the law does not apply to children who go to private schools, and does not apply to adults.

The so-called pure vaccine virus with which one is vaccinated is taken from the running sore of a sick cow, and if any one but a doctor should attempt to put that in the system of a healthy human being, and furthermore ask the law to help him, he would be put into a lunatic asylum. You can not sow disease in the blood without reaping disease. Nature tries to throw out of the body all foreign matter, but the doctors by vaccination plug disease into it. Vaccination causes lockjaw and many other diseases. And some doctors today are of the belief that the great spread of cancer is due to vaccination. Added to the fact that vaccination does not protect from smallpox goes the other great fact that there is no such thing as pure vaccine virus, the name being an anomaly, and that vaccination is dangerous to health and even life.

All medical operations require the consent either of the patient or of relatives, and yet under the guise of vaccination doctors are allowed to cut into the perfectly healthy human body, and furthermore inject a disease.

Quite a few States have already done away with compulsory vaccination, but the doctors are fighting hard. Vaccination will soon be relegated to the class with blood-letting, refusing water to fever patients, refusing fresh air to consumptives, and the people will not allow a new hold for vaccination to be obtained by a United States Health Board. ¶ This age will be known as the age of idiots who allowed the doctors—who were searching, searching for the cure-all of disease—to take control of the government and enforce their prescriptions, while all the time health was to be had by natural methods almost for the asking, and disease could be prevented not by serums but by clean houses, better plumbing, more baths, more sunshine, more parks, pure food, more happiness, more cheer.

We grow strong through assuming responsibilities—by bearing burdens and doing things we acquire power.

One Hundred Ninety-five

THE WORKER

A LABOR-DAY ASPIRATION

By Charles Fleischer, Leader The Sunday Commons, Boston

THE rise of the laborer is the rise of Man. The status of the workingman is the real measure of the progress of a civilization.

We used to believe that labor was a curse laid upon the race because of "man's first disobedience."

But now we know that by toil alone the race is redeemed from bondage to Nature, which would not otherwise provide sufficient food for Man, her foster-child. Without work, man would vanish from the earth.

So labor is Man's red badge of courage—the symbol of his acceptance of the challenge of none too friendly Nature.

Despite the ancient "curse," bread was sweet though eaten in the sweat of his brow, while each man worked of his own will to meet his own needs. But bread became bitter, when men became the slaves of stronger men, and took their food no longer from the fertile womb of the Universal Mother, but from the grudging hand of their fellowmen.

* * *

With the ages, the worker is rising. The long-suffering laborer is lifting his head from under the yoke.

The workman is raising himself upright—not in rebellion, but in the fullness of the dignity of the being that has "clay for kin and God for fellow."

* * *

We are all workers. Therefore, all elements must strive to organize the world of work in such fashion that Justice will be done to every one.

Industrial war, like all war, is proof of injustice and inhumanity. The conflict between capital and labor is wrong and futile. The interests of employer and employed are one. Theirs is the common function of common service.

If we seek, we shall find anew the dignity of labor and the joy of the working and the beauty of toiling, together, not only for food but to provide everything that will bring fulness of life to all.



OLD MASTERS

BY ELBERT HUBBARD

WE call them the Old Masters because, broadly speaking, they proclaimed the principles which were to guide their successors in art to the end of time. The galleries and museums of Europe are filled with the pictures they painted and the statues they chiseled out of marble.

Michelangelo was the greatest of the old masters. You will see him in bronze when you come to Roycroft. Also you will see, at the base of the pedestal, a symbolic turtle, proclaiming "the lyf so short, the craft so long to lerne."

Michelangelo lived in Italy more than four hundred years ago. He created superb sculptures, and painted marvelously. Also, he was given to writing poetry. Whatever Michelangelo did, he did in a masterly manner. If he had turned his attention to the making of fine furniture, we would now have Michelangelo chairs and tables, and Berkey & Gay would be turning out Michelangelo replicas at moderate prices.

In the field of furniture, we turn to Sheraton, Heppelwhite, the Adams Brothers, and others, whose designs are now reproduced in rare Period pieces of Berkey & Gay manufacture.

This Period Furniture made in Grand Rapids is given almost as much skill and attention as was bestowed on the precious, priceless originals that money can not buy today. Only choice woods, well-seasoned, are used in the making of these replicas. The workmen are experts all, thorough, careful, conscientious, painstaking. They take their time and their work shows it.

The designs and styles are those of the Period days in Renaissance Europe. They are reproduced faithfully and with a fine eye for details. Berkey & Gay are showing that Period Furniture does not necessarily imply the expenditure of large sums of money. Buy one piece at a time. If you get but two a year, you will in ten years possess a score of beautiful Period pieces that will last out *your* lifetime and then be handed down to your children and your children's children for heirlooms. Acquaintance with the store handling Berkey & Gay Furniture in your locality is worth while. It is usually the best store in every city, and the Berkey & Gay agency bespeaks a store prepared to show the best examples of the furniture art. The following firms exemplify Berkey & Gay representation:



BY INVITATION
MEMBER OF
Marshall Field & Co., Chicago
Palma Furniture Co., Boston
Lammert Furniture Co., St. Louis

The Sterling & Welch Co., Cleveland
Daniels & Fisher Stores Co., Denver, Colo.
McAllister-Mohler, Columbus, Ohio

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192 Monroe Ave.

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113-119 West 40th Street



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Upon request we are glad to mail you, free, a copy of our handsome booklet, "Entertaining Your Guests," which tells of our exclusive gift pieces.

It cost One Dollar in 1893

It was then the Wonder Watch of the day. Here in 1915—a thinner watch, a better keeper of time, simpler and more durable, the price is still One Dollar.

It is today the greatest monument in industry to the old adage about doing one thing and doing it well.

Twenty-two years have brought more than a thousand improvements and the fine perfection that goes with long practice.



1893

He who is without an Ingersoll, in this day, is a rare individual.

60,000 dealers in all parts of the United States sell these watches. If your dealer does not, a dollar will bring one prepaid.



1915

Ingersoll
the Dollar
Watch

Robt. H. Ingersoll & Bro., 315 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

pursuit can understand the full pleasure of reading.

There is another view of reading which, though it is obvious enough, is seldom taken, I imagine, or at least acted upon; and that is, that in the course of our reading we should lay up in our minds a store of goodly thoughts in well-wrought words, which should be a living treasure of knowledge always with us, and from which, at various times and amidst all the shifting of circumstances, we might be sure of drawing some comfort, guidance and sympathy. In any work that is worth careful reading, there is generally something that is worth remembering accurately. A man whose

WHAT are the objects men pursue in reading? They are these: amusement, instruction, a wish to appear well in society, and a desire to pass away time. Now even the lowest of these is facilitated by reading with method. The keenness of pursuit thus engendered enriches the most trifling gain, takes away the sense of dullness in details, and gives an interest to what would otherwise be most repugnant. No one who has never known the eager joy of some intellectual

mind is enriched with the best sayings of his own country is a more independent man, walks the streets in a town, or the lanes in the country, with far more delight than he otherwise would have; and is taught by wise observers of man and Nature to examine for himself. Sancho Panza with his proverbs is a great deal better than he would have been without them; and I contend that a man has something in himself to meet troubles and difficulties, small or great, who has stored in

his mind some of the best things which have been said about troubles and difficulties. Moreover, the loneliness of sorrow is thereby diminished.

There is a very refined use which reading is put to, namely, to counteract the particular evils and temptations of our callings, the original imperfections of our characters, the tendencies of our age, or of our own time of life. Those, for instance, who are versed in dull, crabbed work all day, of a kind which is always exercising the logical faculty and demanding minute, not to say, vexatious criticism, would, during their leisure, do wisely to expatiate in writings of a large and imaginative nature. These, however, are often the persons who particularly avoid poetry and works of imagination, whereas they ought to cultivate them most. For it should be one of the frequent objects of every man who cares for the culture of his whole being, to give some exercise to those faculties which are not demanded by his daily occupation and not encouraged by his disposition.—*S. Arthur Helps.*

The more one knows, the more one simplifies.

If You Want Your Letters to "Get the Business"

THERE'S only one way to make letters sell goods—collect money—speed up road men—to do those thousand and one things that only letters can do. Make your letters impress a man at a glance as worth reading. Then you've got a big lead over "the other fellow" who may think that most anything will do to write letters on—or who doesn't think at all. Make your business stationery tell a story of stability, integrity, pride in the house, assurance of good value. That's the way to make your letters get the business.

To make this impression you need substantial, impressive stationery on Construction Bond. Insist upon Construction Bond because it is your kind of paper—as fine as any business paper can afford to be—at a price *you* can afford to pay. Construction Bond is sold only in large quantities *direct* to responsible printers and lithographers in the 203 principal cities of the United States. It carries no jobber's profit, no expense of handling small lots, no losses on questionable accounts. No wonder it offers better value. And since only the best manufacturing stationers handle Construction Bond the result for you is always fine business stationery on a paper of manifest quality, all at a moderate price.

Let us send you the names of printers and lithographers in your locality from whom you can secure Construction Bond.

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Construction Bond is made in white and eight attractive colors, in various finishes, with envelopes to match.

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A GREAT factory with the machinery all working and revolving with absolute and rhythmic regularity and with the men all driven by one impulse and moving in unison as though a constituent part of the mighty machine, is one of the most inspiring examples of directed force that the world shows. I have rarely seen the face of a mechanic in the act of creation which was not fine, never one which was not earnest and impressive.

—*Thomas Nelson Page.*



This Is the New Six —Spirited and Light

IT is like a spirited horse—alert, lithe without a pound of unnecessary weight to carry. Yet this could hardly be called a “starved” Six. There is no skimping.

Mitchell engineers play the game safe. They could have made it 2900 pounds, but they preferred to take no chance and allowed a 200 pound margin of safety, making the actual weight 3100 pounds.

They intended first to put this car out four months ago, but they waited so they could have everything on it that other Sixes have, for they knew they had a better car technically.

This car now completes the list of Sixes around \$1600 that buyers care to choose from.

It lays claim to their interest for three reasons.

It is larger in size—128-inch wheel base.

It is quicker in action—livelier engine.

It is smarter in appearance—\$100 extra in coach work.

Most Sixes at this price have good enough chasses, but fall down when it comes to the body and coach work. That's why after 60 days' service you see so many shabby-looking bodies.

Mitchell found it had a \$100 margin and instead of putting the money in the bank, put it in the **body of the car.**

Anyone with half an eye can see the high finish coach work, the genuine hand buffed leather in the seats, the carefully fitted doors, tailored carpeting in the tonneau floor—these and a hundred other little items that create charm in a car.

Its spirit you will like—one mile's ride will captivate you.

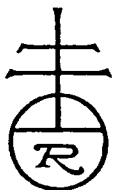
THE MITCHELL LINE FOR 1915

Mitchell Light Six—two, five or six passengers—6 cylinders—48 horse power—128-inch wheel base—36 x 4 tires \$1,585
 Mitchell Light Four—two and five passengers—4 cylinders—48 horse power—116-inch wheel base—34 x 4 tires \$1,250
 Mitchell Light Four—6 passengers, same as above \$1,300

Mitchell Special Six—6 passengers—6 cylinders—60 horse power—128-inch wheel base—36 x 4 tires \$1,995
 Mitchell Special Six—4 passengers, same as above \$1,995
 Mitchell Six De Luxe—7 passengers—6 cylinders—144-inch wheel base—60 horse power—37 x 6 tires \$2,350

F. O. B. RACINE

Mitchell Motor Co.
 Racine, Wis., U.S.A.



EDWARD J. SHAY

BUSINESS MANAGER

ELBERT HUBBARD'S
PUBLICATIONS

The Philistine

The Fra

AFTER
MARCH FIRST
1915

To Dress the Easter Table

LET your Easter dining-table be an Easter anthem—a poem—a song of welcome to those who sit around it. Set it with the exquisite Homer-Laughlin China—the dinnerware of superb beauty and excellence. The graceful shapes and cameo-like delicacy in the decoration of Homer-Laughlin China are a delight to the senses. Homer-Laughlin China appeals to those who appreciate real artistic beauty, and tokens the good taste of the possessor.

HOMER LAUGHLIN China

is a mark of distinction to you and your table, an honor to your family and guests.

Made in "open stock" patterns, you may buy separate pieces at any time and at all times. Ask your dealer to show you his stock. He will gladly do so, because he knows that Homer-Laughlin means a satisfied customer, also that Homer-Laughlin on the underside of each piece of China is an earnest of beauty, serviceableness and reasonable price. Suppose you begin "Homer-Laughlin-ing" today. Our beautifully illustrated booklet, *The China Book*, is yours for the asking. It tells in an interesting way the story of China—its selection and care—and also tells you all about the Homer-Laughlin Potteries—the biggest in the world—and how they have made this famous dinnerware for forty-three years.

Send for it Today.

HOMER-
LAUGHLIN
CHINA
CO.
Newell, W. Va.



twenty-two million servants of Christ may receive from God the blessed strength to tear and blow each other to pieces, to ravage and burn, to wrench husbands from wives, fathers from their children, to starve the poor, and everywhere destroy the works of the spirit! Prayer under the hundred thousand spires for the blessed strength of God, to use the noblest, most loyal instincts of the human race to the ends of carnage! "God be with us to the death and dishonor of our foes" (whose God He is no less than ours)! The God who gave His only-begotten Son to bring on earth peace and goodwill toward men! ❖ ❖

No creed—in

THREE hundred thousand church-spires raised to the glory of Christ! Three hundred million human creatures baptized into His service! And—war to the death of them all! "I trust the Almighty to give the victory to my arms!" "Let your hearts beat to God, and your fists in the face of the enemy!" ❖ "In prayer we call God's blessing on our valiant troops!"

God on the lips of each potentate, and under the hundred thousand spires prayer that

these days when two and two are put together—can stand against such reeling subversion of its foundation ❖ After this monstrous mockery, beneath this grinning skull of irony, how shall there remain faith in a religion preached and practised to such ends? When this war is over and reason resumes its sway our dogmas will be found to have been scored through forever ❖ Whatever else be the outcome of this business, let us at least realize the truth: It is the death of mystic Chris-

tianity! Let us will that it be the birth of an ethic Christianity that men really practise! ¶ Yes! Mystic Christianity was dying before this war began. When it is over it will be dead. In France, England, Germany, in Belgium and the other small countries, dead; and only kept wonderingly alive in Russia and some parts of Austria through peasant superstition and simplicity. "Tell me, brother, what have the Japanese done to us that we should kill them?" so said the Russian peasant in the Japanese war. So they will say in this war. And at the end go back and resume praise of the God who fought for holy Russia against the God who fought for valiant Austria

and the mailed fists of Germany. This mystic Christianity will not die in the open and be buried with pomp and ceremony—it will merely be dead.—*John Galsworthy.*

MAN consumes energy more rapidly than woman; woman is more conservative of it. The structural variability of man is mainly toward motion; woman's variational tendency is not toward motion, but toward reproduction. Man is fitted for feats of strength and

bursts of energy; woman has more stability and endurance. While woman remains near to the infantile type, man approaches more to the senile. The extreme variational tendency of man expresses itself in a larger percentage of genius, insanity and idiocy; woman remains more nearly normal.

—*Professor Thomas*

What in me is dark, illumine; what is low, raise and support.—*Milton.*

MAID OF AMERICA



"Niagara Maid"
PURE SILK GLOVES

The name "Niagara Maid" in the hem of silk gloves assures you more than beauty—more than long wear—more than pure silk. "Niagara Maid" Silk Gloves have a nicety of detail and general artistic effect that mean more to the well-dressed woman than all their fine quality. And they are made in over a hundred combinations of colors and embroideries.

Double tips. Guarantee ticket, bearing our trade-mark, in every pair. Prices—
Short Silk Gloves, 50c, 75c, \$1.00 up, Long, 75c, \$1.00, \$1.25, \$1.50 up.

NIAGARA SILK MILLS - - - - - **North Tonawanda, N. Y.**
Makers of "Niagara Maid" Pure Silk Gloves, Pure Silk Underwear and Pure Silk Hosiery
Also made in Brantford, Canada for Canadian Trade See our exhibit, Panama-Pacific Exposition
Varied Industries Building

Opportunity is Knocking at your Door!

HAVE YOU NOT MENTALLY DETERMINED to some day visit the PACIFIC COAST?

LET 1915 BE THE CHOSEN TIME, for during this year there will be added to the scenic grandeur, natural wonders and many charming mountain and seaside resorts of this fascinating region the unprecedented attractions of CALIFORNIA'S TWO GREAT EXPOSITIONS, at San Francisco and at San Diego.

THE OPPORTUNITY TO COMBINE IN A SHORT VACATION all the pleasure and instruction that this delightful sightseeing journey will embrace, for the relatively nominal cost of a round trip ticket from the East, and incidental traveling expenses, is one that should be availed of by all who can possibly afford it.

WITH ITS FOUR GREAT ROUTES via New Orleans, El Paso, Ogden and Portland, over which are run the best appointed and best operated trains in the West, with Dining Car Service unsurpassed, the

SOUTHERN PACIFIC

offers to Exposition visitors and tourists the choice of entering California by a southern, a central, or a northern gateway—with the further choice of a different route returning—reaching all points of interest and affording car-window views of the scenic features that have given the Pacific Coast its fame.

Six Daily Limited Trains

"Sunset Limited" from New Orleans via "Sunset Route" to Los Angeles and north to San Francisco.
"Golden State Limited" from Chicago through Kansas City via the "El Paso Route" to Los Angeles and north to San Francisco.

From Los Angeles south to San Diego the rail trip is made in four hours.

"Overland Limited," "Pacific Limited" and "San Francisco Limited" from Chicago through Omaha via "Ogden Route," crossing the Sierra-Nevadas, to San Francisco via Oakland Pier and San Francisco Bay.
"Shasta Limited" from Seattle and Tacoma, Washington, and Portland, Oregon, via "Shasta Route," crossing the Siakiyou Mountains, to San Francisco via Oakland Pier.

Varying the trip, the "Sunset Route" extends from New York by Southern Pacific's Atlantic Steamships, sailing Wednesdays and Saturdays to New Orleans. Connection is made with the "Sunset Limited" to Los Angeles and San Francisco, the through fare being same as all-rail.

Tickets at little more than one fare for the round trip will be on sale by eastern roads from March 1st to November 30th, 1915, via the "Sunset," "Ogden" or "El Paso" routes, and via the "Shasta Route" through Oregon for \$17.50 additional.

The Southern Pacific has been made the safest railroad in the world by the expenditure of millions. It carried over two hundred million passengers in five years without a passenger fatality in a train accident. For this record it holds a Gold Medal awarded by the American Museum of Safety.

SEE THEREFORE THAT YOUR TICKET TO CALIFORNIA IN 1915 READS

Via Southern Pacific—The Exposition Line

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THE Dealer who sells Pompeian Olive Oil is urged by us never to order more than a **THIRTY-DAY SUPPLY**. No extra discounts are given him on **LARGE Orders**—and in consequence Pompeian Olive Oil is always “New Stock”—**FINE and FRESH**.

Each and every Shipment of Pompeian Olive Oil, which comes to us in Casks from Abroad, is stored in cool, dark, glass-lined Tanks; kept like butter is kept in a Creamery. It is packaged from day to day to meet the demand. In this manner the full “Fruity Flavor” of the choice Mediterranean Olives is retained.

Pompeian Olive Oil is **MORE** than just **PURE**—it is **Tasty and Palatable**.

Pompeian Olive Oil is never sold in bulk. You may purchase it in full-measure Half-pint, Pint or Quart **SEALED Tins**—air-tight and light-proof—from Grocers and Druggists. Order a Tin today!



HALF-PINTS	8 oz.....	\$.25
FULL PINTS	16 oz.....	.50
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★ POMPEIAN OLIVE OIL

ANTWERP

THAT city which artists have loved into being — that city of Rubens, where all Belgium worshiped, that city which all the world loves! We said it could never be destroyed. Today we mourn its ruin.

Do you want to see Antwerp, Belgium and the Belgians as they were fifty years ago?

Ouida has made them immortal in her book, *A DOG OF FLANDERS*. The Roycrofters have a few copies of this book to sell.

Printed in two colors on Imperial Japan Vellum, bound in Three-quarters Levant, the backs hand-tooled - - - - - \$ 5.00
Modeled Leather - - - - - 10.00
Full Levant - - - - - 25.00

THE ROYCROFTERS, EAST AURORA, N. Y.

1815 1915

THE Battle of Waterloo was fought June Eighteenth, Eighteen Hundred Fifteen, on one of the world's greatest battlegrounds.

Poor Belgium! She is a maker of History.

She will live in the hearts of the people of the world.

Happy Belgium!

Victor Hugo has told, as has no other writer, the story of Waterloo.

The Roycrofters have printed this book in two colors, on Japan Vellum, bound in Three-quarters Levant, backs hand-tooled, Morris marble-paper sides. Price - - - - \$5.00

THE ROYCROFTERS, EAST AURORA, N. Y.

SELF-RELIANCE

ALFRED RUSSEL WALLACE says that the civilization of man began when he added to the responsibility of taking care of himself, the care of dogs.

Man's development has been in a direct ratio to his dependence upon himself.

Emerson's *Essay on Self-Reliance* has potential possibilities for developing humanity.

The universal desire is for power. All the power that you ever can exercise lies latent within you.

Emerson's *Essay on Self-Reliance* is a spur to development.

The Roycrofters have printed and bound beautiful volumes of this essay, handsomely printed in two colors on Italian handmade paper; \$2.00. Alicia Binding, Italian handmade paper - - - - - \$5.00

A few copies printed on Imperial Japan Vellum, hand-illuminated - - - - \$10.00
Full Levant - - - - \$25.00 and \$50.00

THE ROYCROFTERS, EAST AURORA, N. Y.

RESPECTABILITY

RESPECTABILITY! Is it a garment that can be put on and off at will? Is it power—physical, mental, moral? Is it wealth?

Is it social standing? What is it?

Elbert Hubbard in his book, *Respectability*, discusses the subject in a most readable way. You understand, too, exactly what he means.

The sentences are short, brisk and bright.

It is one of the best books Mr. Hubbard has written.

The Roycrofters have a few copies in fine bindings.

Printed in two colors, on Italian handmade paper.

Japan Vellum, three colors, Three-quarters Levant - - - - \$ 5.00
Modeled Leather - - - - 10.00

A few copies bound in Full Levant and hand-illuminated \$25.00 & \$30.00

THE ROYCROFTERS, EAST AURORA, N. Y.



R
 “Powdered
 Spiders
 Caught
 in a
 Graveyard.”

Signed HIP.



IPPOCRATES, who lived 460 B. C., was called “the Father of Medicine” — but it is not recorded whether he knew anything about Health. His favorite prescription was “Powdered Spiders caught in a Graveyard”; and Hippocrates was a great physician — and an honorable man.

☞ “So are they all honorable men!”

☞ Hippocrates had four chemical cure-alls — a cathartic, a diuretic, a diaphoretic and an emetic. He had positive drugs which produced a result that he could bank on. They were devil-chasers, all right! And for two thousand four hundred years the Medicos have been Hypnotized by Hip. With variations they serve up the same old Nostrums.

☞ But there is now growing up in the minds of a vast number of people an active distrust of drugs, surgery, and so-called heroic methods. “His Whiskers, the Medicine Man” and his Prescriptions are NOW taken “on suspicion.” The Physician who is Popular today is more of a seer than a sawyer. He is a teacher, a friend.

☞ And Doctor Moras, a Graduate of the Harvard Medical School, exemplifies this new type — this new thought and science. He believes in Wellness, and he asserts that Wellness is found in the wellspring of one's own self — in the proper care of the body.

☞ Light, air, water, choice of food and UNDERSTANDING — this is the foundation of Health — and of AUTOLOGY!

☞ In his wonderful book, *Autology*, Doctor Moras shows that Sickness is caused by the identical same physical elements that cause Health, and that Health always restores itself with, or through, the identical same physical elements and chemical compounds that produce Sickness. ☞ You are the Captain of your own body. ☞ You are in control.

☞ Thousands of people who found pills and potions impotent have become well men and women through AUTOLOGY, — which is the “know how” of Health.

☞ Doctor Moras has written, *A Guide to Autology* — a scintillating little brochure — which he will forward to FRA Subscribers, free, on receipt of postcard.

☞ Send for it today. There are no strings to it. It is just a literary love-token — an earnest desire on the part of Doctor Moras to help you help yourself.

Address: EDMOND R. MORAS, M. D.
 HIGHLAND PARK, ILL.

Character and Cars

BY ELBERT HUBBARD

WHEN the late J. Pierpont Morgan was being pujoed by the Pujo Committee he was asked this question, "What is the best and safest collateral for a loan?"

And the reply was given in one word, "Character."

Then the inquisitor asked the conquistador a second question.

And this question deserves to rank with Pilate's deathless interrogation, "What is Truth?"

The question asked Mr. Morgan was this, "What is Character?"

And the reply was, "Character is the sum-total of what a man is!"

The examination continued about as follows:

"Please enlighten this Committee further as to your ideason Character."

¶ "Well, Character implies certain physical, mental and moral qualities. Good health is a requisite—for ill health might jeopardize one's commonsense. Clear eyes, good teeth, the ability to work, play, laugh and enjoy, moderation in the use of all good things, intelligence, honesty of purpose, sympathy, patience and persistence, ambition within bounds—these make up character."

"Mr. Morgan, would you loan a man money if he had merely these qualities you mention, and yet had no tangible property or funds?"

"I can not imagine a man with the qualities I have named, living in this beautiful, fertile and abundant world, who does not possess a certain amount of property. But granting the hypothesis that a man of character had no property, he would still be a better risk for a loan than

a man who had property but no character."

"Do you then regard character as the greatest thing in the world?"

¶ "Yes."

"You seem to disagree with the prophet who said, *Pax Vobiscum*—love is the greatest thing in the world!"

"On the other hand, character implies love, and includes it. A man of character is both loving and lovable."

THE word "CHALMERS" to a million Americans means "Character."

"Chalmers" was once the name of a man; now it is the name of a machine. The man still lives who bears the name, and gave it wings, but when I say "Chalmers," a machine, powerful, beautiful and obedient, comes rolling before your inward vision.

A man is known by the men who are hands, feet, eyes, ears, and gray cortex for him.

It takes hundreds of men to make an automobile. And it takes a thousand men to make a "Chalmers."

A "Chalmers" is an automobile, plus. There are many makes of automobiles, but only one "Chalmers."

A man of character surrounds himself with men of character.

Man creates in his own image.

Corporations have souls. One animating impulse keys every great and successful institution. What did Ralph Waldo Emerson say about that? Yes, and Emerson's remark is truth, just as Sherman's remark about war is truth. ¶ Everything you make is spun right out of your heart. It looks like you.

A "Chalmers" looks like Chalmers.

A "Chalmers" has character. It has certain qualities that distinguish it as peculiar, individual and distinctive. It has personality.

We remember the man told of by old Doctor Johnson who approached a stranger and asked, "Sir, are you anybody in particular?" No one ever asked a Chalmers Owner any such question as that, either about himself or his car. ¶ Chalmers—the Car of Character!

Brushing aside 1000 obstacles on the way to "Yours truly"



Figures from thousands of offices show that with the old-style typewriters, it costs 7¢ to go from "Dear Sir" to "Yours truly"

With 1000 less parts the Royal helps your stenographer to get there faster—and that's why
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FACE the fact that 95% of the cost of typewritten letters goes into your stenographer's pay envelope. Remember, the typewriters are less than 5% of what it costs to run your "Letter Factory."

Stop and think! Are you, as a businessman, willing to hamper, "tie up," and decrease the efficiency of 95% of your plant, just to "economize" on the 5% you've paid for business machinery?

But if 250,000 satisfied Royal users could tell you how good the Royal typewriter really is—you'd listen, wouldn't you? Get the facts—

Write for this Free Booklet, "Better Service"

It tells why the Royal cuts typewriting costs—and how it will cut yours—facts worth knowing, about a master machine worth having, a great modern typewriter that is dominating.

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FEATURE No. 7
Better than Money!
MADE TO STAND
THE "GRIND"—
No annual "trading out"—because built with 1000 less parts.

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- 1—Frictionless Roller-Trip Escapement.
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- 4—Inbuilt Card-Writing Features.
- 5—Triple Service: the Royal writes, types cards and bills—no special attachments—to add extra cost.
- 6—Perfect Press-work—unerringly aligned typewriting and clear-cut typing, even at highest speeds.



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STANDARD

Typewriter

Master-Model 10

Built for "Big Business" and its Expert Typists

A BUSINESS BOOSTER!



HERE'S no mistake about it—The International Motor Truck is all that. Rapid, reliable, reasonable—in price, economy and ease of operation—it



is a beneficent business auxiliary. ¶ The International Motor Truck solves the transportation problems of the manufacturer, merchant, dealer or farmer. It gets the goods to the customer, the produce to the market. It is miles ahead of the old team way, and does three times the amount of work at much less cost. ¶ Wide-awake, prescient businessmen realize this. Every month sees sales increasing. Last month more International Motor Trucks were shipped than in any five months of the previous year. And this month shows further advances. ¶ The International Motor Truck will help you; it will help you to build up your business. It saves time, money and routine labor, adds to your profit and to your reputation for reliable, prompt and up-to-date service. ¶ Look at the New Model "E" pictured in this Advertisement. It has a fifteen-hundred-pound capacity, has no intricate mechanism. It is a strong, sturdy, cheerful and tireless worker. It is a friend to the Horse, because it relieves him of heavy burdens; it relieves you of uncertainties. ¶ Write the International Harvester Company for further details about this efficient truck, or regarding any other transportation problems that vex you. ¶ Ask for Prices!

INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER COMPANY OF AMERICA

(INCORPORATED)

160 HARVESTER BUILDING

CHICAGO



THE DAY OF THE DIME

MANY a man can afford an automobile; but he can't afford to maintain it. ¶ The Overhead is the Fly in the Ointment of Modern Economics. ¶ Business innovations which lessen the Overhead are The Thing. ¶ The Five and Ten Cent theater has become an institution. Its entrance-fee cuts the Overhead on Amusement. ¶ The Five and Ten Cent store has done the same thing in its line. ¶ The modern trend of attention to Overhead Mathematics has brought us the Day of the Dime—the age in which we now live.

THERE was once a considerable Overhead on Good Music. ¶ Standard classical scores sold at prices from Twenty-five cents to a Dollar or more. ¶ That was before the celebrated Century Edition began to knock the Overhead on Music. ¶ Every piece of music contained in Century Editions now sells at the uniform price of Ten Cents per Score—the Day of the Dime in Music. ¶ And, best of all, the Overhead on Music has been knocked without putting Quality on the Skids.

¶ Century music-scores, as a matter of fact, are better than many of the higher-priced scores. ¶ And so this, then, is a kindly tip to teachers, parents and music-lovers generally to get acquainted with Century Music. ¶ Ask your dealer for a complete catalog of the CENTURY EDITION SHEET MUSIC, containing titles of nearly two thousand scores, published by the

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NEW YORK CITY



SEND YOUR BOY TO THE INTERLAKEN SUMMER SCHOOL

HERE are six hundred and seventy acres of God's great, green out-of-doors as his classroom, where he can fill his lungs with clean, pure, fresh air, and get on chummy terms with growing things, with living things, with other boys—and incidentally, with *himself*. ¶ Here he will find right surroundings, right associates, form the right kind of friendships, learn the right way to live. ¶ Edward A. Rumely directs all operations. He believes that Education is the knowledge of how to use the whole of one's self—that the boy who proves the Successful Man must bring into play all his faculties, make a tool of each one, know how to operate it, keep it sharp and apply it to practical purposes. ¶ Mornings at the Interlaken Summer School are spent in study, and the rest of the day is occupied in caring for stock, tilling the soil, planting, sowing and harvesting crops. There are tramps in the woods, walks afield, boating, bathing, baseball and other athletics aplenty! Altogether, a vigorous, healthful, useful outdoor life in the sunshine. ¶ Rumely understands boys, and he likes them—and the boys like him. He is big enough to be a boy himself; and a Man as well. He is "big brother" to the boys and exercises an influence over them that combines the Parent, the Teacher, the Friend. ¶ Good food, pure water, fresh air and sunshine, work, play, and sleep, in right proportion, and intelligent instruction from books—these are the things the Interlaken Summer School offers to *your boy*. ¶ The Interlaken Summer School opens on June 15th. Write today for prospectus. It will do your boy a world of good—to be away from you for a Summer.

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"On The Firing Line"



The man or woman who accomplishes anything in business or in the home must be on the firing line. Keeping at the front in any department of human activity calls for good brain and muscular energy, and these must come from the foods you eat.

SHREDDED WHEAT

contains all the body-building material in the whole wheat grain prepared in a digestible form—a natural, elemental food that builds healthy tissue, sound bone and good brain.



For breakfast heat the Biscuit in the oven to restore crispness; then pour hot milk over it, adding a little cream; salt or sweeten to suit the taste. A warm, nourishing breakfast for a chilly day. Deliciously nourishing for any meal with sliced bananas, baked apples or canned or preserved fruits of any kind.

Made only by

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IN FINE BINDINGS

Rip Van Winkle, by *Washington Irving*, on Japan Vellum, bound in Three-quarters Levant, special individual volume; color, dark blue; price, \$5.00.

The Mintage, by *Elbert Hubbard*, Three-quarters Levant, special hand-tooled, printed on Japan paper, photogravure portraits; price, \$10.00.

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Health and Wealth, in modeled leather, special design by Mr. Kranz, and printed on Japan Vellum; price, \$10.00.

Respectability, bound in modeled leather, special design; price, \$10.00.

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An American Bible, Full Levant, special design by Mr. Schwartz, printed on Strathmore Japan paper; price, \$250.00.

King Lear, by *Shakespeare*, printed on Japan Vellum, hand-illuminated, bound in Three-quarters red Levant, special hand-tooled; a very noble and bookish piece of bookmaking; price, \$25.00.

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Eminent Painters, Eminent Statesmen, Good Men and Great, American Authors, Famous Women, Printed by G. P. Putnam's Sons, but bound by Louis Kinder of The Roycrofters. These fine books constitute a unique, peculiar and very lovely set of books, representing Mr. Kinder's art at the best. Price, \$50.00 for the set.

We also have on hand the following specially bound volumes, written by *Elbert Hubbard*, printed on handmade paper, hand-illuminated, very elegant specimens of the binders' and printers' art; price, \$20.00 for each set.

Eminent Artists, two volumes, Three-quarters Levant, robin's-egg blue; \$20.00 a set.

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If you are a *Fra* subscriber we will gladly send any of these books you may name, on inspection and approval.

THE ROYCROFTERS, EAST AURORA, N. Y

The GREAT "WHITE" WAY

BY ELBERT HUBBARD



THREE hundred twelve years before Christ, Appius Claudius began the making of the Appian Way. When this European War is over and you go Abroad with your White Car, you may have the pleasure of motoring over parts of the original Roadbed of the Appian Way.

¶ It was a Roadway eighteen feet wide, extending south from Rome to Capua—and thence on and on to Brundisium; parts of it are still in daily use.

¶ The Appian Way was the symbol of abundance. It made the Oil and Wine accessible. It became the Milky Way of Roman Commerce. It was a Great White Way of Prosperity.

¶ The Romans, two hundred fifty years later, while occupying Britain, constructed Watling Way, leading from Dover to York, and the great North Road from London to Edinburgh; and of this road, too, portions still remain.

¶ Caesar's Legions, by establishing that broad stretch of Roadway, endowed the Britons with one of the primary principles of Civilization. Also, it may have suggested to them that thoroughness is a quality that commends itself to all men.

¶ Undoubtedly the American more than the Roman or the Briton will live in History as a Roadmaker; at least he deserves to. In the year 1915 we have 10,000 Appian Ways and as many Watling Ways here on this continent; ribbons of brick and stone and macadam stretching from County Seat to County Seat; from State to State. All of which effect for good the lives of 100,000,000 people.

¶ These **WAYS** are memorials to great builders. They show Vision, *and* Courage, *and* Stick-to-it-iveness. They bespeak an intelligent desire to "get there!" They animate the spirit of the times—"Forward! March!"

THE evolution of Roadways depends upon modes of transportation. *The* modern automobile has been the greatest factor in scientific highway construction. Perfection in the one has brought perfection in the other.

¶ And of all the Automobiles that have inspired road-builders to "make a road worthy of the car" the **WHITE CAR**—with its staying qualities, its wearing qualities, with its long life *and* its super-ability to render a service—is supreme. Hence we call a particularly fine bit of road a "**WHITE WAY**."

¶ *The* **WHITE "WAY"** is the beautiful way, the efficient, economical, safe—the thoroughgoing Way. *The* White Automobile is more than a Car—it is a Masterful "**WAY**."—It is a "**Way**" that endures!

¶ *The* thoughtful man travels in *The* **WHITE CAR** because the **WHITE "WAY"** leads to satisfaction—to Health, to Happiness, *and* to a broader appreciation of all things.

¶ *The* **WHITE CAR** is the lasting car. It is supreme in strength, style, luxury, comfort, safety *and* economy.

¶ It is not a cheap car—it was not meant to be.

¶ But every dollar you invest in a **WHITE** brings back a generous dividend, in the pleasure that comes from owning an Automobile that goes *and* keeps on going—a Good Car when you purchase it—a Good Car for years afterward.

¶ Whatever Road you travel in a White Car is a "**White Way**"—a Road of ease *and* comfort, of smooth, satisfying swiftness—and of superb scenery—of freedom from worries large *and* small.

¶ *The* White Car is for the person who can take pride in a Perfect Piece of Mechanism—not for the one who is primarily interested in **PRICE**.—The Price of *The* White Car is what it is worth!

¶ I remind you that William Morris said, "Art is not a thing—it's a Way."

¶ You should know more about the White Car.

WOMAN'S UNREST—ITS CAUSE



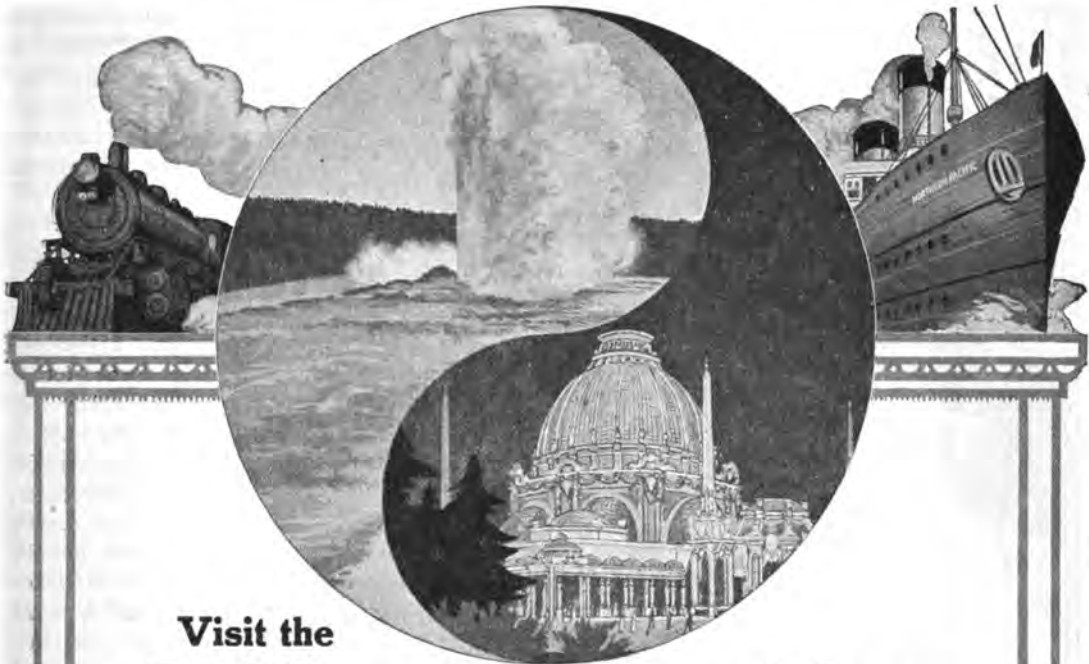
EN years ago, three, even, such a book as Alice Hubbard has written — *Life Lessons* — might have come to some deaf ears. Today — so has the world moved — many must say of the men and women in these pages: "*Not in entire forgetfulness, and not in utter nakedness, but trailing clouds of glory do they come.*" ¶ These vitalized beings have helped to build of their lives the corduroy road over which Civilization has crept, from the Impossible-Past to the Worth-While-Living-Today. ¶ The author says of the book, "It is a record of honest thought written on stolen time — no attempt at biography, but a homely setting down of somewhat of the influence these people had upon their time." ¶ No other person would apply the word "homely" to such writing as *Life Lessons* contains. Illuminating is a word much more likely to suggest itself. ¶ Alice Hubbard has succeeded in estimating the forces for which these individualities stood, not for one time or another, but in a world-setting as a part of the eternal world-story for all time. ¶ The people of whom Alice Hubbard has written in *Life Lessons* are:

- | | | |
|------------------------|----------------|---------------------------|
| 1. Mary Wollstonecraft | 2. Froebel | 3. Elizabeth Cady Stanton |
| 4. Thoreau | 5. David Swing | 6. Robert Louis Stevenson |

¶ There is a photogravure portrait from a drawing by Gaspard of each one of these subjects — also one of the author.

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ness steps forth and "dares" an approach. Indifference rises as a barrier, shutting out sincere influences.

Let us mold our characters carefully, so that every thought and action will bespeak for us sincerity and solidity. Let us cultivate usefulness and responsiveness. Let us be ever thoughtful of our fellow men. Let us actually radiate willingness and ambition.

Such people are the ones who are singled out and called upon to deliver important messages, to handle significant jobs and to assume big responsibilities.
—E. K. Piper.

THERE are few prophets in the world, few sublimely beautiful women, few heroes. I can't afford to

give all my love and reverence to such rarities; I want a great deal of these feelings for my every-day fellow, especially for the few in the foreground of the great multitude whose faces I know, whose hands I touch, for whom I have to make way with kindly courtesy.

—George Eliot.

Just the religion of paying your way and being kind would be a pretty good sort of religion, don't you think?

ONCE in a while—not often—you "meet up" with a person who immediately wins your good-will and your esteem. When you come to think of it, it is not because the person is well or fashionably attired—not because of any special physical attractiveness; it is because of a certain atmosphere that seems to go along with them, a sort of halo. The characters of men are written upon their countenances. Selfishness is as clearly written as though upon the pages of a book. Unwilling-

PEOPLE who are harried, worried, in doubt, are dangerous in a business way, unsafe and unreliable.

They blame all their ills on others, and have a faculty of making a whole household miserable ☞ ☞

And, of course, they are unlovable.

Such people have a coated tongue, cracked lips, blotchy complexions, dull eyes, yellow teeth ☞ ☞

Cut down your food quantity, increase your breathing, and note how your love capacity keeps pace, and patience possesses your soul!—*Shirley Ruffner.*

☞
LOVE sunshine, the blue sky, trees, flowers, mountains, green meadows, running brooks, the ocean when its waves softly ripple along the sandy beach, or when pounding the rocky cliffs with its thunder and roar, the birds of the field, the waterfalls, the rainbow, the dawn, the noonday, and the evening sunset; but the children above them all. Trees, plants, flowers, they are always educators in the right direction, they always make us happier and better, and if well grown, they speak of loving care and respond to it as far as is within their power; but in all this world there



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is nothing so appreciative as children—these sensitive, quivering creatures of smiles, sunshine, showers and tears.—*Luther Burbank.*

☞
THE net result of the labor of legislative bodies is always below the intelligence of the least intelligent member.

—*Herbert Spencer.*

☞
He made a solitude and called it peace.

—*Disraeli.*



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joyous and hopeful way from dis-ease and discomfort back to health. ¶ Mr. Ruffner will take care of you in the Health Home. He will give you the right food. He knows that "good digestion waits on appetite and health on both." He will arrange for you the appetite. And health is yours. He will give you the right exercise, and this will give you Sleep that knits up the raveled sleeve of care. ¶ There is a big gymnasium with Medicine-Balls in abundance; there are tramps through the fields, over the road, into the Roycroft Woods. ¶ Besides, Fra Elbertus enjoys nothing more than to lead walks and sports. ¶ All of the Guests at the Roycroft Health Home are Welcome at the Roycroft Shops, the Roycroft Inn, to the musicals and entertainments, and Sunday evening talks by Elbert Hubbard.

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CREAM-OF-ALL

BY ELBERT HUBBARD



EVOLUTION is deliberate. ¶ Things evolve piecemeal—not by the hundred-yard-dash route. ¶ The automobile at first represented only a crude form of locomotion. Later came safety, speed and, finally, luxury. The modern limousine did not leap from the factory full-grown, like Minerva from the brain of Jove. ¶ The longer we live, the more miracles we witness. "We are heirs of all the ages," is a maxim NOT by Ananias.

¶ To prove what I say, I will talk about breakfast-food for a while. My proof came to me by mail—a sample package of CREAM-OF-ALL.

¶ CREAM-OF-ALL is a miracle in breakfast-food-dom.

¶ It is not wheat, corn, oats or rye. It is all of these in one—the CREAM-OF-ALL. It is the heart of each grain skillfully conjured and blended into one delightful cereal food.

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¶ And so, CREAM-OF-ALL is the final product of the genius of Dr. V. C. Price, the late Cream Baking Powder wizard, whose name you have long known.

¶ Dr. Price evolved the idea of combining the best of the four best cereals into one cereal food. And Cream-of-All is the result. It tastes like Love's young dream. I encored!

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"Night Life in the Wilderness," by Tappan Gregory and Wetmore Hodges

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Europe has the advantage in population, with more than four times as many people as the United States, and in the number of large cities, with two and a half times as many cities of over a hundred thousand population.

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I CAN not recall that we have ever had a businessman for President. Most of them were lawyers or generals. It is quite time that we had a businessman at the head of the affairs of this country.—*Levy Mayer.*

A STRIKING comparison between a homogeneous country and a heterogeneous group of countries is obtained by placing over the map of the United States the map of Europe. These represent the same area—about three

Europe, with twenty-five countries and many different languages, serves as an illuminating contrast to the United States, with one language and a homogeneous people, despite the fact that our population has been derived from all parts of the world.

We must not blame God for the fly, for man made him. He is the resurrection, the reincarnation of our own dirt and carelessness.

—*Woods Hutchinson, M. D.*

THE following prediction concerning a United States of Europe and uttered by Victor Hugo in Eighteen Hundred Seventy-eight, is interesting just at this time:

"Then France will suddenly arouse herself. She will become formidable. She will regain Alsace and Lorraine. Is it enough? No! No! She will capture—listen!—Treves, Mainz, Cologne, Coblenz. And you shall hear France cry: 'The clock strikes my hour! Germany, hear me! Am I thine enemy? No, I am thine sister! I have taken all from thee. I return all to thee upon one condition: that we shall no longer be a divided people; that we shall be one united family, one republic. I will demolish my fortresses, thou thine—my vendetta is brotherhood. No more frontier. The Rhine, mine and thine. We shall be the same republic. We shall be the United States of Europe, we shall be the liberty of Europe. And now let us clasp hands, for we have rendered each a reciprocated service. Thou hast freed me from my Emperor. I will free thee from thine!'"



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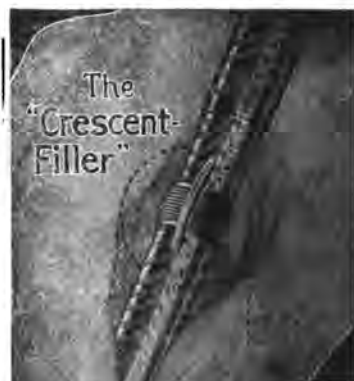
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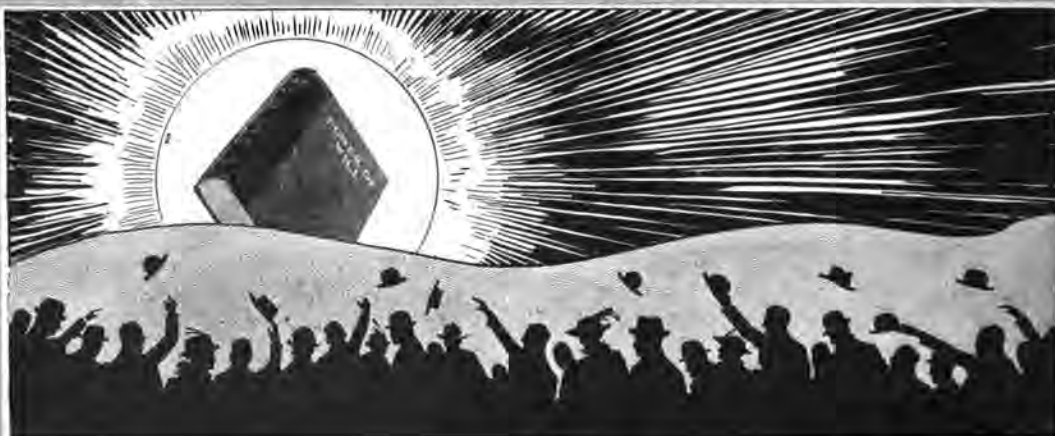
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GOD be thanked for books. They are the voices of the distant and the dead, and make us heirs of the spiritual life of past ages. Books are the true levelers. They give to all who will faithfully use them, the society, the spiritual presence of the best and greatest of our race.—William Ellery Channing.

And our moral and mental qualities, psychologists now tell us, turn largely on our physical condition.—Shirley Ruffner.



Partial Contents

The Law of Great Thinking.
The Four Factors on which it depends.
How to develop analytical power.
How to think "all-around" any subject.
How to throw the mind into deliberate, controlled, productive thinking.
Detailed directions for Perfecting Mind Concentration.
How to acquire the power of Consecutive Thinking, Reasoning, Analysis.
How to acquire the skill of Creative Writing.
How to guard against errors in thought.
How to drive from the mind all unwelcome thoughts.
How to follow any line of thought with keen, concentrated power.
How to develop Reasoning Power.
How to handle the Mind in Creative Thinking.
The secret of Building Mind Power.
How the will is made to act.
How to test your Will.
How a Strong Will is Master of Body.
What creates Human Power.
The Six Principles of Will Training.
Definite Methods for developing Will.
THE NINETEEN METHODS for using Will-Power in the Conduct of Life.
Seven principles of drill in Mental, Physical, Personal Power.
FIFTY-ONE MAXIMS for applied power of Perception, Memory, Imagination, Self-Analysis, Control.
How to develop a strong, keen gaze.
How to concentrate the eye upon what is before you—object, person, printed page, work.
How to become aware of Nerve Action.
How to keep the body well-poised.
How to open the Mind and Body for reception of incoming power.
How to exercise the nerves.
How to throw off Worry.
How to overcome the tyranny of the Nervous system.
How to secure steady nerves.
How to train the Hand.
How to maintain the Central Factors of Body Health.
Difficulties in Mastering Harmful Habits.
The Law of Will-Power in Habits.
Fifteen Methods of mastering Anger and Irritability.
Etc., etc., etc.

A complete list of contents would almost fill this page.

"Power of Will"—the Book that Startled the World

Let Me Lend It to You for 5 Days Free—Send No Money

Rarely, if ever, has a book been published which has created such a sensation. In the last few months over 50,000 thinking men and women have become owners of "Power of Will" and unless every sign fails this number will be doubled almost before this announcement goes to press.

Wherever one goes, people are discussing the wonderful discoveries and new-found secrets of achievement laid bare for the first time in this great work by—Frank Channing Haddock, the famous scientist—secrets which enable any man or woman to train his or her will into a faculty of almost magical health and money-winning power.

Will Power is Motive Power

The will is the motive power of the brain. The keenest brain in the world has no more chance of carrying its owner over the road to success without will power back of it, than a railroad engine has of crossing the continent without steam—for the will runs the brain.

The will is the weapon of achievement—upon that does accomplishment hinge. When the will fails, the battle is lost. Show me a successful man and I'll show you a man with an indomitable will. No reasonable ambition is out of reach of a man with a properly trained will. And now for the first time in history has the secret of training the will been brought within your grasp.

How To Strengthen the Will

Everyone knows what can be accomplished by exercising the brain. Our whole educational system is founded upon the theory that brain can be developed in proportion to the amount of intelligent exercise and use to which it is put. For years scientists have known that the same is true of the will—that the will can be made indomitable by intelligent exercise and use. The trouble has been that until now no one has ever devoted their attention to the cultivation of the will. And since we have never been taught to use it, most of us don't know how. We float along carrying out other people's wills simply because our own will has become scotched and dormant from lack of use. If you should keep your arm in a sling for two years it would become powerless to lift a spoon; the same is true of the will—it becomes powerless to serve its owner simply from lack of use.

A Complete Course

"Power of Will" while bound in book form, is in reality a complete course in Will Training—the first ever conceived. The author, Dr. Haddock, has devoted

years to the most profound analysis of the will in human beings. Yet every step in the 28 fascinating lessons is written so simply that anyone can understand them and apply the principles, methods and rules set down with noticeable results almost from the very start.

A Veritable Godsend

"Power of Will" has pulled men out of the gutter and put them on the road to self-respect and success—it has enabled men to overcome drink and other vices almost over-night—it has helped overcome sickness and nervousness, making thousands of sick people well—it has transformed unhappy, envious, discontented people into dominating personalities suffused with the joy of living—it has enabled people who had sunk deep into the grooves of a rut to pull themselves out and become masters instead

Some "Power of Will" Owners

A list of owners of "Power of Will" reads almost like a list of "Who's Who," and they speak of it as a Bible. They include hundreds of successful businessmen, statesmen, government officials, writers, physicians, thoughtful men and women in every field of work—in every town and city in the country, and as the acres spreads the number grows daily by leaps and bounds. Among those who read, use and praise "Power of Will" are such men as Judge Ben B. Lindsey; Supreme Court Justice Parker; Wu Ting Fang, ex-Chinese Ambassador; Asst. Postmaster-General Britt; General Manager Christenson of Wells-Fargo Express Co.; E. St. Elmo Lewis, now Vice-Pres. Art Metal Construction Co.; Ernest Knaebel, Asst. Atty.-Gen'l of the U.S., etc. These are but a few. We can name hundreds of others almost equally prominent, and thousands more whose names you know.

Send No Money

"Power of Will" in 28 lessons (400 pages) is handsomely bound in half leather, has gold-top leaves and contains more material than any course selling for \$25.00—yet the price is only \$3.00 and it won't cost you a single penny to examine this great work in your own home. Merely mail the coupon, without money, enclosing only your business card or giving a reference and I'll send you a copy by return post. Keep it five days—study it at your leisure—then if you feel you can part with it, send the book back—otherwise remit the \$3.00. Don't let a single unnecessary moment go by without the secrets of achievement that are yours once you have "Power of Will"—secrets that are helping thousands of others win greater success and happiness—secrets which no one can afford to be without in today's life struggle against even greater odds. REMEMBER YOU RISK NOTHING—AND YOU HAVE WORLDS TO GAIN. MERELY MAIL THE COUPON, BUT DO IT RIGHT NOW.

What Users Say

"I hand you \$3 in payment; from what I have already seen I believe I can get \$20 to \$20,000 worth of good out of it.—C. D. Van Vechten, General Agent, No. West Life Ins. Co., Cedar Rapids, Ia. "Will Power" is a compilation of mighty force. My first week's benefit in dollars is \$100.00—cost \$2.00; profit \$98.00.—J. W. Heinsand, 916 Tribune Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

"In my judgment 'Power of Will' is wonderful.—Owen J. McCaughey, Secy. of Corp. Securities Co., St. Louis, Mo. Enclosed find check; send it copies to our New York office.—W. M. Taylor, Efficiency Expert the Overland Auto Co., Toledo

"Send us copies for our various offices.—Ward Baking Corp., New York.

"The character of 'Power of Will' is such that he who reads and puts forth effort will soon find himself out of the common herd.—F. A. Good, President of Nebraska Lumber Dealers' Assn., Cowles, Neb.

"I have carefully gone over 'Power of Will' and find it admirable.—Chas. Olin, Editorial Rooms, Boston, Evening Transcript, Boston, Mass.

"Here is \$2.00 for you. 'Power of Will' received. It is the book I've wished for for years.—J. L. Seawell, Clerk of Supreme Court, State of North Carolina, Raleigh, N. C.

"I am unable to do this book justice with the pen. It is a lifelong study known and prized by those who are fortunate enough to select it out of the many.—Sam'l Rose, Jefferson Loan Society, Inc., Norfolk, Va.

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We have hundreds of such testimonials on file.

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64 Haddock Bldg.
Meriden, Conn.

Name _____

Address _____

"I WOULD RATHER BE SHOCKING THAN SHOCKED"

Elbert Hubbard

A Shock is an interruption, a breaking of the current, a smash and a dash, a slip and a slide, a jounce and bounce, a jump and a thump.

Very few people can stand shocks. I state this authoritatively, and I ought to know! ☞ When I gave a lecture in Jersey City a few weeks ago and met the men who make the Hartford Shock Absorber, I greeted them as a brother. I visited the Factory where the Hartford Shock Absorber is made; and saw it attached to automobiles.

Then I rode in a Machine that was equipped with the Hartford. Next I rode in the same type of machine

that did not have the Hartford attached; riding over the same street.

The road was one of those

Belgian block affairs, put down in the year 1876. Without the Hartford Shock Absorber, I hit the roof; with it I preserved my perfect poise. The difference was surprising, pleasing,

gratifying. ☞ It increases the joy of riding, lessens the friction on tires; minimizes breaking of springs; keeps your motor good-natured; and prevents your nerves from getting on the outside of your clothes ☞

My opinion is that no autoist, no matter what kind of car he owns, can *comfortably* do without the Hartford Shock Absorber. And the curious part of that statement is—one must grow *accustomed* to the ease a Hartford gives, one must truly realize it,

before he can make an intelligent comparison.

☞ So you see you might better take my word for it. But as a flyer, write for a Booklet that will tell you more about this Good Thing. It's Free,

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Gloves, Underwear and Hosiery North Tonawanda, N. Y.

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aim ever be to better the work you are doing. But remember always that you can not better the work you are doing without bettering yourself. The thoughts that you think, the words that you speak, and the deeds you perform are making you either better or worse. Realize with Henley that you are the master of your fate and the captain of your soul. You can be what you will to be. Forget yourself in rendering service to others. If an employee, strive to make yourself of greater value to your employer. Look upon yourself as a manufacturer. Think of yourself as being in business for yourself. Regard yourself as a maker and seller of service,

THE secret of success is not a secret. Nor is it something new. Nor is it something hard to secure. To become more successful, become more efficient. Do the little things better. So work that you will require less supervision. The least supervision is needed by the person who makes the fewest mistakes. Do what you can do and what you should do for the institution for which you are working, and do it in the right way, and the size of your income will take care of itself. Let your

and ever bend your thought and your energies toward the improvement of your product. The wise manufacturer never injures his machinery wilfully. Your body, your mind, your soul serve as your plant. Eat and drink only that which will nourish your body, entertain only those thoughts that will enrich your mind, and if you feed your body with the best physical food and your mind with the best mental food you will build up a Service Factory that will find its products in constant

demand. The world is hungry for Quality Service. It wants to pay for it. It is paying for all it can get. The market is not crowded. There is a chance for you right now. There is a chance for you right where you are. The time to start is Now. Your reward will take care of itself.—*Thomas Dreier.*

It is the habit of the time to speak of unemployment as if it related only to those who work for a specific hourly, daily, weekly or monthly wage. On the contrary, it is the employer who is the first out of employment. He is followed by the employee. But why is this period of unemployment? It is because all business is be-

wildered and uncertain. A long period of misrepresentation, misunderstanding and pettifoggery has so misled the public mind that, throughout the country, every prosperous business, indeed, every organization, prosperous or not, which is big enough to attract the public-platform performer, finds that it exists in an atmosphere of attack.

The nation is filled with political economists. Business is filled to satiety with economic theories.

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to hear
this record -*

*Loud,
Soft, or
Subdued?"*



The Victor system of changeable needles enables you to meet every acoustic condition

It gives you perfect control of the tone volume and enables you to adapt every record to the acoustic limitations of any room.

The different kinds of Victor Needles give you different and distinct gradations of tone. Without this changeable needle system, it would be necessary to have several instruments, each with a different tone, to give such variation.

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You choose the volume of tone and play each record as loud or soft as you personally wish to hear it, without interfering in any way with the artist's interpretation.



Go to any Victor dealer's and hear your favorite music played with the different needles and you will fully appreciate the infinite variety of charm afforded by the Victor system of tone control.

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Victor Talking Machine Co., Camden, N. J., U. S. A.

Berliner Gramophone Co., Montreal, Canadian Distributors

When men ask for work, they are handed an epigram. The more political theories are proposed, the poorer become the people.

I urge the prosperity of the average man.

—*William Sproule.*

THOUGH I have been trained as a soldier, and participated in many battles, there never was a time when, in my opinion, some way could not be found to prevent the drawing of the sword.—*General U. S. Grant.*



Have YOU These Luxuries?

The Trained Mind Gets What It Wants

Partial Contents

The Law of Great Thinking.
The Four Factors on which it depends.
How to develop analytical power.
How to think "all around" any subject.
How to throw the mind into deliberate, controlled, productive thinking.
Detailed directions for Perfect Mind Concentration.
How to acquire the power of Consecutive Thinking.
Reasoning, Analysis.
How to acquire the skill of Creative Writing.
How to guard against errors in thought.
How to drive from the mind all unwelcome thoughts.
How to follow any line of thought with keen, concentrated power.
How to develop Reasoning Power.
How to handle the mind in Creative Thinking.
The secret of Building Mind Power.
How the Will is made to act.
How to test your Will.
How a strong Will is Master of Body.
What creates Human Power.
The Six Principles of Will Training.
Definite Methods for developing Will.
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How to open the Mind and Body for reception of incoming power.
How to throw off Worry.
How to overcome the tyranny of the Nervous system.
How to secure steady nerves.
How to maintain the Central Factors of Body health.
Difficulties in Mastering Harmful Habits.

This is only a partial list—a complete list of contents would almost fill this page.

Analyze the biggest single factor responsible for any man's success in life and you will find that he has simply developed his brain to greater power than others, in that lies the secret of his achievements. All people have brains—most people start in the race of life on even terms. Those who succeed in getting what they want, in the way of riches, power or happiness merely make greater use of their mind, developing it into wonderful success-building, money-getting power.

Anyone Can Build a Bigger Brain

Scientists have discovered that the average man fails to make use of nine-tenths of his brain. This means that there lies within the average man the possibility of increasing his brain power to many times its present efficiency. Anyone can train his brain to be many times as rich in ideas, in creative plans, in new methods, in its ability to think quickly and correctly—in its money-making power, if he will set about it. All that is needed is intelligent exercise—intelligent training.

Let Professor Haddock Teach You

Frank Channing Haddock, Ph. D., the great scientist, has—after 20 years of research and study—developed a remarkable system of brain training in twenty-eight easy-to-master and intensely interesting lessons. This great work, while really a complete course, is bound in book form under the title "Power of Will." It is not a work of idle essays—it shows the how and why of each step in mental development, and provides easy brain-building exercises which anyone can follow.

Over 50,000 Students

Over fifty thousand men and women of all ages have been helped by "Power of Will." Many of the most enthusiastic students are big successful business men, like Judge Ben B. Lindsey; Supreme Court Justice Parker; Wu Ting Fang, Ex-U. S. Chinese Ambassador; Lieut.-Gov. McKelvie of Nebraska; Assistant Postmaster-General Britt; General Manager Christeson of Wells-Fargo Express Co.; E. St. Elmo Lewis, now Vice-Pres. Art Metal Construction Co., and many others of equal prominence.

A Battle of Brains

Modern life is a battle of brains. The man with the keenest, most highly trained mind wins in anything he undertakes—and the man who has done nothing to train his brain for the battle hasn't a chance in the world. ¶ There are thousands of technical books and academic courses in specialized subjects. "Power of Will" is a course in fundamentals—it teaches the secret of how to develop your brain so that you can make the most out of yourself—it shows how to master situations—how to dominate others—how to think "straight"—how to overcome insignificant daily obstacles—how to use that wonderful power which lies in the brain of every man to conquer everything before him and acquire the many comforts and luxuries which are the material evidence of success. ¶ The students of "Power of Will" look upon it as a Bible—they feel that it has been the big stepping stone to their success. What it has done for them it will do for you.

Send no Money—Examine Book First

We are so sure that you will realize the wonderful brain-building, success-achieving power of this great work that we don't ask you to send a single penny in advance. Merely fill out and mail the coupon—without money—enclosing a business card or giving a reference and your copy of "Power of Will" will reach you by return post—prepaid. Examine it in your own home—then if you don't feel that this big 400-page book will prove the soundest investment you ever made, return it in five days—otherwise send your check for \$5.00. There is no red tape to go through—merely mail the coupon NOW.

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"—W. H. Powers is a compilation of mighty fortune. My first week's benefit in dollars is \$500.00—cost \$5.00; profit \$495.00.—J. W. Housland, 207 Tribune Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

"In my judgment "Power of Will" is wonderful.—Owen J. McCaughy, Secy. of Corp. Relations Co., St. Louis, Mo.

"Enclosed find check; send 15 copies to our New York office.—W. M. Taylor, Efficiency Expert, the Overland Auto Co., Toledo, Ohio.

"The character of 'Power of Will' is such that he who reads it and puts forth effort will soon find himself out of the common herd.—F. A. Good, President of Nebraska Lumber Dealers' Assn., Corvallis, Neb.

"I have carefully gone over 'Power of Will' and find it admirable.—Chas. H. H. Editorial Rooms, Boston Evening Transcript, Boston, Mass.

"Here's \$5.00 for 'Power of Will' received. It is the book I've waited for for years.—J. L. Woodwell, Clerk of Supreme Court, State of North Carolina, Raleigh, N. C.

We have hundreds of testimonials like these on file.



Pelton Pub. Co., 65 Haddock Bldg., Meriden, Conn.

Gentlemen:—Please send me a copy of "Power of Will" on approval. I agree to remit \$5 or return the book in 5 days.

Name _____ Address _____

IN the game of making good, there's a time-limit. When we were seventeen the future to us was a world unexplored, with time unlimited. But at thirty-seven or forty-seven our perspective has changed. We look into the future through wiser eyes and are startled—time has acquired boundary-lines. We look back at opportunities lost—at things done which we ought not to have done—at things left undone which we ought to have done—at long hours and well-meant labor which proved

profitless. And it shows in our score. We stand at the crest of the hill—the game is half over—to win we must capitalize the future with experience gathered from the past. But we can not afford to put off till tomorrow. We can not afford to miss even one opportunity. There is a limit—a time-limit—and every day, every hour, every minute is reducing just that much, our chance of rolling up a good score in the game of making good. We can't afford to go through the year not knowing whether we are winning, playing even, or going behind. A year is three hundred sixty-five precious days—eight thousand seven hundred sixty hours—the best days and hours of our life—and we can't coax them back. If we are losing we want to know today, so that tomorrow we can "change the trump." And next week we want to know how much we profited by the change. If we investigate, we find that a large percentage of all failures is due—not to lack of ambition, ability or hard work—but rather to each man's ignorance of the actual condition of his own particular business. Further investigation convinces us that the

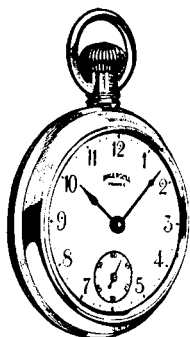
great majority of small retailers are capable, hard-working businessmen—working in the dark—waiting for the end of the year to find out if their score has gone up or down in the game of making good. But we find the man who is making a “killing”—the man with the best score—is the man who labors less and thinks more—the man who systematizes—who installs a proper accounting system—the man who knows which clerk deserves a raise and which should be fired—who knows which lines should be discontinued and which pushed. He is the man who knows this week what he made last week. He is managing. We have the

same opportunity. What he is doing we can do—we have the same ambition, ability, and energy.

But, we must be up and doing—we’ve reached the crest of the hill and—in the game of making good, there’s a time-limit.—*J. R. Worden.*

A MAN may well doubt that he is doing a great deed, or making a great discovery, or living a great life, if he does not laugh. There is a certain humor, a divine play, an

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Dollar Watch

The story of the watch begins with the making of the first main-spring some four hundred years ago, and is, after all, but the briefest of chapters in the history of human inventiveness and endeavor.

But for three of those centuries the watch was carried only by the high-born or wealthy, and only of late has it come fully into its own.

That today a reliable time-keeper has passed out of the sphere of the luxuries and has become one of the necessities of life is mainly due to the man who conceived and made the INGERSOLL dollar watch.

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intoxicating joy, that characterizes every great work. I find this feeling of play in all genius—in Goethe’s *Faust*, in Dante’s *Inferno*, in Ghiberti’s *Bronze Gates*, in Lincoln’s *Life*. These men suffered terribly enough and were in earnest; but in their high moment of mastery they seemed to smile and show a certain lightness of touch.—*Frank Crane.*

It is a wise employer who knows when to praise.—*E. N. Ferdon.*



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government or the majesty of the law. And we consider ourselves safe, whether within our vision everything seems to be calm and tranquil or otherwise. We sometimes forget that it is the masses of the people who determine final results; that they may establish and abolish governments; that they make and unmake constitutions. Sooner or later they bring about conditions satisfactory to them, even by resorting to destructive measures. They have the might and they can determine for themselves what is right. There is no way of permanently settling any great questions involving the welfare of human-kind except on the

QUESTIONS of great magnitude and concern are at present agitating the minds of the people throughout the world. We may be stubbornly oblivious to some of them, but we ought not to be. We may refuse to consider, or at least postpone consideration of, many of them. The questions are international, national and domestic; and they involve the welfare of every one. We are disposed to wrap around ourselves the cloak of self-righteousness; or we proclaim that we rely upon the stability of

basis of right and justice. Position, wealth, influence, laws are helpless as a means of establishing a rule for human conduct unless supported by principles of justice and righteousness. The unfair or unreasonable or dishonest man, whether in public or in private life, may succeed temporarily; but it is only a question of time when he will be discovered and overthrown.—*Elbert H. Gary.*

He is best educated who is most useful

If there be one man before me who honestly and contentedly believes that, on the whole, he is doing that work to which his powers are best adapted, I wish to congratulate him. My friend, I care not whether your hand be hard or soft; I care not whether you are from the office or the shop; I care not whether you preach the everlasting gospel from the pulpit, or swing the hammer over the blacksmith's anvil; I care not whether you have seen the inside of a college or the outside—whether your work be that of the head or of the hand—whether the world accounts you noble or ignoble: if you have found your place, you are a happy man. Let

no ambition ever tempt you away from it by so much as a questioning thought. I say, if you have found your place—no matter what or where it is—you are a happy man. I give you joy of your good fortune; for if you do the work of that place well, and draw from it all that it can give you of merriment and discipline and development, you are, or you will become, a man filled up, made after God's pattern, the noblest product of the world—a self-made man.—*Dr. Holland.*



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Answer—Because most letters go into the waste basket—because most men don't think or care enough to make their letters look important and interesting.

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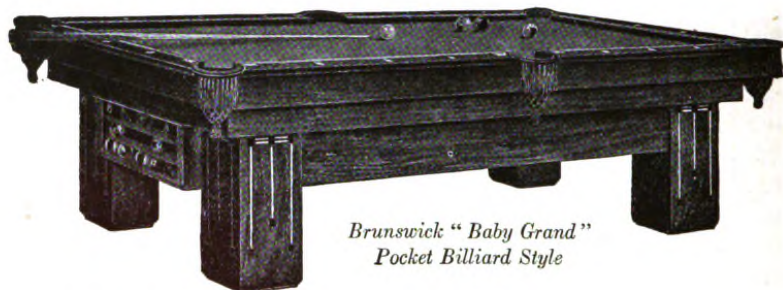
CONSTRUCTION



BOND

WHAT your employer thinks of you, what the world thinks of you, is not half so important as what you think of yourself. Others are with you comparatively little through life. You have to live with yourself day and night through your whole existence, and you can not afford to tie that divine thing in you to a rogue.—*Orison Swett Marden.*

It isn't what you do—but what you get done.—*Hugh Chalmers.*



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IF you do — come to East Aurora the week of July 4th, 1915, and attend the Convention of the Philistines.

¶ We have commissioned a Famous Man to visit the Battlefields of Europe in the interest of The Roycrofters At Home, and At Large.

¶ He is over there now — searching out the Truth. He will not write a word till he leaves the Censor far behind. He will not address an audience until he has delivered a series of Six Lectures in East Aurora.

¶ Unusual Privileges have been granted this Man by the Foreign Authorities; opportunities given him. He will see what there is to be seen, learn what there is to learn, and he is absolutely FREE to describe to you things as are.

¶ The name of this Man, whom everybody knows, will be "specially announced" in the June *FRA* and *PHILISTINE* Magazines.

Convention of the Philistines Week of July 4th, 1915



YOU can't go to Europe this Year — but you can have Europe brought to you! — Come to East Aurora for your Vacation, spend a week or two, or three, with The Roycrofters. Apart from the fact that The Roycroft is the most interesting place in America, you will meet dozens of equally interesting people here, and on a friendly basis. Besides, you will get a look-in at the War Situation with all the flubdub, politics, misguided patriotism, and "newspaper talk" left out.

¶ Ask the Roycroft Inn, East Aurora, N. Y., to send you Rates, and make your reservations early! — You will enjoy it here, and we 'll all enjoy having you with us.

The Roycrofters, East Aurora, New York



ND the Lord spake unto Fra Elbertus, saying: Verily, the most necessary thing in a shop, store, bank, railroad-office or factory, is to keep the peace.

He who scrappeth not with his neighbor, and shutteth up and closeth his gob, is getting a cinch on the foremanship.

And the foreman who smothereth a feud, and turneth the hose on the clique, is already engaged to the proprietor's daughter, and the painter is busy putting his name on the sign.

Those who say, "Ha, Ha! See me do him!" are already done for.

For what anybody says is naught save alone for him who says it.

Beware of the clerk who dealeth in fairytales about his fellow workers, and for them maketh life difficult, for he is already putting salt on the tail of a blue envelope.

A civil tongue and a deaf ear mean money in the bank.

My son, deal not in Chicago Tongue, and it is you for a raise.

He who doeth his work and cutteth out the gabfest, shall, on the Great Day of Readjustment, stand in.





Visit the California Expositions This Summer

An educational trip. The San Francisco Exposition is surely one of progress, containing exhibits from more than forty nations and forty-three states of the Union. The San Diego Exposition celebrating the official completion of the Panama Canal, is a work of art and the exhibits portray the accomplishments of the world.

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¶ They think they are Shrewd Buyers, saving money for themselves or the firm which employs them. They are like the young lady in Kipling's poem — "who did not understand."

¶ It is just as reasonable to go into a Restaurant and run your finger down the Menu until you come to the cheapest viand and then order a half-portion.

¶ Men who smoke Twenty-five Cent Cigars and patronize the Best-Tailor-in-the-Block will hunt the Cheapest Printer they can find, and then bluff him into cutting about ten per cent off the price. And they get what they get.

¶ Firms who insist that their Salesmen shall dress carefully — even elegantly — and stay at the Best Hotels, will send out a cheap, poorly printed Catalog in an Envelope that is even worse. No wonder Wastebaskets are more capacious than Letter-Boxes.

¶ Happily the old order is changing and Buyers of Printing are coming to realize that Printed Matter is worth what it costs — and that it costs what it's worth!

¶ The Roycrofters are producers of Printing — Good Printing — Printing that will escape the wastebasket and sell the goods.

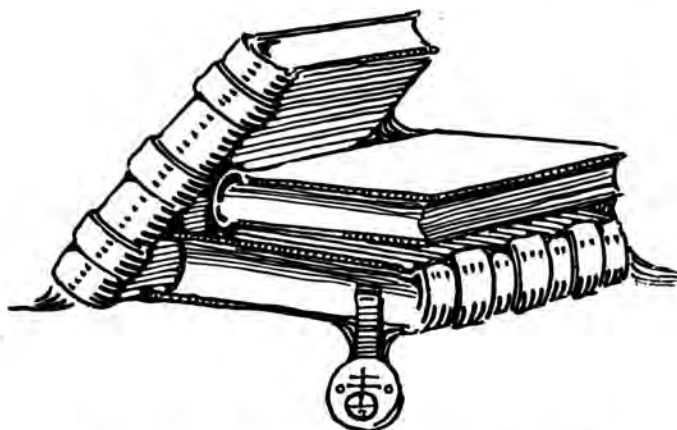
¶ The country is getting ready for a big business boom. Let us help you to get your share by preparing some printed matter for you that will impress your trade and get results.

¶ Folders, Booklets, Catalogs, Special Editions — all these are printed at the Roycroft Shop just a little better than anywhere else.

¶ When you want something — anything — in Printing that is really fine, let The Roycrofters do the work for you.

¶ Give us an opportunity to quote you prices — and send you samples!

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A BUILDER OF MEN

BY ELBERT HUBBARD

THIS is about a man I have known for many years, and for whom I have a great and profound regard. ¶ I have followed his work closely and have been intimately acquainted with many who have been influenced by him. ¶ The man I am writing about is Grenville Kleiser—teacher, writer, public speaker, formerly Yale University professor, businessman—humanist. ¶ Mr. Kleiser has character, and character consists principally of three things: Intelligence, Will and Right Intent. ¶ Mr. Kleiser himself is always going to school; but out of the richness of his experience he has evolved some plain and practical business ideas and principles which cover the Secret of Success. ¶ The latest achievement of Mr. Kleiser is the production of a mail course, which is called, "Grenville Kleiser's Course in Personal Development and Business Success." ¶ I had the honor of reading early proof of this course of lessons. ¶ Naturally, I was much pleased to find some of my own thoughts reflected in Mr. Kleiser's messages. ¶ However, truth does not belong to any one individual. ¶ It is in the air and is the property of any one who can reach up and grasp it. ¶ There is a little book issued by Mr. Kleiser that will be sent to you gratis for the asking, telling about this "Success Course in Business." I suggest you get this book, for in it you will find a lot of good things which you know, but which perhaps you do not know you know until Mr. Kleiser tells you. You will also find some things in it you do not know. ¶ The address is

Grenville Kleiser (Funk & Wagnalls Co.)
354 Fourth Ave. New York City

THE country would be much better off all around if the railroad-companies were in a truly prosperous condition, that is to say, able to pay their fixed charges, satisfactory rates of dividends, set aside large amounts every year for improvements and new construction, and render the best possible service to the people of their respective territories. There is no profit in negative and niggardly policies, whether applied to corporations or to individuals. By helping others we help our-

"There
it is,
John!"



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selves. Railroad-companies barely able to earn fixed charges after putting in effect severe methods of retrenchment are liabilities rather than assets for the country. They damage credit; they intimidate bankers and investors; they prevent proper development of agricultural, commercial, industrial and mining resources. Among the principal agencies of material progress are our systems of communication and transportation. Their total mileage is two hundred forty-six thousand. Large though this may seem, it is not large enough. It should be at least four hundred fifty thousand, considering the vastness of our supplies

of raw material of all kinds, and the extraordinary potentialities of economic progress in every part of the country.

Of course, there has been a great deal of corruption and inflation in the organization and management of many railroad-companies. It forms a sorry and disgusting tale. But so, too, does the corruption in politics in former years, and the smug complacency of the public while business was big and the fleshpots were full. Now that the railroad systems are under the

control of the Government, it will be best for us if we see to it that they are properly regulated, and not progressively ruined.

—W. M. Reedy.

TEACH me that sixty minutes make one hour, sixteen ounces one pound, and one hundred cents one dollar.

Help me to live so that I can lie down at night with a clear conscience, without a gun under my pillow, and un-haunted by the faces of those to whom I have brought pain. Grant, I beseech Thee, that I may earn my meal-ticket on the square, and in doing thereof that I may not stick the gaff where it does not belong.

Deafen me to the jingle of tainted money

and the rustle of unholy skirts. Blind me to the faults of the other fellow, but reveal to me mine own.

Guide me so that each night when I look across the dinner-table at my wife, who has been a blessing to me, I will have nothing to conceal.

Keep me young enough to laugh with my children and to lose myself in their play.

And when comes the smell of flowers, and the tread of soft steps, and the crushing of the

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Ginger Ale

(IMPORTED)

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¶ Ross's "Belfast" Ginger Ale is known the World over — from Cape Town to Archangel, from Singapore to New York. In City Clubs and Cattle Camps, in the largest Hotels and those floating cities, the leviathan Liners, wherever you find Cosmopolitans — it qualifies as the most palatable and pleasing Ginger Ale made.

¶ For thirty-six years W. A. Ross & Sons have produced this delightful beverage at Belfast, Ireland. Artesian wells of great depth supply the pure and peculiarly beneficent water. The Ginger is from the fields of Jamaica. The Cane-Sugar used is the best procurable.

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¶ Ross's Ginger Ale is a business lubricant, a delightful auxiliary to public or private social functions, and a rounder-out of domestic felicity. For Home, for Club, Around-Town, for Picnics, for Yourself, your Family or Friends, Ross's "Belfast" Ginger Ale is IT.

¶ Ask your Dealer to Order a Case for You.

W. A. ROSS & SONS, LIMITED
SOLE MANUFACTORY, BELFAST, IRELAND

hearse's wheels in the gravel out in front of my place, make the ceremony short and the epitaph simple: "Here Lies a Man."—*Homer McKee*.

THERE is tonic in the things that men do not love to hear. Free speech is to a great people what winds are to oceans and malarial regions, which waft away the elements of disease, and bring new elements of health; and when free speech is stopped, miasma is bred and death comes fast.—*Beecher*.

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Silent **SIWELCLO** Closet

operates so quietly, when properly installed, that it can't be heard outside its environment. It was designed to be *silent*, yet no sanitary detail has been neglected.

Even if its highly glazed surface should be accidentally chipped off, it would still be white, and impervious to grease and acids.

Architects and plumbers recommend the Si-wel-clo and all our other sanitary products.

Booklet R-34 "Bathrooms of Character"

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that brings love, light and joy into your life.

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remedied, it is in vain to punish. Civil government does not exist by execution; but in making that provision for the instruction of youth, and the support of age, as to exclude, as much as possible, profligacy from the one and despair from the other. Instead of this, the resources of a country are lavished upon kings, upon courts, upon hirelings, impostors and prostitutes; and even the poor themselves, with all their wants upon them, are compelled to support the fraud that oppresses them. Why is it that scarcely any are executed but the poor? The fact is a proof, among other things, of a wretchedness in their condition. Bred up

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without morals, and cast upon the world without a prospect, they are the exposed sacrifice of vice and legal barbarity. The millions that are superfluously wasted upon governments are more than sufficient to reform those evils, and to benefit the conditions of every man in a nation, not included in the purview of a court.—Thomas Paine.

He who would take all the law allows is a scoundrel at heart.—Blackstone.

WHEN, in countries that are called civilized, we see age going to the workhouse, and youth to the gallows, something must be wrong in the system of government. It would seem, by the exterior appearance of such countries, that all was happiness; but there lies hidden from the eye of common observation a mass of wretchedness that has scarcely any other chance than to expire in poverty or infamy. Its entrance into life is marked with the presage of its fate; and until this is

NOTHING is more essential than that permanent, inveterate antipathies against particular nations and passionate attachments for others should be excluded, and that, in place of them, just and amicable feelings toward all should be cultivated. The nation which indulges toward another a habitual hatred or a habitual fondness is in some degree a slave. It is a slave to its animosity or to its affection, either of which is sufficient to lead it astray from its duty and its interest. Antipathy in one nation against another disposes each more readily to offer insult and injury, to lay hold of slight causes of umbrage, and to be haughty and intractable when accidental or trifling occasions of dispute occur. Hence, frequent collisions; obstinate, envenomed and bloody contests. Against the insidious wiles of foreign influence (I conjure you to believe me, fellow citizens), the jealousy of a free people ought to be constantly awake, since history and experience prove that foreign influence is one of the most baneful foes of republican government. But that jealousy, to be useful, must be impartial.—George Washington.



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Should the person who saves be permitted to invest his savings as he chooses and to make as large a profit as he can?

These questions are the most vital ones that the present generation has to answer.

—George L. Walker.

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a decoration
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Height, 6½ inches
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The model-
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Conventional
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Vase*



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This vase is
fitted with
a tube of
crystal
glass

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The Roycrofters, East Aurora, N. Y.

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SHIRLEY RUFFNER



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¶ Besides, Fra Elbertus enjoys nothing more than to lead walks and sports.

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THE FRA

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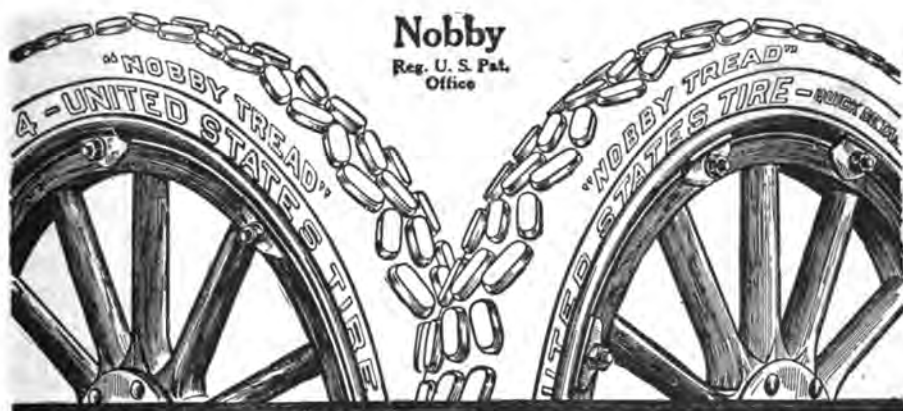


WHEN the great French Socialist, Jean Jaurez, was criticized for maintaining an expensive home, he replied, "To accomplish large things, I must live largely!"

THE FRA advocates an acquaintance with oneself—and an Enlarged Horizon & *THE FRA* is read by Men and Women who think, and who DO things! ¶ Subscription-Price, \$2.00 a year—and to those who subscribe at once we will give a beautiful Roycroft Book. Check your choice:

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Why is a Waste Basket Bigger than a Letter Basket?

Answer—Because most letters go into the waste basket—because most men don't think or care enough to make their letters look important and interesting.

Where do *your* letters go—those sales letters and other important letters on which you and your office force put thousands of hours and thousands of dollars a year? Isn't it worth a little more thought to keep them out of the waste basket, to insure their being read?

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Construction Bond

They use Construction Bond because it is a high class paper—and so known—marketed in a manner which holds down the price. It goes *direct* to the most substantial printers and lithographers in the two hundred principal cities of the United States. And it goes in big quantities—500 pounds or more at a time. This cuts out the expense of doing a small lot business—saves losses on irresponsible accounts—and gives you substantial, impressive business stationery at a usable price—obtainable through a nearby printer or lithographer who is invariably competent and responsible.

Write us for our portfolio of twenty-five handsome specimen letter-heads. You may find a suggestion which will help you improve your own stationery. You will also see the various colors, finishes and thicknesses, in which you may obtain Construction Bond with envelopes to match.

Write us now and you will be making the first move to keep your letters out of the waste basket—to save some of the business you have been losing by neglecting this important detail.

W. E. WROE & Co.,
1002 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago

CONSTRUCTION



BOND

that she is so thoroughly impartial. She is kind and generous to all. She creeps in on the city, and even puts her share of green in between the cobblestones—as much as to say, “I simply *won't* be suppressed.” Think of what it would mean if a combination of capital could corner June and deal it out only to those who had the money to pay for it! How quickly they would do it if they could! But the fact that they cannot do it—that June is for us all, that it never can be an exclusive thing with a favored few—is almost enough to compensate for everything else.

June invites us to walk out of the city just a bit and fills us with all sorts of

PERHAPS none of us has suspected that June is a great instructor; not so much in the way of imparting facts, as in teaching us what is worth while. When June comes she fills us utterly and completely with a sense of the vanity of learning, and of the cheapness of material things. June is the month in which we seem to get even with every one else that we have had occasion to envy, who is better off in this world's goods. And one of the nicest things about June is

sweet scents, delights us with the most beautiful scenes. From this point of vantage we may watch the toiling millionaire fly by in his dusty automobile. June indeed is giving us something that she withholds from him.

What a great success June is as an artist! She takes up the work of May with a prodigal hand. How she pours out her delicate tints, with such reckless extravagance and sublime courage! No timidity or cringing there! And the best of it is that in some wholly indefinable

manner she paints us with them. We take on all of her hues until we are fairly singing with complacency. No wonder that our capacity for loving should be so increased, with such a guide as June.

—T. L. Masson.

WHATEVER is the cause of taxes to a nation becomes also the means of revenue to a government. Every war terminates with an addition of taxes, and consequently with an addition of revenue; and in any event of war, in the manner they are now commenced and concluded, the power and interest of governments are increased. War, therefore, from its productiveness, as it easily furnishes the pretense of necessity for taxes and appointments to places and offices, becomes the principal part of the system of old governments, and to establish any mode to abolish war, however advantageous it might be to nations, would be to take from such government the most lucrative of its branches. The frivolous matters upon which war is made show the disposition and avidity of governments to uphold the system of war, and betray the motives upon which they act.—Thomas Paine.

Youth's Springtime

—can be maintained well beyond the forties if one preserves the elasticity and bounce of health by proper living.

The secret is simple—food plays a big part.

Without question the condition of early "old age"—indicated by lack of physical and mental vigor—is often caused by a deficiency of some of the vital elements in the daily food—usually the mineral elements.

These elements—potassium, iron, calcium, phosphorus, etc.—abound plentifully in nature's food grains, but modern cookery denies them both as to quantity and right proportions for building and maintaining well-balanced bodies and brains.

Recognizing the need for "complete" nourishment, an expert, some eighteen years ago, perfected a food containing all the rich nutriment of wheat and barley, including full-quantity, well-balanced mineral values, in true organic form.

That food is

Grape-Nuts

—sold by grocers everywhere.

This famous ready-to-eat food has won remarkable favor, and its success is based wholly upon long-continued use by thousands of thinking people.

One can ward off premature old age and retain youthfulness by right living.

"There's a Reason" for Grape-Nuts

A LITTLE library growing larger every year is an honorable part of a man's history. It is a man's duty to have books. A library is not a luxury, but one of the necessities of life. Books are the windows through which the soul looks out. A home without books is like a room without windows. No man has a right to bring up his children without surrounding them with books, if he has the means to pay for them.

—Henry Ward Beecher.



A Convention In Memoriam

JULY 1st to 10th, 1915
at East Aurora, New York

ALL PHILISTINES ALL IMMORTALS
ALL FRIENDS OF

Elbert *and* Alice Hubbard

You are the People they knew and loved. You are invited to meet here this year with The Roycrofters in Friendly Session. Not to Sorrow or to Mourn. They would not want that. They stood for LIFE and Laughter—and Progress. Come, inaugurate with us an Era that will disseminate "The Roycroft Idea" as originated by Elbert and Alice Hubbard over the face of the Earth.

Memorial Service

Sunday Afternoon, July 4th

M. M. MANGASARIAN

WILLIAM G. McADOO

DAVID STARR JORDAN

ELBERT H. GARY

WILLIAM MARION REEDY

Will be invited to speak

HOW MCCANN REGARDS POMPEIAN OLIVE-OIL!

Alfred W. McCann, the New York GLOBE Food-Specialist, in the issue of February 13, 1915, says:

Pompeian Olive-Oil has been put through the most drastic analysis by Food Chemists working under my direction, without any knowledge of what each other was doing. They have wrestled with the Pompeian product, grilled it and be-deviled it, until it has revealed every fact possible to determine by painstaking, exhaustive and thorough research. ¶ If all the olive-oils that ask for admittance into the United States were subjected to the same test I believe 90 per cent of them would be rejected. The proprietors of Pompeian Olive-Oil are starting with a good product. It is up to them to keep it good.

*Ask us to send you a Book of
Especially Selected Salad Recipes—It's FREE to
Readers of THE FRA!*

POMPEIAN COMPANY, GENOA, ITALY

Address

AMERICAN OFFICE—BALTIMORE, MARYLAND

ROSS'S

BELFAST

Ginger Ale

(IMPORTED)

IT is the companionable Drink. It tokens cheerfulness, comradeship, comity and good-will.

"Ross's" has piquancy and punch. It has the taste, the delicate, deliciously delicious taste, which is the Ross Monopoly.

"Ross's" rivals champagne for sparkle, color and bouquet, is an excellent pick-me-up, a vimy and vivacious vehicle of good spirits.

The water used as the basis of Ross's is drawn from the famous Artesian Wells of Ross and Son, Belfast, Ireland. It comes from the solid rock, five hundred feet down, water that is peculiarly and particularly suited for the purpose—pure and beneficent.

Jamaica's choicest Ginger gives the character to Ross's Belfast Ginger Ale—and Pure Cane Sugar!

That's the only Sugar good enough for Ross's.

The Ross Way is the Quality Way. Only first-quality ingredients are used. That's the reason for the super-superiority of their Ginger Ale over any other made.

It has enjoyed thirty-six years of worldwide popularity. It is always good—always the same, snappy, sparkling, bubbling beverage that satisfies, and drives away your thirst.

¶ It's sold all over Planet Earth.

Ask for "Ross's Belfast" at any big Hotel, City Club, or on any High-Class Passenger-Steamer, and you'll get it.

—But more to the point—Ask your Dealer to ship you a Case to your Home, and take no Substitute!

W. A. ROSS & SONS, LIMITED
SOLE MANUFACTORY, BELFAST, IRELAND

of others must be returned in labor performed by others for us. Even the poorest of us have the whole world working to supply our needs.

¶ For his labor the individual receives a wage which is the measure of the labor of others which he may receive in return. Hence, the continual effort of the laborer to receive the highest wage possible. High cost limits demand, thus introducing an automatic balance to the self-multiplying process between the rate of wages and cost of the products of labor.

No artificial disturbance of this balance can ever secure any permanent good. To simply raise the rate of wages amounts in the end to

CVILIZATION differs from savagery in that a large part of the labor of the civilized individual is performed directly for others, while the savage works exclusively for himself. The farmer eats but a trifling portion of the produce which he raises; the shoemaker perhaps never wears a pair of shoes in which he has worked; and the lawyer who tries his own case proverbially has a fool for client.

The labor performed directly for the benefit

nothing more than multiplying both dividend and divisor by the same number, which does not change the value of the quotient—the rate of wages being the dividend and the cost of living the divisor.

The only method of permanently increasing the general good is by either increasing the dividend or diminishing the divisor, *i. e.*, by either increasing the efficiency of labor, or decreasing the requirements of living. While the latter may be accomplished to some extent

by cutting off luxuries, it is to the former that we must look for all great improvement in human welfare.

Anything that adds to the efficiency of labor, which enables it to accomplish more or better work with an equal or less outlay of physical and mental effort, is a distinct forward step in the march of civilization.

Among the changes effective in increasing the standard of human efficiency none is more to be considered than light. If the same factory, with the same men, machinery and materials that has turned out a thousand dollars' worth of product a day can, by improving its illumination, turn out eleven hundred

dollars' worth in the same time, then society has been directly enriched at the rate of one hundred dollars a day, and this additional wealth will distribute itself through the natural channels to every individual. With the increase the workman, if he chooses, can purchase a corresponding portion of his own labor—in other words, may shorten the hours of work.

Providing the best possible illumination for the worker is not a gain in the gambler's



Service plus Scenery and Two fares for one fare

The Colorado Rockies, Grand Canyon of Arizona and Yosemite are on your Santa Fe way to both Expositions.

Four daily transcontinental trains including the California Limited. Daily Excursions until November 30. Fred Harvey meals all the way.

Our picture folders of Grand Canyon and both Expositions will interest you. W. J. Black, Pass. Traff. Mgr. A. T. & S. F. Ry., 1044 Ry. Exch. Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

sense of taking money from another, but in absolutely increasing the sum total of human wealth, in which the manufacturer and the laborer must, by the laws of society, mutually share.

Let there be more and better light!

—E. L. Elliott.

The loftier my thoughts become, the less is there to divide me from the humblest of my fellow-creatures.—Maeterlinck.

Summer Strength and Satisfaction



come from the gradual release of the body from the heavy Winter foods that fog the brain and clog the liver. This happy release comes through fresh fruits, green vegetables and well cooked cereals. Nothing in the whole wide range of Nature's bounty is so deliciously wholesome and strengthening as

SHREDDED WHEAT BISCUIT with Strawberries

In this dish you have all the body-building elements in the whole wheat grain, steam-cooked, shredded and baked, combined with the most luscious product of the American garden—a combination that gives a mental buoyancy and muscular vim that make you fit for the day's work. A toothsome treat beyond compare.

It is the shredding process that put the "eat" in whole wheat.

For breakfast heat one or more Biscuits in the oven to restore crispness and serve with milk or cream. Deliciously nourishing and wholesome for any meal in combination with berries or fresh fruits of all kinds. Prepare the berries as for ordinary serving and pour them over the Biscuit, adding milk or cream and sugar.

Made only by

The Shredded Wheat Company, Niagara Falls, N. Y.

ANNUAL "DOINGS"
of the

Philistines

at

EAST AURORA, NEW YORK STATE
Week *of* July 4th, 1915

C You are invited to bring your Thinking-Cap, an Old Suit, a Soft Shirt, and a Pair of Rough-and-Ready Shoes, and come. You'll find a thousand or more Interesting People here, and you'll have the kind of Vacation you always expect to have, but which you never have—quite!

No need for Introductions when you get here. You know Everybody and Everybody knows you. But we warn you to come "loaded" with some subject—to use in self-defense! Because Everybody here believes in an "ISM" or is an "IST."

Ask the Roycroft Inn for an Illustrated Folder, and Rates, and then make your Reservations ❧ ❧

Address: THE ROYCROFT INN
EAST AURORA, NEW YORK

TO CONVINCE YOU THAT ROYCROFT FURNITURE IS ALL WE CLAIM FOR IT, THIS OFFER IS MADE

HERE is one of our most popular pieces—a combination reading-table and bookshelves—the regular price of which is Fifteen Dollars F. O. B. East Aurora, New York. Just so long as the orders keep coming, we will send one of these pieces anywhere in the United States, east of the Mississippi, freight prepaid, for the one sum of Twelve Dollars, cash with order. To Western points, we will prepay freight to the Mississippi, and you pay the rest. ¶ Now this is not a “knock-down” offer, but is what most people know as a “leader.” It is at one time a generous and a selfish proposition. You are offered a piece of furniture below its usual selling-price, and we sacrifice profits on it, hoping to interest you in further purchases of other pieces. Don’t you see, we



PRICE, \$12.00

Combination Reading-Table and Bookshelves, No. 922
Top, 15 x 26 inches; Height, 30 inches

make this simple, substantial, straight-line furniture with our head, heart and hand? We believe that which serves best distracts least. Things in evidence must be unassuming and dignified. You can not afford to harass your nerves with gaudy and noisy surroundings. This particular piece of Roycroft Furniture will lend itself to the surroundings; and no matter what the style is, there will be no clash. There is a quiet dignity about it that is well substantiated by its utility and capacity to serve. ¶ Just see for yourself how useful it may be—and it takes up very little room. ¶ We finish it in Roycroft Brown, a soft, deep shade that peculiarly brings out the beautiful grain of quartered oak. ¶ Your order will be filled promptly, on receipt. Write us about it today.

The Roycroft line of furniture includes a varied assortment of designs for Dining-Room, Den, Library and Bedroom in quartered oak or solid mahogany. Send twenty-five cents for a complete catalog.

THE ROYCROFT FURNITURE-SHOP
EAST AURORA, NEW YORK

company they keep: their feet among beautiful groves and meadows, their brows in the sky, a thousand flowers leaning confidently against their feet, bathed in floods of water, floods of light, while the snow and waterfalls, the winds and avalanches and clouds shine and sing and wreath about them as the years go by, and myriads of small winged creatures—birds, bees, butterflies—give glad animation and help to make all the air into music. Down through the middle of the valley flows the crystal Merced, River of Mercy, peacefully quiet, reflecting lilies and trees and the onlooking rocks; things frail and fleeting and types of

NO temple made with hands can compare with Yosemite. Every rock in its walls seems to glow with life. Some lean back in majestic repose; others, absolutely sheer or nearly so for thousands of feet, advance beyond their companions in thoughtful attitudes, giving welcome to storms and calms alike, seemingly aware, yet heedless, of everything going on about them. Awful in stern, immovable majesty, how softly these rocks are adorned and how fine and reassuring the

endurance meeting here and blending in countless forms, as if into this one mountain mansion Nature had gathered her choicest treasures, to draw her lovers into close and confiding communion with her.—*John Muir.*

Economy does not consist in the reckless reduction of estimates. On the contrary such a course almost necessarily tends to increased expenditures. There can be no economy where there is no efficiency.—*Disraeli.*

TEN years ago the steam-railroads of this country took in seven dollars for every dollar received by electric roads. Now the electric roads get one dollar to the steam-roads' five.

In other words, while steam-road receipts have increased sixty-five per cent, electric-road receipts have more than doubled. Three times in the decade steam-roads have gone back or failed to go ahead in net earnings; but every year the electric roads made a gain, both in gross receipts and in net earnings. Last year the steam-roads, though gaining nearly a hundred and fifty million dollars in gross receipts, lost over thirty millions in net

earnings; but the electric roads gained about six per cent in both gross and net.

With very few and unimportant exceptions there has been no increase in the rates of fare charged by electric roads. They are subject to the same general conditions of higher cost of materials and higher wages that cause the operating expense of the steam-roads to increase rapidly, the increase last year alone being over a hundred and seventy-five million dollars; but by continual improvements in

*Insure direct
and save money*

Postal Life Insurance Company

THE Postal employs no agents but issues its policies *direct*, thus making savings not possible under the agency system. The benefit of the decisive economies thus effected goes to Postal policyholders.

On entering the Company you get a *Commission Dividend* corresponding to the agent's commission less a moderate advertising charge. Every year after the first you get *Renewal Commission Dividends* and office-expense savings aggregating

9½%

Guaranteed in Your Policy

Beginning at the close of the second year *Annual Contingent Policy-Dividends* are also payable, based on the Company's earnings.

Ten years of success now stand to the credit of the Postal Life and the present year has thus far produced more requests for insurance information and more applications for policies on approval than any like period since the Company began business.

Find out what you can save at your age on any standard form of policy—*Whole - Life, Limited - Payment*

Life, Endowment, Joint-Life, or on a Monthly Income Contract.

The Postal issues all the standard forms and all these are approved by the strict New York State Insurance Department. To get exact figures for your age simply use the coupon, either clipped or copied.

And remember that no agent will be sent to visit you. The Postal Life employs no agents; resultant commission-savings go to you because you deal direct.

POSTAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

WM. R. MALONE, PRESIDENT
THIRTY-FIVE NASSAU STREET, NEW YORK

FRA—JUNE

Postal Life Insurance Company,
35 Nassau Street,
New York

Without obligating me, please mail full insurance particulars for my age.

Name

Address

Occupation

Exact Date of Birth.....

generation and transmission of current and in other details of operation the electric roads are able to overcome the factors that make for higher operating expense, while the steam-roads are not.

Steam transportation on land seems to have been pretty thoroughly exploited. It yields comparatively few new economies; while electricity still has a large unexplored margin. The future of transportation, no doubt, is with electricity.—George Horace Lorimer.

"I WOULD RATHER BE SHOCKING THAN SHOCKED"

Elbert Hubbard

A Shock is an interruption, a breaking of the current, a smash and a dash, a slip and a slide, a jounce and bounce, a jump and a thump.

Very few people can stand shocks. I state this authoritatively, and I ought to know! ¶ When I gave a lecture in Jersey City a few weeks ago and met the men who make the Hartford Shock Absorber, I greeted them as a brother. I visited the Factory where the Hartford Shock Absorber is made; and saw it attached to automobiles.

Then I rode in a Machine that was equipped with the Hartford. Next I rode in the same type of machine

that did not have the Hartford attached; riding over the same street.

The road was one of those

Belgian block affairs, put down in the year 1876. Without the Hartford Shock Absorber, I hit the roof; with it I preserved my perfect poise. The difference was surprising, pleasing,

gratifying. ¶ It increases the joy of riding, lessens the friction on tires; minimizes breaking of springs; keeps your motor good-natured; and prevents your nerves from getting on the outside of your clothes.

My opinion is that no autoist, no matter what kind of car he owns, can *comfortably* do without the Hartford Shock Absorber. And the curious part of that statement is—one must grow accustomed to the ease a Hartford gives, one must truly realize it,

before he can make an intelligent comparison.

¶ So you see you might better take my word for it. But as a flyer, write for a Booklet that will tell you more about this Good Thing. It's Free.

HARTFORD SUSPENSION COMPANY

E. V. Hartford, Pres.
136 Morgan Street, Jersey City, N. J.

BRANCHES:
New York Newark
Boston Chicago
Philadelphia Pittsburg
Kansas City Indianapolis
Formerly Truffault-Hartford

Hartford SHOCK ABSORBER

Soothes the Angry Spring



Makes Every Road a Boulevard



THE mintage
of wisdom is
to know that rest
is rust, and that
real life is in love,
laughter and
work

— *Elbert Hubbard*





FORESIGHT AND RETROSPECT



HEN, on May Seventh, the cables flashed the news that the *Lusitania* had been sunk off the Old Head of Kinsale, Ireland, the world shuddered.

TO us the blow was staggering. For on board the ill-fated liner were Elbert Hubbard, our great Chief, and Alice Hubbard, his gracious helpmeet. And when the giant vessel took her fatal plunge, they went down together—hand in hand.

WE loved Elbert Hubbard. To us he was more than a writer, a lecturer, a genius—he was a friend, a big brother.

¶ We worked with him, played with him, laughed with him. We felt the beat of his big, kindly heart. We revered his wisdom. We rejoiced in his success—for his success was ours.

¶ Almost his last words to us were, "Boys, pull together, work together—the world is ours!"

¶ His sympathies were wide as the great sea; his humanity deep as the ocean's depths.

¶ Alice Hubbard ably seconded all his efforts. Together

they planned and worked. Together bravely, fearlessly and with equanimity, they solved the last great problem.

WE show no signs of mourning. We are a busy people and have our work to do. Elbert Hubbard would have us go on.

¶ The Roycroft Institution will go on. Elbert Hubbard was a seer. He made provision for this contingency. *The Fra* will go on. *The Philistine* will go on. The skilled craftsmen here will still produce works of superb beauty in printing, bookbinding, wood, leather and metal.

¶ Elbert Hubbard II is now the head of the Institution. He is surrounded by a very capable and efficient band of willing workers, trained, inspired and imbued with the spirit of the Great Master. We are planning our future and our policies. Before the July issue is ready we will have our problems solved and our business running full steam ahead. In the July issue we will tell you all about it.

ELBERT and ALICE HUBBARD will never die. The sea has claimed their bodies, but their spirits still abide with us.

¶ Their lives are to us an inspiration. The manner of their death is an incentive to duty.

¶ Truly may it be said of Elbert and Alice Hubbard, that

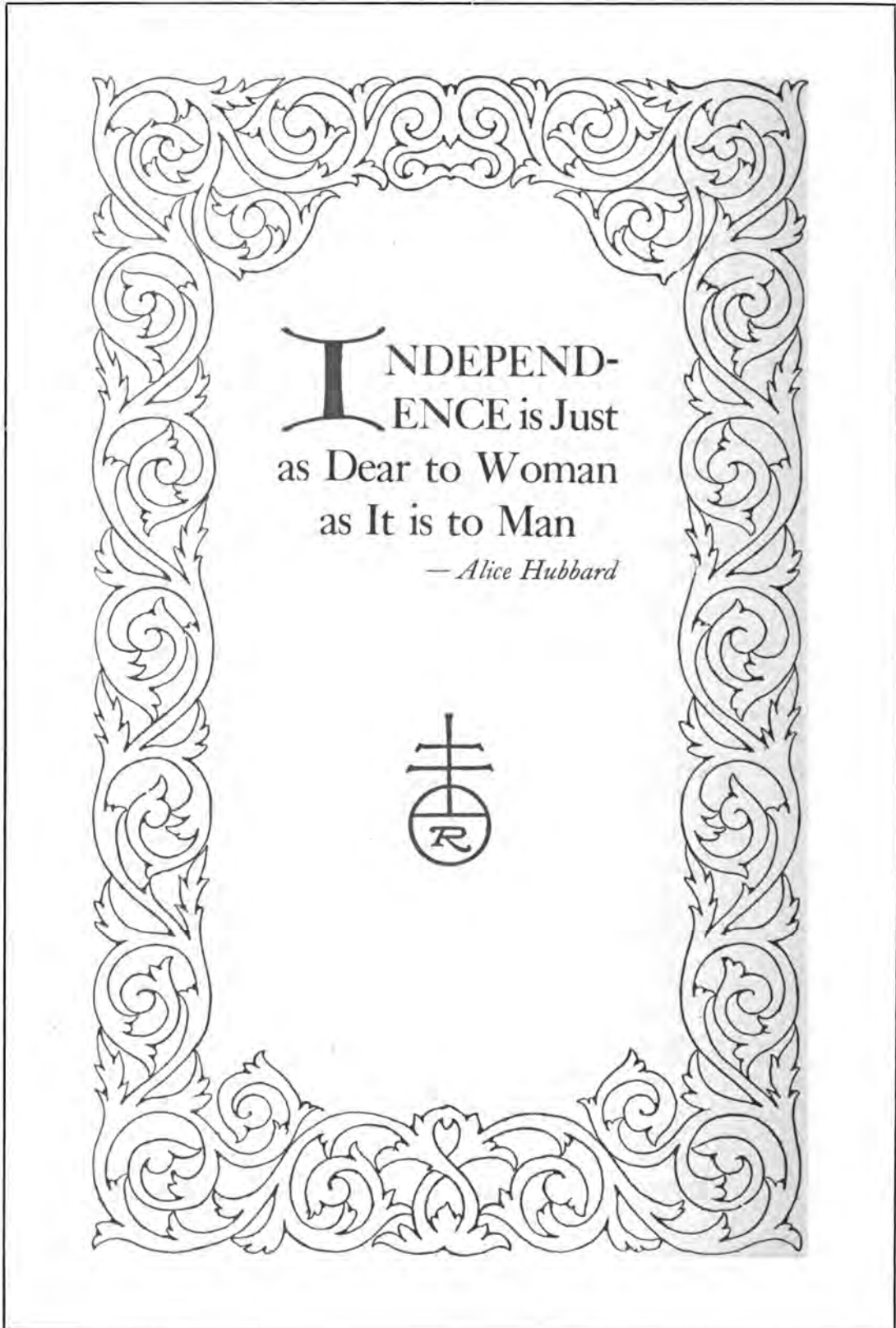
“ They never turned their backs, but marched
breast forward!

Never doubted storms would break;

Never dreamed, tho' right were worsted, wrong
would triumph;

Held, we fall to rise; are baffled to fight better;

Sleep, to wake.”

A large, ornate decorative border made of repeating floral and scrollwork patterns surrounds the central text.

INDEPEND-
ENCE is Just
as Dear to Woman
as It is to Man

— *Alice Hubbard*



A LITTLE JOURNEY TO THE HOME OF THE COUNTRY'S FOREMOST ADVERTISING ILLUSTRATOR

By Elbert Hubbard

WHENEVER I am in Chicago with an hour or two to spare, and feel the need of a mental bath, I go to the top floor of the Monroe Building and wander around through the beautiful, spacious, quiet offices and studios of Charles Daniel Frey. *The Charles Daniel Frey Company*, I should say, for Frey never allows the personal to take precedence over the *organization*, even with an intimate like me.

Skylight is cold light, ordinarily—but up here under the gable of the Monroe Building, there is a tempering warmth in the gentle smile of welcome all through the place—from the sunny-haired girl at the switchboard to the chief.

If it has been your privilege to visit the studios of artist free lances, the stroll through the Frey offices will be a revelation to you—and if you have, in your peregrinations, frequented the shop that we of the advertising craft call art factories, then this little journey is going to thrill you—by contrast. Sir J. E. Millais was unmercifully criticized once upon a time for “commercializing his art” in painting the little soap-bubble boy for Pears Soap. The best men in the game—illustrators and painters, too—are doing that very thing to-day—“commercializing their art.” And yet it seems to me that the “crime” of bringing commerce into art is far outweighed by the great advantage of bringing real art into commerce. And some of those “best men in the game” you’ll find right here in the Frey studios.

THE FRA Advertising Section.

“You’re just in time,” says Frey when the girl sends in our names. “If you want the treat of your young life, come into the back room. Got a crew working on a rush job, so we can have a half-tone at breakfast time. Disturb them? They won’t know you’re there. You could shoot off a gun under the table and they’d never hear it. Concentration? They don’t know there’s another thing going

on in the world, and won’t till this drawing is on its way to the engraver.”

“Crew working on a rush job” sounds interesting. You are inclined to look for the rush of a newspaper office at the moment of going to press—copy boys on the run, noise, haste. But the contrast to anything of the sort will shock you. Noise, there is none. Speed there is in abundance—but not haste. Here is scientific management with the mechanics taken out of it. The “figure draughtsman” over there at your right is just bringing to the fullness of completion, the marvelous figure of a woman—not a fashion-plate woman, mind you, but the kind of human woman we know—a regular woman.

The chap across there in the striped shirt with his sleeves rolled up to his biceps seems to be doing a landscape vista through a pair of French doors. He’s laying the white enamel on the door casings and putting blossoms on the trees outside (without breaking the glass)—and little Josie over in the corner, with an eye like a sharp-shooter and a hand as true as a jeweler’s, is spacing



out a line of italic lettering. The man over by the window leisurely loading plug cut into a villainous-looking briar looks like a Spanish brigand, you'd say. And yet note the delicate



Frenchy touch he's getting into that group of figures clustered round that theatre entrance.

"Which is the rush job, Frey?" you say.—

"You've got any number of busy people here." ♦ ♦ ♦

These three are the rush job—the French border over there, this motor car full of people, and that line of italic lettering. It's all one drawing—that is, it will be when it's printed. The engraver makes a negative of each, strips off the film and lays one film upon another to make the complete plate. Sure, it could all be made in one drawing—but this way gives each man a free hand at doing the thing at which he's best."

"This kind of a rush does n't happen often—thank the Lord—but when it does happen we're there! Have you seen the Gallery?"

¶ "Gallery?"

"Gallery"—photographs—new stuff. Why not? Is n't that art? Come in and watch. If the operator here is n't an artist, then there is n't any such animal.

A pretty girl is posing at a table eating an imaginary dessert. She does n't look happy—

THE FRA Advertising Section.

it's perfectly right that she should n't. She's a model—and a model does n't smile till she's told to. But she is n't told to.

"Now watch this fellow work," says Frey. He trains his big 42-centimetre camera on her—then he walks over toward her—talking tango and tennis and tea—you notice his hands are in his pockets and the shutter bulb with an abnormally long tube is in his hand—"And your brother was there," he's saying, "with that same little red-haired girl you hate."

"I don't!" she dimples—

Click!

The dimple is on its way to the dark room. ♦

"Show you the plate in fifteen minutes if you've got time to wait," says Charles Daniel Frey. ♦ ♦

Putting art into commerce is one of the big, important tasks of to-day. It is responsible for a new industry—advertising illustration. And the big bright light in this new industry is The Charles Daniel Frey Company's organization. The motive power, the dynamo that makes the wheels go round, is Charles Daniel Frey.

James McNeil Whistler once made a remark about a certain individual, "There is a question whether he is a genius or not, but certainly he is an industrious person."

Frey is a genius, to my mind—he bristles ideas all the time. He is the only man I know who



Success Again Crowns Labors of Edison

can personally plan, lay out, design and write an advertisement that will bring home the money—from start to finish. And certainly he is the most *industrious* person I have ever met. He has steam and energy enough to tire out forty strong men.

And this impression of surplus power pervades the whole place. There is no bluff or bluster—no rushing here and there out of breath, no trying to “look busy” in the Frey organization. Everybody’s too busy for that. There’s an atmosphere of conserved energy, of poise and confidence—and there’s tone about the place—the sort of normal culture that makes you feel it’s the kind of place you’d like to spend hours and hours in.

There is not a garish note anywhere—yet there is a true advertising “punch” in the very air.

The walls are hung with every possible creation in the nature of advertising illustration. Here you see a full color lithograph poster—a motor car in a Colorado mountain pass—fairly screaming with the realism of a Rocky Mountain sunset. And here is an etching—a masterly etching—of a skyscraper, for use in an ad.



Kellogg's

Originals in pen and ink, “wash,” pencil, crayon, pastel and full oil color are here and there about the rooms—hand lettered pages, decorative initials and border designs, pictures of people *doing* things with every conceivable advertisable article.

THE FRA Advertising Section.

There seems to be no limit to the scope of the Frey organization in this field of art. The portrait of a bank president to be used as a frontispiece of a handsome booklet—the por-



Small Text, February 22, 1923

The Success of a Nation depends upon the Health of her People

The economical food that makes for sturdiness and health must rank first in the benefits to the country

Washington CRISPS

Delicious Toasted Corn Flakes

WASHINGTON CRISPS is made from America's greatest cereal—Corn. It is the cereal, Indian Corn, which gives the country from generation to generation its strength and health.



Has a new taste for the healthful, strengthening, American cereal, the true body food of America? Wash. Crisps is the great cereal, the cereal of the future. Buy a package of Washington Crisps and enjoy a genuine treat.

"First in the Homes of His Countrymen"

trait of a sewing machine to illustrate a four-inch mail-order advertisement—these are simply individual problems, each to be treated in its own individual way and worked out to fill adequately its individual requirements. They are equipped—with plenty of fuel in the tank to make the grade when they come to it. ¶ And they preach the doctrine of pictures all the time. Pictures! Pictures! Everybody wants to see pictures. And to prove it they point to the “Movies.” How can they take home a million dollars a day if the people don’t want to see pictures? A picture in any Ad is better than plain type—and a picture that tells the story in one eyeful—why there’s no comparison.

There is a well-founded theory among business men that the man who does the most toward building up his industry as a whole will in the end profit most from the success of that industry. Charles Daniel Frey and his organization are certainly doing a giant’s share toward putting this great new industry—advertising illustration—on the map. And the just rewards seem to be coming home to roost. ♦ ♦

SUBSCRIBERS' AD DEPARTMENT

Any subscriber to **THE FRA** can insert an ad, not to exceed fifty words, herein, for **Five Dollars—Cash with Order**

Don't-Snore Makes you sleep like a human—NOT Like a Hog

You can stop snoring or mouth breathing instantly and sleep happily, healthfully, noiselessly, like a human should, by wearing our international patented "Don't-Snore" device at night. Medical profession endorsement. Comfortable! Invisible! Lasts lifetime. Sent \$5.00 for a "Don't-Snore" now. Wear it every night for a month, and if not more than pleased, we'll refund your money. **ASK FOR FREE BOOK**

Thos. B. Morton Co., Inc., 733 Starks Bldg., Louisville, Ky.

EFFICIENCY

Your success depends upon your Personal Efficiency. Complete Course \$4.00. Particulars Free.

MEAD EFFICIENCY BUREAU
Dept. F, 1108 Jessie Street, ST. PAUL, MINN.

The Owen Individual Bank-Check

DISTINCTIVE. Desirable. 300 checks, 5x13, for \$2.00. If numbered, \$2.50. Bound in three books. Stub arranged to show deposits and balance. Sent postpaid anywhere on receipt of price. Give correct corporate name of your bank.

Established 1857 **B. F. OWEN & Co., Printers, Reading, Pa.**

HOUSE ORGANS —the outcome of advertising experience.

Publish one, and prosper. The *Roycrofters* can print it. I'll write it. Over 25 enthusiastic clients. *Send for Sample.*

JAQUES, 328 W. 11th St., JACKSONVILLE, FLA.

Your advertisement in
THE FRA MAGAZINE
will bring you results.

YOUR BOY'S VACATION

When spent in **CAMP MOOSWA**, Nova Scotia, comprehends more than "passing away the time." Expression, not suppression, land and water sports, educated leaders, instruction in the gentle art of angling, fresh foods (no canned goods), minds and bodies active from morning till night in the open (no canned ideas), and other features all set forth in our illustrated booklet free to you. Boys from Missouri (enough said) have been with us for two or more seasons.

GEO. H. CAIN (Cambridge Latin School), 11 Goden St., Belmont, Mass.

ALBERT HUBBARD is dead, but his work lives. His little journey, "*Stutterers and Stammerers*," is now a classic. I will gladly send this booklet with my compliments to all applicants.

Joseph J. Lamb, 1252 Franklin St., Pittsburgh, Pa.

THE ideal location for the home that you have longed for is in Flathead County, Montana. No extremes of heat or cold. Climate and soil insure bountiful crops—grain, hay, fruits, vegetables, etc. Excellent water. Good hunting and fishing. Magnificent scenery—lakes, rivers, forest-clad hills and mountains. Write for booklet.

BIG FORK REAL ESTATE COMPANY, Big Fork, Mont.

THE BILTMORE, NEW YORK

THE quiet Hotel where people of quality meet. Everything you want, with nothing you don't want. When you arrive at the Grand Central, say "Biltmore" to the Red-Cap, and in a minute, without crossing a street and without cab or car, you are **AT HOME**.

WANTED—A MAN

to manage the Stock Selling Campaign of a company marketing a Harvesting Machine which reduces the farmer's Harvesting Cost 50%. Must be a man of personality, experience and initiative; a man who can "take hold" of a proposition in the right way and shake it up; one who can organize, systematize and get the name on the dotted line. An opportunity for the right man. Address:

Curtis Baldwin, Nickerson, Kan.

If you are interested in Advertising, ask us to send you Rate-Cards of
THE FRA Magazine & &

YES, CERTAINLY! WE DO
JOB BINDING FOR SUBS TO

THE FRA

Would You Like to Write 100 Words a Minute Without Knowing Shorthand? If so, learn

BRIEFHAND The modern substitute for stenography, using longhand characters. Easy to learn, write and read. Invaluable to business and professional men and women, ministers, teachers, secretaries, clerks, students, boys, girls—*Everybody*. Recommended by many responsible persons. Complete self-teaching Manual contains full instructions, 2900 illustrations and numerous "short-cuts." Sample lesson free.

PREMIER BRIEFHAND SCHOOL, Desk 3, Washington, D. C.



How New Thought Helps

Gains in Weight

"Have gained 14 lbs. in weight. All of the old doubts and fears and worries are gone."

Will Power

"I find my will power strengthened, my health improved and I am able to manage my household with ease and comfort."

Success in Art

"From an art student: 'My teacher has said my improvement lately has been almost incredible. New Thought has certainly been the means of my learning to do what I want to do.'"

Self-Confidence

"I now enjoy a remarkable improvement in health and mind power. I have secured an increase in salary as a result of increased self-confidence. Everybody I meet tells me of the change for the better."

Perfect Health

"From indifferent health I have risen to perfect health."

Gained Happiness

"Dear Mrs. Towne, you have given me back life. I am well and strong as I never have been before, and sunny and happy all day long. My work seems a pleasure to me now."

What Is New Thought?

Thousands of intelligent, cultured people are asking: Just what is New Thought? Where and how did it originate? How does it help one?

These questions and hundreds more are answered in William Walker Atkinson's book, "New Thought: Its History and Principles." They are answered authoritatively and without beating about the bush.

Interesting History

The book shows that New Thought had its origin way back in some of the wisest minds of the race; that it is closely related to a strange revival led by one of the world's most famous thinkers; that the mental-healing feature, or psychology, of New Thought grew side by side with Transcendentalism. The two streams finally converged into one common channel and united in one mighty spiritual movement now known as the New Thought, and which includes Christian Science, the Emmanuel Movement and all similar systems of healing. When sending us the manuscript of this book, Mr. Atkinson wrote, "I consider this one of the best things that I have ever written along the lines of New Thought. And those to whom I have read it agree with me—and some of them are my severest critics too." See what others say of it:

This Book Tells All

Had I known nothing about New Thought, the reading of this little booklet would have given me a very intelligent idea of the whole subject. I have never received so much information regarding New Thought in so little space as I have found in this little book. —Dr. Orison Swett Marden.

Worth Many Times the Price

The writer considers this booklet one of Mr. Atkinson's "six best sellers" and easily worth many times the price. —Chicago Trade Journal.

A Glorious Present

His (Atkinson's) conclusions point to a glorious present for humanity. —Publisher's Weekly.

Get this book and learn of the power of the New Thought. Price, 25c. See Special Offer.

Do You Know

that many religious and social workers are close students of New Thought? They have found it of great help in their calling. Mothers are using New Thought child training methods with wonderful results. Women and men in business and in professions find it increases their efficiency and earning power.

William S. Sadler, M. D., in an article in *The Ladies' Home Journal*, estimated that fully ten million people in the United States depend upon some form of mental or drugless healing when sick. He further stated that nine-tenths of the non-conscious functional diseases are due to the mind and can be cured through the mind. Under this head come nervousness, melancholia, sleeplessness, neuritis, indigestion, rheumatism, etc.

A New Thought Magazine

THE NAUTILUS is the leading magazine of New Thought. It has been published monthly for over seventeen years. Every number contains articles by great writers on self-help for the attainment of health, happiness and success. A big list of personal experience articles are coming right away in NAUTILUS. Some of the titles are: "How I Made Myself Better Looking"; "How I Earned Money at Home"; "How I Changed My Home Life Through the Application of New Thought"; "A Wonderful Cure by New Thought Self-treatment"; "Personal Experience With Telepathy"; "How I Developed My Special Talent"; "How I Cured Myself of Drink"; "How I Overcame the Tobacco Habit"; "How I Restored Myself to Health Through New Thought"; "How I Overcame Nervousness"; "How I Used New Thought to Heal a Child"; "How a Husband Healed His Wife"; "How a Wife Helped Her Husband to Overcome the Liquor Habit"; "How I Took a Vacation at Almost No Cost"; "New Thought Child Training Experiences, by a Mother of Six"; "How to Remove Fear in Children"; "How We Left the City to Live in the Country." And several other big feature articles are coming, among them a new series by Dr. Horatio W. Dresser on "Divine Healing"; new Paul Ellsworth articles explaining the most effective ways of overcoming the more common obstacles to successful living, and fine articles by Orison Swett Marden, two of the titles being "The Ailing Habit," and "The Force Back of the Flesh." The NAUTILUS is edited by Elizabeth Towne and William M. Towne. Their editorials are a feature of every issue. Orison Swett Marden, Edwin Markham, Horatio W. Dresser, Ph. D., and many others are regular contributors. Many persons credit their first real success and happiness to the discovery of a copy of NAUTILUS. You may do the same. \$1.50 per year.

EXTRA SPECIAL OFFER

To New Subscribers Only

Send 25c now with your name and address and we will send you NAUTILUS 3 months, 3 back numbers and a copy of "New Thought: Its History and Principles."

Act NOW and we will include "What I Know About New Thought," by Ella Wheeler Wilcox. Just say: "I want to investigate New Thought and learn what it has done for others, so here is 25c as per your big offer in June Fra."

The Elizabeth Towne Company
Dept. 864, Holyoke, Mass.

BOOKLETS

THAT WILL DEVELOP LOYALTY— EFFICIENCY IN YOUR EMPLOYEES

ALBERT HUBBARD has written a dozen booklets, each one a classic in its way, one or more of which you can use to advantage in developing understanding, good-will, efficiency, in your employees. Each is a masterpiece.

Helpful Hints for Business Helpers

A Message to Garcia

Pasteboard Proclivities

Chicago Tongue

How I Found My Brother

The Cigaretist

Help Yourself by Helping the House

The Closed or Open Shop—Which?

The Boy From Missouri Valley

Get Out or Get In Line

A Hundred-Point Man

And one written with Savings-Banks especially in mind,

Let Thrift Be Your Ruling Habit

We would be glad to send the dozen booklets above mentioned to the President, Manager, Advertising Manager or Purchasing Agent of any Business House—and no obligation! Though we will quote you prices, and depend on the Good Stuff to convince you!

THE ROYCROFT SHOP, EAST AURORA, N. Y.

Good Sleep Builds Body and Brain

The most refreshing sleeps are enjoyed outdoors, where the air is pure and fresh. And you can sleep outdoors as well as indoors, in perfect comfort, when you have a

"PERFECTION PNEUMATIC" Mattress with Sleeping Bag

Every inch of this "air" mattress is a soft resting place for your frame and muscles. It is non-absorbent and sanitary, too—never damp, and always clean.

A "Perfection" Pneumatic mattress is always cool and comfortable—it cannot absorb heat. It is easily carried in and out of the house, as it rolls up small and light. This mattress has been called "the toughest and most durable mattress made." Letters from "outdoor people" in all sections are convincing proof of good service. Write for Catalog illustrating many conveniences of the Pneumatic Mattress and Sleeping Bag in the home, and to the camper, motorist, yachtsman and motor boatist—**better write now.**



Pneumatic Mfg. Co. 1115 17th Street, BROOKLYN, N.Y.

I Smash Watch Prices

I'll give you a \$35 G. M. WHEELER ELGIN for \$25. And six months time to pay.

Send No Money
I Will Trust You

This is the first chance you ever had to buy this *Elgin Masterpiece* at a cash price and pay for it on time without missing the money. The G. M. WHEELER ELGIN, 12 or 16 Size, is the foremost medium-priced watch ever built. You can "Swear" by it. This World Standard Timekeeper has 17 Extra Fine Imported Ruby and Sapphire Jewels set in gold. Exactly Timed. Scientifically Adjusted to Temperature, Isochronism and Positions. Finely finished throughout; remarkably accurate—a watch you'll be mighty proud to own. Case, perfectly beautiful—finest, strongest *Double Strata Goldfilled Safety Bow Case* ever made—guaranteed 25 years. Truly a splendid watch for a fine gentleman. Write me today to send you one of these superb *Thin Model Elgins*. Examine it critically. Test it any way you like. If pleased, keep it and send me \$5. Then \$4 a month for 5 months. Satisfaction or money back. Write now.

SUTTON, The Watch Man!

208 Keller Building

Louisville, Kentucky

THE Captains of Industry and the men who serve under them are my heroes. The men who make the necessities of life are greater than the men who make the laws. Who make wallpaper so cheap you may paper a room for a few dollars? Who make calico and muslin, and cloth and fabrics generally? Who make poultry-netting and the thousand and one things of steel? The good mechanics, good farmers, good businessmen, are my good fellows

A "Steel Trap" Memory

One that takes a tight grip on facts, figures, names, details of every kind and hangs onto them through life—that's the kind of memory you ought to have and the kind you can have! You will give me ten minutes of your spare time daily for a few weeks. I will make your mind an unfaillible classified index of the things it is to your advantage to remember—give you power to concentrate, overcome self-consciousness, enable you to think on your feet, and address an audience intelligently without hesitation and without notes.

The Key to Success Stop Forgetting

During the past 28 years I have trained thousands of people to STOP FORGETTING—aided them to greater business and social success—I know positively that the person with a strong, tenacious memory, though he be far behind at the beginning of the race for success, advances and soon outdistances his forgetful rival. The demands of commercial and professional life are so exacting in their details of facts and figures to be remembered, that to succeed or even hold your own you simply must possess a good memory.

Get My Remarkable Memory Test Free

I've had this test copyrighted—it's the most ingenious and most conclusive test for the memory ever devised. I'll send it to you, free, also a copy of my book "How to Remember" and tell you how to obtain a copy of my *De Luxe Edition*, "How To Speak In Public," a handsomely illustrated 32 book, absolutely free. Don't be handicapped with a poor memory any longer—write me today. Address me personally.

HENRY DICKSON, Principal,
Dickson School of Memory, 963 Hearst Bldg., Chicago

Another Language Makes Another Man!

This is the age of specialization—But the man who supplements his special training and education with a foreign language, doubles his commercial value and opens up new possibilities and new fields of opportunity. Give us a few minutes a day and we will give you a new language to work with.

FRENCH—GERMAN SPANISH—ITALIAN Is Easily and Quickly Mastered by the LANGUAGE-PHONE METHOD



and Rosenthal's Practical Linguistry

Send For This Free Book

Simply send us your name and address and we will mail you free "A Treatise on Language Study" and full particulars of trial offer. We will also tell you how you can use your own talking machine (our records fit all) to acquire a foreign language. Write us today.

This is the natural way to learn a foreign language. The voice of a native professor pronounces each word and phrase, slowly or quickly, for minutes or for hours. Anyone can learn a foreign language who hears it spoken often enough; and by this method you can hear it as often as you like. It is a pleasant, fascinating study. All members of the family can use it. You practice during spare moments or at convenient times, and in a surprisingly short time you speak, read and understand a new language.

The Language-Phone Method
965 Putnam Building
2 West 45th Street, New York

made canned goods wholesome and plentiful? There are hundreds of heroes in electricity, in transportation, in meat-packing, in manufacturing, in horticulture, in agriculture, in schools; more real heroes in every business calling than in Statesmanship.—*Ed Howe.*

Our medical men know little or nothing of the real actions of drugs, and we put them into bodies of the actions of which we know still less.—*Doctor Osler.*

John Deere built up an institution at Moline, Illinois, more wonderful than anything Lincoln did during the war; your bishop is a poor excuse compared with John Deere.

What does Lincoln's Gettysburg address amount to compared with the discoveries of Edison and Burbank?

Thomas Jefferson was a poor stick compared with Cyrus McCormick, who perfected the harvesting-machine. And it wasn't the Monroe doctrine that made us respected abroad; it was our prosperity. And there are thousands of heroes like McCormick: there are heroes in every line of business. Do you know anything about the men who have

THE inevitable result of the slowing-up of business and the embarrassment of businessmen, due to these "new-thought" policies, has been to throw hundreds of thousands of employees out of work. The factories are discharging their men and women; the stores are letting out employees; the railroads are laying off men by the thousands. And who can wonder when it becomes known that, since Nineteen Hundred Six, the value of American railroad stocks has shrunk over three billion dollars. That much money has been practically wiped out of existence by the attack upon big business.

Are the people satisfied with this new regime?

Are they content to follow the prophets of "folly economy"? Do they want "Dollar Diplomacy" ended for all time? Are n't dollars desirable? Don't we all need 'em?

We do not know, but we have an idea that there are a great number of men, whose business has been ruined, who would like to see the restoration of commonsense and the deposal of "new thought in politics." We believe that those men who have lost their jobs, and who can not get others, whose

families are in close straits, and who hear nothing but "money is tight," "business is dull," on all sides, would like to see a revival of "Dollar Diplomacy." It would mean the awakening of industry, the opening of factories, the creation of more jobs and the increase of wages.—*Harrison Gray Otis.*

Getting money is not all a man's business; to cultivate kindness is a valuable part of the business of life.—*Doctor Johnson.*



Take a
KODAK
with you

EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY,

*Catalogue free at your dealer's,
or by mail.*

ROCHESTER, N. Y., *The Kodak City.*

THE ROYCROFT HEALTH HOME



U HIS Home was the last enterprise originated by Elbert Hubbard and was designed to put into actual practise his idea of sane, rational living. To enable us to more rapidly extend our sphere of usefulness, we are making a special rate which will enable our patrons to get the many benefits that accrue from our system of living at a NOMINAL HOTEL RATE.

Our new rate will be \$5.00 per day for men; \$4.00 per day for women. By week or longer our rate will be \$30.00 per week for men; \$25.00 per week for women.

This includes room, board, training, Turkish and electric baths, electric and hand massage, and any other special service required. No extra charges of any kind.

Patrons also have free use of all our equipment, including bathrobes, khaki suits, gym suits, shirts, sweaters, sleeping-garments, waterproof coats and hats and everything used while our guests. For those who live on the fringe of folly, depending upon doctors and surgeons for

health—for those who find pleasure in ostentation and artificial living—**WE HAVE NOTHING!**

For those who realize that health and happiness are to be found only in simple living, plain food, wholesome pleasures, with all frills and fads eliminated—**WE HAVE EVERYTHING!**

Address, PROFESSOR SHIRLEY RUFFNER
ROYCROFT HEALTH HOME, EAST AURORA, NEW YORK

An Example of International Motor Truck Service

The Kind YOU Want



IN 1910 Mr. John S. Moe, a painter and decorator, of 2716 E. 76th Street, Chicago, bought an **International Motor Truck**. Because his work kept his truck busy every day, Mr. Moe saw the necessity of giving it such daily care that it would be ready for work at any time. He is the kind of man who believes in "an ounce of prevention."

¶ As a result of his care, his truck never saw a repair shop until 1915, more than four years after he bought it. In 1915 he had it completely overhauled. As further evidence of the economy of daily care, his bill for overhauling, after four years of steady work, was only \$110.

¶ In those four years Mr. Moe's **International Truck** traveled farther than the distance 'round the world. His total expense for repairs was, therefore, less than half a cent a mile.

¶ Granting that the buyer recognizes, as Mr. Moe did, the necessity of giving

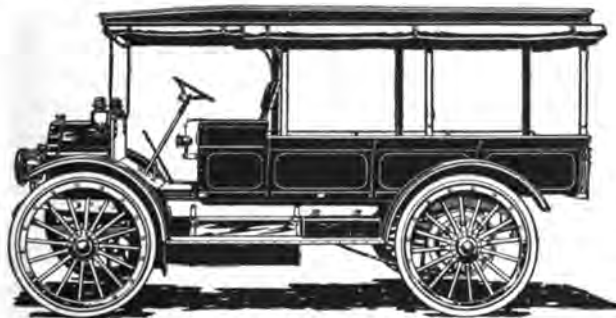


MR. MOE'S TRUCK — NOW FIVE YEARS OLD

his truck good care in order to insure good work, this is a typical instance of what the **International Motor Truck** will do in the way of economy and service for any horse-and-wagon using firm.

¶ We can furnish you with scores of other instances just as favorable to the truck. We can also give you facts and figures showing what an **International** will do in the way of making or saving money for you in your own business.

¶ There are now three models — M, for 1000-pound; E, for 1500-pound; and F, for 2000-pound loads.



MODEL E — 1500 LBS. CAPACITY

¶ A card to the Motor Truck Department at the address below will bring you full information. Write for it and begin at once to profit by the use of an **International Motor Truck**.

International Harvester Company of America

(Incorporated)

160 Harvester Building Chicago U S A

87 Branch Houses in the United States

NATION-WIDE SPECIAL SALE

OSTERMOOR

\$23.50

Regular

Hotel Style Mattress

\$16.50

Special



4 feet 6 inches wide by 6 feet 3 inches long — weighing 50 pounds

A MATTRESS BARGAIN FOR YOU!

BUILT (not stuffed) layer-wise, in the Ostermoor way, and much better even than the regular Ostermoor. ¶ They contain 5 pounds more, hand-laid, sheeted filling than regular, and are much thicker, plumper, softer and even more luxuriously comfortable. ¶ Coverings are the finest, most durable and most expensive Tickings made, both Dust-Proof Satin Finish and French Mercerized Art Twill. ¶ Finished with boxed borders, bound edges, round corners and close tuftings, their construction is both the daintiest and most substantial possible.

Regular Price, \$23.50 — Made in either One or Two parts — Special Price, \$16.50

EXPRESS PAID ANYWHERE

Act quickly now, while the opportunity lasts. Even though you have no immediate use for a mattress now, we know you will never regret your purchase of so real a bargain. We are so sure of pleasing you, we sell it with our guarantee of "money back if not satisfied" during thirty days' trial. ¶ Mattresses are

shipped carefully wrapped in leatherette paper and burlap. They come to you directly from our work-room, absolutely untouched and unhandled. A postal brings you our illustrated 144-page Free Book descriptive of Mattresses, Springs, Cushions, Divans, etc., and Samples of Coverings. Write today.

OSTERMOOR & COMPANY

118 ELIZABETH STREET, NEW YORK

Canadian Agency: ALASKA FEATHER & DOWN CO., Ltd., MONTREAL



and ever-enduring friendships; there is found the wonderful magnet which draws man to man and holds them as in holy compact. Sympathy means understanding, and understanding means to have lived—not within ourselves, but in the lives of those with whom our daily work brings us in touch. ¶ And when we learn to walk hand in hand with our fellowmen, sharing their joys and feeling their sorrows as one with them, there will spring up among all mankind that beautiful understanding which is born of Sympathy. ¶ Sympathy means Service, and the selfish life knows nothing of either. ¶ Sympathy also means Love.

WONDROUS is the strength of Cheerfulness; altogether past calculation its power of endurance. ¶ Efforts to be permanently useful must be uniformly Joyous; a spirit all Sunshine, graceful from very gladness, beautiful because bright.—*Carlyle*.

ONE word is spoken—and in that word how much of good-feeling and of love is told. There is found the touch which opens the hearts of strangers and inspires beautiful

and when that part of our inner selves reaches out to touch an answering something in another we are enriched, and our capacity for enjoying and appreciating is increased.

No writer ever gave a message to his public, no actor or singer ever thrilled his audience, no hand-grasp ever warmed the heart, unless beneath all there lay that power of Sympathy which says, "I have lived even as you have lived and I understand."

If there burns within you one spark of Sym-

pathy, nourish it, attend to it with infinite care, for it will radiate enough joy and happiness to warm your whole life, and to color and brighten the lives of those about you. If in this world we would have an influence for good—if we would help in welding men into one great brotherhood, we must learn to live and to understand. We must serve and love and sympathize.—*Jen E. Vernon.*

IF there is a sin superior to every other, it is that of wilful and offensive war. Most other sins are circumscribed within narrow limits, that is, the power of one man can not give them a very general extension, and many kinds of sins have only a mental existence from which no infection arises; but he who is the author of a war lets loose the whole contagion of hell, and opens a vein that bleeds a nation to death.—*Thomas Paine.*

SERVICE—service to the customer—that is the strong right arm of Advertising. You can hire the cleverest advertising man the sun ever shown on, but if the clerks in your store are grouches, if your values are n't

just what they are advertised to be, if real service to the customer is something that you have heard of only in books, if your interest in the customer ceases the moment money has exchanged hands—why, your advertising man can't make your printed messages worth their cost, that's all.—*Jerome P. Fleishman.*

A more perfect race means a more soulful race, a more soulful race a race having greater capacity for love.—*Ellen Key.*



**"Two fairs
for one fare"**

San Francisco and San Diego
Expositions are open

On your Santa Fe Way
to California visit the
Colorado Rockies, the
old-new city of Santa
Fe, the Indian pueblos,
Grand Canyon of Arizona

Los Angeles, Yosemite,
and Big Trees

Daily Excursions until
November 30th 1915
about one fare round trip

Four daily transcontinental trains, including California Limited Exclusively first-class

Ask for picture folders of both Expositions and Grand Canyon

W. J. BLACK, Pass. Train Mgr.
American, Topical, & Santa Fe Railway, 1044 Railway Exchange
Chicago, Ill.



ELBERT HUBBARD'S LEGACY • *Little Journeys*

"— he hath left them you, and to your heirs forever "

ELBERT HUBBARD'S *Little Journeys* are the nuggets quarried from the rich mine of his experience. ¶ Refined by the unique and powerful processes of his great mind, and bejeweled with his sparkling wit and sound wisdom, these brief biographies are the fine gold of Elbert Hubbard Literature. ¶ From the urn of bright-eyed fancy he scatters through the pages of his *Little Journeys* thoughts that breathe and words that burn; he gives us himself—Elbert Hubbard at his best. ¶ Lovingly gathered into twenty-eight beautiful volumes, *The Roycrofters* offer this legacy of their great Founder to you. ¶ Printed on Italian hand-made paper, bound uniformly after a special design—which we have called "Miriam" binding, a binding of solid boards, with sides of charcoal-paper and blind-stamped leather back—we feel that we have chosen a dignified and fitting vehicle for these monuments to Elbert Hubbard's genius. ¶ The books are illustrated with nearly two hundred portraits from original drawings specially made for this edition by Gaspard and Schneider. ¶ The frontispiece portrait in each volume is printed by hand on the finest Japan Vellum—photogravures rare in beauty and coloring. ¶ The price of the complete set—twenty-eight volumes in fourteen divisions comprising *Little Journeys to the Homes of Eminent Painters, English Authors, Great Musicians, Eminent Authors, Eminent Orators, Great Philosophers, Great Scientists, Great Lovers, Great Reformers, Great Teachers, Great Businessmen, Good Men and Great, Famous Women and American Statesmen*—is Fifty-six Dollars. ¶ Our *Little Journey Brochure*, containing sample illustrations and pages, together with other matter relative to Elbert Hubbard's *Little Journeys*, will be gladly mailed to you on request.

THESE MEN PAY TRIBUTE

Little Journeys are a boon and a blessing to the busy man. All Hubbard writes is as strong and fine as a model. Can I say more?

—HENRY FORD (President, *The Ford Motor Car Company*).

The *Little Journey* was read aloud this morning at the breakfast-table. It was received with shouts of laughter and a clamor of approval. Personally I dare not tell you what I think of it, lest it be said that I have "fatty enlargement of the ego"—to use one of your own phrases.

Anyway, when you come to Skibo Castle the bagpipers shall be compelled to memorize the *Essay on Silence* if it is your pleasure.

—ANDREW CARNEGIE.

Little Journeys form that whole five-foot shelf of books for me.

—OGDEN ARMOUR (*Of Armour and Company*).

If you do not read *Little Journeys*, written by Elbert Hubbard, you are missing some of the finest touches of literature that have been penned since the days when Oliver Wendell Holmes was in his prime. They are a series of biographical sketches written in a most fascinating style. No high-school library should be without them.

—(Professor) S. Y. GILLAN, in "*The Western Teacher*."

I know many well-educated men who got their first taste for good literature by reading Hubbard's *Little Journeys*.

—JOHN BRISBEN WALKER (*Writer, Orator, Diplomat, Publicist*).

The work of Elbert Hubbard in his *Little Journeys* has not been equaled, in a similar line, since Plutarch wrote his *Parallel Lives*.

—THOMAS E. THOMPSON (*Supt. Schools, Leominster, Mass.*).

Little Journeys are a most valuable introduction to men whom we all should know.

—(Rabbi) HENRY A. WISE.

I find *Little Journeys* pleasing and inspiring, and never dull.

—WILFRID LAURIER (*Ex-Premier of Canada*).

THE ROYCROFTERS
EAST AURORA, NEW YORK

ROSS'S

BELFAST

Ginger Ale

(IMPORTED)

ROSS'S Belfast Ginger Ale puts the pep in you ; brings you back to Life ! At the end of a grueling day of Business, a glass of Ross's will give you a Fresh Start !

¶ Some folks say it is the fine, fragrant Jamaica Ginger that makes "Ross's Belfast" so distinctive. Others say the reason Ross's is a Ginger Ale par excellence is because its basis is the pure Belfast Water from the Ross's Artesian Wells ; and still others say it is because pure Cane-Sugar is used

¶ All are right, but only partly so. None of these things alone could make "Ross's." It is the combination, the perfect blending that makes "Ross's" the delectable drink it is.

¶ Ross & Sons have been making Ginger Ale the last thirty-six years—making it as good as it can be made. They started out with that idea, and they did it and are still doing it.

¶ "Ross's Belfast" is known everywhere—used everywhere, by the discerning—in the best Hotels, the biggest Clubs, the Atlantic and Pacific Liners, in Select Society—Everywhere !

¶ Ross & Sons have only one Manufactory—Belfast, Ireland ; but they ship "Ross's Belfast" all over the World.

¶ Have you had your Case yet ? If not, your Dealer will supply you. Ask him !

W. A. ROSS & SONS, LIMITED
SOLE MANUFACTORY, BELFAST, IRELAND

contemporaries in business, to the community in which he lives, to the social order whose general good has sovereign rights which he must recognize, and for which he must make personal sacrifice.—*F. A. Vanderlip.*

GREAT is he who consecrates himself ! Even when overcome, he remains serene and his misfortune is happiness. Duty has a stern likeness to the ideal. The task of doing one's duty is worth undertaking. Truth, honesty, the instruction of the masses, human liberty, manly virtue, conscience, are not things to disdain

Indignation and compassion for the mournful slavery of man

BELIEVE too there is a far more general appreciation of the great truth, that success in business life is not to be measured solely by the amount of money a man may legitimately accumulate, but rather that account must be taken, and taken in very large measure, of how far the businessman, before he is today truly called successful, has been fair-minded—how far he had recognized that, higher than the desire for gain, he must hold the spirit of fair play, the spirit of fair play to his individual

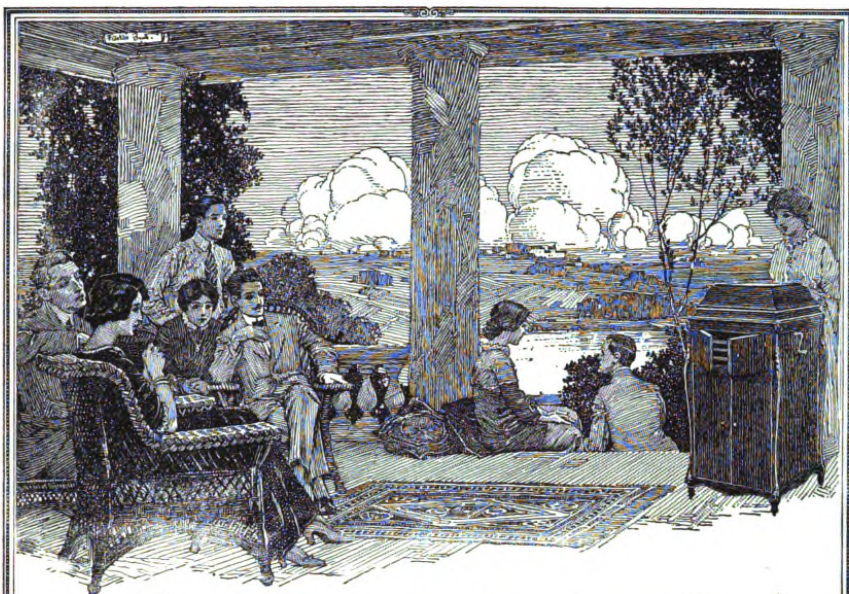
are but two sides of the same faculty ; those who are capable of wrath are capable of love. To level the tyrant and the slave—what a magnificent endeavor ! Now, the whole of one side of actual society is tyrant, and all the other side is slave. A grim settlement is impending, and it will be accomplished. All thinkers must work with that end in view. They will gain greatness in that work. To be the servant of God is the task of progress.—*Victor Hugo.*

OUR loyal friend and co-worker, M. M. Mangasarian, Lecturer of the Independent Religious Society, and Roycrofters-at-Large, writes us to say that, on his return with Mrs. Mangasarian from the Orient, next October, he will devote an *In Memoriam* to Elbert and Alice Hubbard, at the Majestic Theater, Chicago.

DOWN to the depths went Elbert Hubbard, with smiling eyes that knew no fear, and all the lovely mermaids rubbered, and Neptune shouted, "See who's here!" Well might there be a great commotion throughout the sea, from East to West, for seldom has old Father Ocean clasped hands with such a splendid guest. The inkstand waits upon his table, his pen is rusting in the sun; there is no living hand that's able to do the work he left undone. There is no brain so keen and witty, no voice with his caressing tones; and Elbert, in the Deep Sea city, is swapping yarns with Davy Jones. And all the world that reads evinces its sorrow that he's dwelling there; not all the warring kings and princes are worth a ringlet of his hair. Death keeps a record in his cupboard of victims of the

monarchs' hate; "a million men and Elbert Hubbard," so goes the tally, up to date. If it would bring you back, Elbertus, to twang your harp with golden strings, it would not worry us or hurt us to drown a wagonload of kings.—Walt Mason.

Civilization is a great system of transfers. Each one does the thing he can do best and works for the good of all. It is all for each, and each for all.



The Victrola is the life of the summer home

Wherever you go for the summer, you'll be glad of the companionship of the Victrola.

It brings to you the world's greatest bands and instrumentalists, the most famous opera stars, the popular comedians of the day, to charm and cheer you with their music and mirth; or it becomes at will the best of dance orchestras to furnish the music for the newest dances.

Always, everywhere, the Victrola is a constant delight.

Any Victor dealer will gladly play your favorite music for you and demonstrate the various styles of the Victor and Victrola—\$10 to \$250.



Visit the Victor Temple of Music
Palace of Liberal Arts
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Victor Talking Machine Co.
Camden, N. J., U. S. A.

Berliner Gramophone Co., Montreal, Canadian Distributors

Always use Victor Machines with Victor Records and Victor Needles—*the combination*. There is no other way to get the unequalled Victor tone.



New Victor Records demonstrated at all dealers on the 28th of each month

OUR PRINTING DEPARTMENT



AMONG the departments of the Roycroft Shops which have given us much in the way of good reputation the Printing Department has been well in the lead.

¶ The printed matter we turn out is in a class entirely by itself and above the competitive line. Quality speaks first and last.

¶ Our printshop was started in July, Eighteen Hundred Ninety-five. In those young days we attained the reputation of being individual and distinctive in our printing styles. Our books early gained for us a high place in the minds of men who knew the printing art.

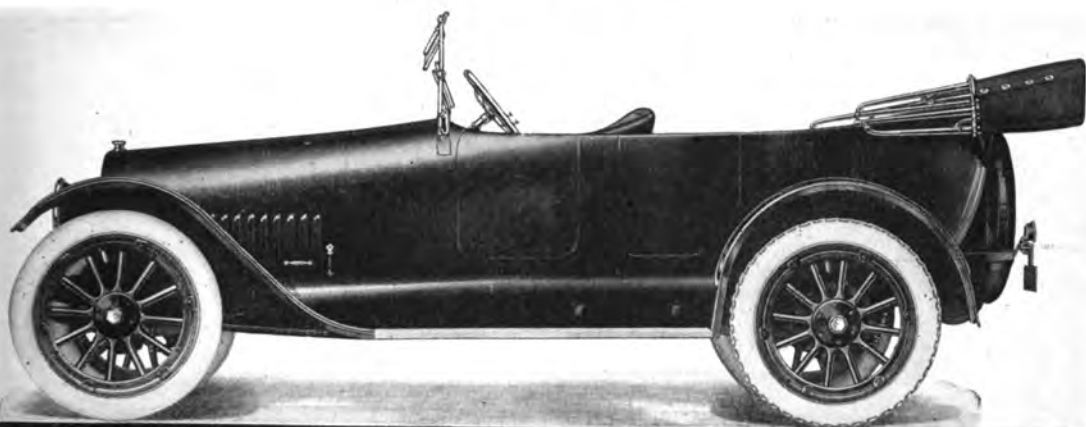
¶ Mr. Charles J. Rosen (we all call him just plain "Cy" Rosen) was one of the men who helped

start the Roycroft Printing-Shop. He worked on the first issue of *The Philistine Magazine*—also, the last. For the past four years he has been out in the world getting valuable experience and a viewpoint on printing from another angle. June Fourteen he came back to the Roycroft Shops and resumed the position of Superintendent of our Printing Department. His experience of the past few years has broadened him, and he comes back to us a bigger and better man than before.

¶ We believe our Printing-Shop is now in a position to give very exact service in any and all kinds of high-class printing.

¶ We are specialists in printing advertising booklets. All we ask of you is an opportunity to figure on your proposition, and to submit you our suggestions with samples and prices. Just tell us your needs, and Cy will do the rest.

ADDRESS: THE ROYCROFT PRINTING DEPARTMENT, EAST AURORA, N. Y.



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of this great Mitchell factory
—“The Six of '16”**

THIS beautiful motor car, big and roomy, with long wheel base and cantilever springs, has a powerful economical motor; beauty of line and finish; flexibility and accessibility; the comfort of deep luxurious upholstery; reliability, lightness; safety, and above all this — actual value.

Compare These With Any Other Car Costing Up to \$2000

Study this Mitchell — you'll long to drive it. Drive the Mitchell — you're sure to own one.

There is a Mitchell dealer near by who will show you this car. ¶ Seven-passenger body, \$35 extra. Prices f.o.b. Racine, Wisconsin. Descriptive Booklet on request.

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Our dealer proposition is attractive — write us — there may be an opportunity for you.

Over Eighty Years of Faithful Service to the American Public

Mitchell

**THE SIX OF
SIXTEEN**

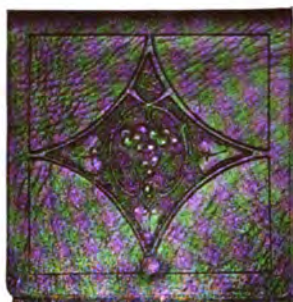
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Size, open, 6 by 10 inches
Modeled in Spanish cowhide, lined with ooze-morocco. Fitted with best imported instruments

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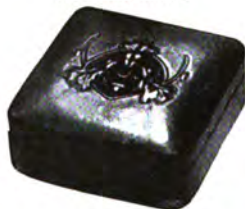
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Place for six stickpins

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A necessary convenience
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Size, 1 3/4 by 4 by 4 inches

THE ROYCROFTERS, EAST AURORA, N. Y.



Well or Sick ~ You Need ~ AUTOLOGY

By Elbert Hubbard



YOU can not have Health by paying another for it.

¶ You must EARN it. Any man who looks to Doctors and Medicines to make him well and keep him well, will never know what is Health.

¶ If a man is sent to the Penitentiary it is because he has disobeyed the Laws of the Land. Such a one is disgraced in the eyes of his Friends and Society.

¶ If a man is Sick, it is because he has violated the Laws of Nature. And he, too, is disgraced. He must go back to First Principles and reform his Mode of Living.

¶ Man is made to be happy and useful. Sick men are neither.

¶ Health is the most natural thing in the world.

¶ Nature is on our side.

¶ Health is the Norm, and all Nature tends thitherward.

¶ If you seek Health you must get Medicines out of your Mind—and out of your body.

¶ All the wise and good Physician can do is put you in touch with Nature and with yourself. This, Doctor Moras, a graduate of the Harvard Medical School, will do. He gives you the Foundations of Health in a wonderful book called *Autology*.

¶ With *Autology* to guide us, there need be no such thing as Disease. With *Autology* there is n't one person in ten that ever needs "Professional Service." He is his own Physician. Since the advent of *Autology* the cause of Disease has been made clear—and the way to avoid it!

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¶ Doctor Moras has written a *Guide to Autology*, a brief outline of the Complete Work, which he will forward to FRA subscribers FREE on request. Send for it today and get the Health Habit.

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HEALTH *and* WEALTH

BY ELBERT HUBBARD

G This is a book wherein is pleasingly told how to be happy—but not too happy—and yet rich; containing thoughts, always sincere and sometimes serious, concerning the best methods of preventing one from becoming a burden to himself, a weariness to his friends, a trial to his neighbors and a reflection on his Maker.

¶ What our good friend, Rabbi Leonard Levy, has called "The Roycroft Religion" is herein fully set forth—a religion not of myth and miracle, but a religion of life, a religion of human service.

¶ There are only a few copies left in the bindings listed.



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ACHIEVEMENT —Its Formula

G Man's Happiness is in the ratio of his realization of his Ideals.

¶ Men of Achievement are Men of Ideals.

¶ Beautiful Ideals are Sunshine. For Great Minds are like Gardens. To be fertile—productive of great things—they require the Sunshine of Inspiration.

¶ Without this, their minds are sterile and do not bloom.

¶ Dante saw his ideal only twice—and then as a Mirage.

¶ Fortunate, indeed, is the man who finds in Life a little more than an approximated Ideal.



White Hyacinths, ELBERT HUBBARD
Price, \$10.00

¶ Elbert Hubbard was a Man of Achievement —

¶ He gave his Formula in an intimately related, beautiful story—

WHITE HYACINTHS

¶ In it you may find suggested the Inspiration you need in your own life.

¶ The following volumes are printed on Japan Vellum paper:

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THE ROYCROFTERS
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contradictions—and knew it; and his philosophy of life was subject to frequent and radical revisions—and he did it himself. He was not a fossil; he was a living thing that assimilates and grows. He was as variable as the weather-vane, it may be; but, like the weather-vane, he marked the direction of the currents of public opinion. Some of the time he was right—some of the time he was wrong; but all of the time he was thoughtful—and made others think.

I did n't like him so much as an author as I liked him as a man—a broad-minded, kindly-hearted human being, who was bent on doing what he sincerely believed to be

I KNEW Elbert Hubbard; and I liked him. He was much more a trenchant and pleasing writer than he was an eloquent and convincing speaker. To judge his character from his writings, one would think he was arrogant, opinionative and intolerant; but he was anything else than that. He was as ready to grant free opinion and free speech to others as he was to demand these rights for himself. In private conversation, he was a good listener as well as a good talker. He was a bundle of

right. I did n't subscribe to all the tenets of his philosophy of life—by no means; but I liked to read his articles, because he was a stylist, a master of modern, fluent English—and because he always offered me an opportunity for mental exercise. But most I liked him because he had a sane sense of humor—and did n't take himself or the world too seriously.—*James Ball Naylor.*

Why not have this a World of Friends?

PERHAPS the quickest way of losing confidence in the breadth of human knowledge is to get a man off of his one subject. Hubbard's subject was all subjects. You could no more lead him to a subject that he could not intelligently discuss than you could baffle Edison in electricity. He specialized in versatility.

In nearly all his works he was an anomaly.

He was an old-fashioned farmer who believed in blood and breed. He was an author who could publish his own works, a poet who could run a bank. Welcome in the home of wealth, a lunch-counter satisfied his needs. He was a printer who could sell advertising, an econo-

mist who could make money. As great a moralist as ever wrote in this country, he was accused of having no morals whatever—yet I believe that his ideals were high. Fortune was just, in that the medical profession, at which he always laughed, could have done nothing for him at the end.—*George Batten.*

DAVID BISPHAM desires to announce that, during the season 1915-16, it is his intention to revive the one-act play, *Adelaide*.

This romantic drama, founded on an incident in the life of Beethoven, has been adapted by Mr. Bispham from the German, and in it he appears as the great composer. In the cast will be six persons selected by Mr. Bispham for their musical and dramatic ability. All communications in regard to terms and dates should be addressed to R. E. Johnston, Manager, 1451 Broadway, New York City.

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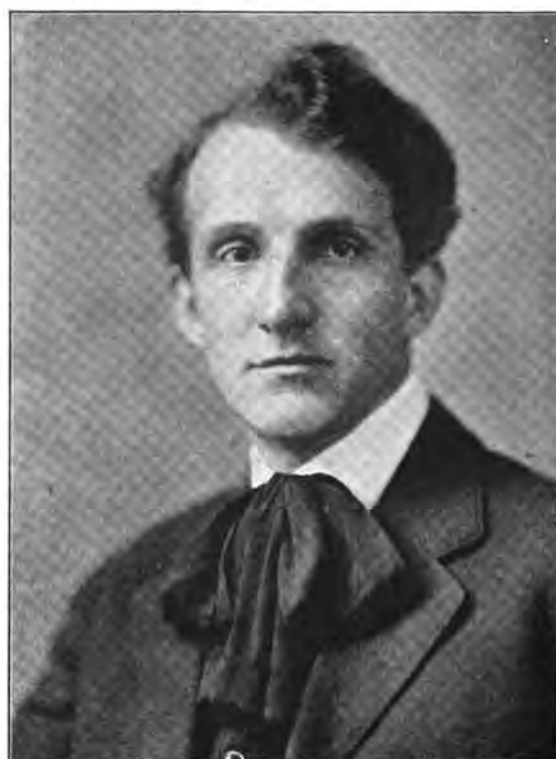
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THE MAN OF THE MONTH

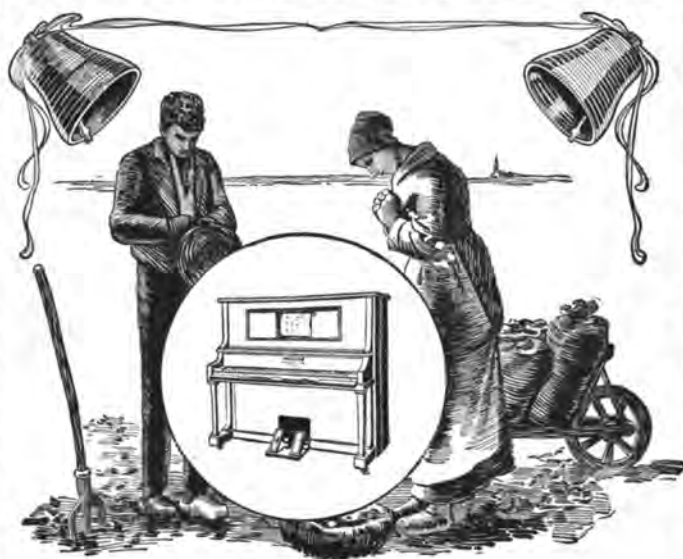


ELBERT HUBBARD II
President

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"Bert" Hubbard has served in the Roycroft Shops for twenty years ; grew up with the Business. He has worked and won promotion in every Department. He knows this Business, its friends, its markets, its possibilities. For eight years he has been Treasurer of this Corporation, and handled the "Practical Business" end.

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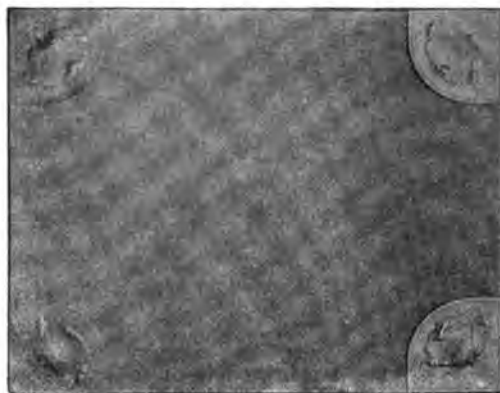
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WRITTEN BY ELBERT HUBBARD II

BRANN and Bob Ingersoll were contemporaries. ¶ Henry Ward Beecher was once asked his opinion of the latter. The famous preacher, who was a firm friend of Ingersoll's, answered, "Robert Burns!" ¶ Brann the Iconoclast may be placed in the same category of red-hot, red-blooded people. ¶ He seared his name on the pages of literature. His pen-point was dipped in picric acid and he wrote on asbestos. His writings are a conglomerate mass of bitter invective and venomous vituperation. But Brann was honest. He wrote vigorously because he felt intensely, and he has left behind him a marvelous record of human emotions—sardonic satire, wholesome wit, and passionate patriotism. ¶ The writings of Brann have been collected and compiled by Herz Brothers, of Waco, Texas, and are now being published by them in a set of two volumes, under the title of *Brann, the Iconoclast*. ¶ In point of binding and printing these books sound the artistic A. The price for the Deluxe Edition—the two volumes bound in Morocco Grain Skiver and printed on Cheltenham Antique Paper, with Marble Linings, Gilt Top and stamped in Gold—is Six Dollars, plus 30 cents for postage. ¶ Bound in cloth, the set is Three Dollars, plus 30 cents for postage. ¶ At all bookstores or order direct from the publishers.

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BEAUTY
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Diameter of
base, 7 1/4 in.
Height, 22 in.



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Conventional Design
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This vase
is made of
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fitted with
a tube of
crystal
glass

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THE ROYCROFTERS
EAST AURORA - - - NEW YORK



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¶ There are things to do on a farm. *I guess!*—and the boy who has done these things is a bigger and a better individual than he who has n't.

¶ Here, at the Interlaken School-On-A-Farm, your boy will learn by doing. Under competent instruction he will be taught to plow, sow, reap and mow, to care for cattle, to use tools and to get the "how" as well as the "why" of things.

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¶ Six hundred seventy acres constitute his classroom. There are tramps a-field and through deep woods; a beautiful lake for bathing or boating; sports a-plenty, right associates; an exceptional school and camp equipment—just the thing the city boy needs most—vigorous, healthful, out-of-door life in the sunshine.

¶ Send your boy to the Interlaken School where he will be free from fads and learn to breathe, think, feel and do—to be useful, manly, healthy and independent.

¶ The Summer Camp Session is open now. Your boy will come in at just the right time. Get catalog and particulars from

INTERLAKEN SCHOOL

EDWARD A. RUMELY, *President*

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*McHughwillow Furniture in Lobby of New Canyon Hotel
Yellowstone Park*

THE WAY OF THE HUBBARDS

IN the March *Fra* was an article by Elbert Hubbard, telling of his little journey through the Yellowstone Park; some of the good words he said about the furniture in one of the

Hotels made us ask permission to use a part of the article; in the absence of Fra Elbertus, the favor was freely granted by Elbert II, who sent a kindly and graceful note, full of friendly feeling —

"Returning," wrote Fra Elbertus himself a few weeks later, "from a little lecture tour, I thank you for the good letter that I find on my table.

"Because you have done so much to add to the beauty and the comfort and the welfare of every one who goes to the Hotel, why not take space in *The Fra* and let me write the ad as a post-script, telling about the furniture and the great satisfaction it gives Mr. and Mrs. Child and of my pleasure in seeing and using it?"

Designed and made in the New York Shops of

JOSEPH P. McHUGH & SON

ESTABLISHED 1878

9 West 42d Street, New York



*Brunswick "Baby Grand"
Pocket Billiard Style*

PLAY BILLIARDS SUMMER EVENINGS!



HE long Summer evenings are here ♠ It is too warm for instructive reading. In dull conversation there is nothing inspiring.

After the day's work there is need for recreation. Not something strenuous. Something more of the mind than of the body. Something in which the whole family can take an active interest; something that will make your home more attractive to your boy than the other fellow's home ♠

Billiards offers that opportunity. With a Brunswick-Balke Baby Grand in the house, all thoughts of "what to do" and "where to go" are forgotten.

Billiards is a game of skill—so easy to learn, but always offering new and interesting problems; new eye-openers of strategy, of skill, of risk. It quickens the mind, rests the body and makes the evening speed along.

¶ The Brunswick-Balke Billiard Tables are well within your buying power. Under our plan of payment you may pay for a Billiard Table at an equivalent of but 20 cents a day.

The Brunswick-Balke Catalog explains all you want to know. Write for it today. There is no obligation.

THE BRUNSWICK-BALKE-COLLENDER COMPANY

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Please send me the free color-illustrated book, "Billiards—The Home Magnet."

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Address.....

Town.....State.....

Another DURHAM DUPLEX Offer!

3,000,000 Shavers Accepted the "Demonstrator" Offer

3 YEARS ago we offered our DURHAM DUPLEX DEMONSTRATOR for thirty-five cents, and up to date three millions "Safety First" Shavers use and approve this beneficent shaving tool.

¶ The DURHAM DUPLEX DEMONSTRATOR has demonstrated that it is a good-looking, superb shaving safety razor with a keen lasting edge, that does its work quickly, slickly and well! It demonstrated that quality throughout, in design, material, construction and finish, may be given for thirty-five cents.

¶ Now we want you to give your DURHAM DUPLEX DEMONSTRATOR away! We want you to show your appreciation of it by passing it on to a Friend.

¶ Do this, and we will send you a DURHAM DUPLEX DOMINO SET—an American-Ivory-Handled Safety Razor, non-slip Safety Guard, Six Blades of Swedish Steel, hardened, tempered, honed and ground to the keenest shaving edge, and a Patent Stropping Attachment.

¶ This \$5.00 kit of Shaving Tools—a creation of superb skill and craftsmanship—enclosed in a handsome roll-leather case—FOR A DOLLAR! You never saw a better looking Shaving Set in your Life. You never used a Better Razor!

¶ Sign the coupon, and enclose \$1.00 in an Envelope.



COUPON:

Here's a DOLLAR. I want the Durham Duplex Domino Set—RUSH!

Name

Address

B U

Any Dealer or
DURHAM DUPLEX RAZOR CO.,
Jersey City New Jersey

OLD MASTER COFFEE

is the coffee of romance. It is reminiscent of flowers and fruit and sunshine—of cloudless, happy days.



OLD MASTER COFFEE

has been used by the epicure for over a century. It is the loving-cup in thousands of American homes.

Its full, rich flavor and alluring aroma distinguish it from any other coffee.

The fruit of pedigreed shrubs, OLD MASTER COFFEE is scientifically roasted and packed in hygienic cans—a dainty and delightful product.

OLD MASTER COFFEE may be had from all high-class grocers or direct from

THE BOUR COMPANY

(Master Makers of Master Coffee)

TOLEDO

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THE quiet Hotel where people of quality meet. Everything you want, with nothing you don't want. When you arrive at the Grand Central, say "Biltmore" to the Red-Cap, and in a minute, without crossing a street and without cab or car, you are AT HOME.



"Am using your Tungsteel razor with splendid satisfaction. Would not take \$5.00 for it."

Robert Hubbard

Shave the *right* way

The Curve makes you shave right

—use the *best* razor—and the best *type* of razor—the kind *real* men use—the only kind you would permit a barber to put on your face—the only kind that will give a clean, "smartless" shave.

Young man, your beard is soft now and any sort of a razor may do, but later on you will realize the necessity for a *regular* razor. Form the right shaving habit now—begin with and routine to use the

"Curved" Shumate

Tungsteel

—the razor that is *guaranteed for life*. Anytime it fails to give satisfaction, we will exchange it without a word. The most prominent men in America are using this razor, and 40,000 dealers sell it under our guarantee. If your dealer cannot supply you we'll send the "Curved" Shumate **\$2.00** Tungsteel postpaid for

Dealers who are not selling Shumates should write at once regarding the line, and our special FREE DISPLAY CASE OFFER.

SHUMATE RAZOR CO. Established 1884
646 Locust Street, ST. LOUIS, MO.



THE "CURVED" SHUMATE TUNGSTEEL

embodies a new, scientific principle. The delicately curved blade gives the new double sliding stroke both in shaving and stropping. By holding the razor at the usual angle, you automatically obtain the stroke which insures a shave equaling that of the best barber. The razor is full concaved, hand ground, honed and stropped; made of the very finest six temper Sheffield English razor steel. Price **\$2.00**

A "Steel Trap" Memory



One that takes a tight grip on facts, figures, names, details of every kind and hangs onto them through life—that's the kind of memory you ought to have and the kind you can have if you will give me ten minutes of your spare time daily for a few weeks. I will make your mind an infallible classified index of the things it is to your advantage to remember—give you power to concentrate, overcome self-consciousness, enable you to think on your feet, and address an audience intelligently without hesitancy and without notes.

The Key to Success
Stop Forgetting

Henry Dickson, Principal, Dickson School of Memory

During the past 23 years I have trained thousands of people to STOP FORGETTING—aided them to greater business and social success—I know positively that the person with a strong, tenacious memory, though he be far behind at the beginning of the race for success, advances and soon outdistances his forgetful rival. The demands of commercial and professional life are so exacting in their details of facts and figures to be remembered, that to succeed or even hold your own you simply must possess a good memory.

Get My Remarkable Memory Test Free

I've had this test copyrighted—it's the most ingenious and most conclusive test for the memory, ever devised. I'll send it to you, free, also a copy of my book "How to Remember" and tell you how to obtain a copy of my De Luxe edition, "How To Speak In Public," a handsomely illustrated 42 book, absolutely free. Don't be handicapped with a poor memory any longer—write me today. Address me personally.

HENRY DICKSON, Principal,
Dickson School of Memory, 903 Hearst Bldg., Chicago

Never Before a Fountain Pen Like This

IT'S transparent. You look right through the heart of the pen and see the Lucky Curve harness Nature's law of capillary attraction and keep the pen from leaking.



SO completely different from any other pen that you'll warm up to it like a hungry man to a square meal. Watch your neighbors take notice when you start using it. For service—it can't be beat. Smooth free ink flow makes writing a pleasure. Get one now while it has the special charm of novelty



Geo. S. Parker

PARKER

LUCKY CURVE

TRANSPARENT FOUNTAIN PEN

Any Parker dealer will gladly show you the Self-filler or the Jack Knife Safety Pens—\$3—\$4—\$5 and \$6. If you can't find a dealer we will send

you the pen on receipt of price. With Level Lock Clip that grips your pocket like a vise but disappears flat to level of barrel when you write, 25c extra.

PARKER PEN COMPANY, 124 Mill Street, JANESVILLE, WISCONSIN
New York Retail Store, Woolworth Building

"No man needs a vacation as bad as the man who has just had one."

—ELBERT HUBBARD



A MESSAGE TO VACATIONISTS BY PROFESSOR SHIRLEY RUFFNER



"What length of time," I recently asked an employer of men, "do you allow your employees for vacation?"

¶ "Four weeks," he replied.

¶ "However," he added, "we require them to be back on the job in two weeks. The other two weeks is time allowed them in which to recover."

¶ This drives home the fact that men consider the vacation a period for dissipation, rather than a season of rest and recuperation.

¶ The first duty of men and women is to take care of the material welfare of themselves and those dependent upon them.

¶ Since the capacity to earn hinges

on the mental, the mental on the physical, then it follows that the basis of all human achievement is—*Health!*

¶ To those who would have health, with all that magic word implies, the *Roycroft Health Home* offers a vacation unique and different. We offer you a season of wholesome pleasure, which will make you stronger, healthier, more livable and lovable. We will start your cosmic engine and lubricate your mental accelerator so that you will go back to the battle of life with added energy, buoyant spirits and a new perspective.

¶ The doors of the *Roycroft Health Home* are wide and welcoming. The open sesame is, "I'm coming!"—whisper it by phone, letter or wire.

**PROFESSOR SHIRLEY RUFFNER, DIRECTOR
ROYCROFT HEALTH HOME, EAST AURORA, NEW YORK**

ROYCROFT RACKS FOR MAGAZINES *and* BRIC-A-BRAC

NO veneer or frills are used to hide poor workmanship in Roycroft cabinetwork. Our woodworkers prefer to rely upon the natural beauty of the wood and the skilful use of tools in the construction of their products.

And here in these two well-conceived, solidly-built pieces of cabinetwork, which have been created to meet a modern need, you have an expression of that feeling.

Note the correct proportions, the roomy shelves, the "heft" of the wood, the secure pinning.

They have usefulness, thoroughness, harmony, and lasting beauty.



MAGAZINE-PEDESTAL
No. 080

14½ x 14½ inches at top
18 x 18 inches at base
63 inches high

Oak, \$22.00 Mahogany, \$27.50

If you are really interested in truly hand-made, genuine furniture, then send for complete catalog of Library, Dining-Room, Den, and Bedroom Furniture.

Prices F. O. B. East Aurora



MAGAZINE-RACK
No. 078

12 x 14 inches at top
16 x 18 inches at base
37 inches high

Oak, \$10.00 Mahogany, \$12.50

THE ROYCROFTERS
EAST AURORA, ERIE COUNTY, NEW YORK STATE



Making Any Money Now?

Why not? Don't you know how to buy and sell profitably under present conditions? Babson Reports keep you informed on business, commodity and investment facts. Avoid worry. Cease depending on rumors or luck. Work in accordance with a definite policy based on fundamental statistics. Particulars sent free. Write to Department F-56 of the

Babson Statistical Organization
Advisory Block Wellesley Hills, Mass.
Largest Statistical Organization of its Character in U. S.

The New Way In Typewriting

A revolutionary new method, totally different from the old touch system, is doubling and trebling salaries of typists in all parts of the country. Already, hundreds formerly earning from \$8 to \$15 a week, are drawing \$25, \$35 and even \$50 weekly and their work is easier than ever before. A wholly new idea. Greatest step since invention of typewriter itself—based on *Gymnastic Finger Training!*

Easy For Every Operator Increases speed from first day's use. Entire system quickly learned at home in spare time. No interference with regular work. Speed and accuracy are what businessmen want, and they will pay worth-while salaries only to those who have it. This new system enables anyone to write

50 to 100 Words a Minute

folded without a single mistake.

So certain are results that we offer the entire course on trial. Costs nothing unless you're fully satisfied.

Send for big illustrated 48-page book explaining system, telling all about the wonderful *Gymnastic Finger Training* and containing letters from hundreds of graduates whose salaries have already been increased \$200, \$300 and up to \$250 yearly.

Write for free book today—a postal will do—no obligation—we'll send it by return post. But don't delay; this announcement may not appear again.

THE TULLOSS TYPEWRITING SCHOOL
8467 College Hill Springfield, Ohio



New Thought Changed Her Whole Life



What's Coming in Nautilus
"How I Made Myself Better Looking," "How I Changed My Home Life Through New Thought," "A Wonderful Cure Through Self-Treatment," "How I Developed My Special Talent," "How I Cured Myself of Drunk," "How I Restored Myself to Health," "Overcoming Nervousness," "Healing Others," and articles by Orison Sweet Marden, Horatio W. Dresser, Ph. D., Edward B. Warman, A. M., Paul Ellsworth, Kate Atkinson Hoschne and others.

SPECIAL OFFER
For 25 cents we will send you Wm. Walker Atkinson's book, "New Thought—Its History and Principles," and a three months' subscription to Nautilus with two back numbers additional. Regular subscription price to Nautilus alone is \$1.50 a year. This is merely a get acquainted offer to give you an opportunity to judge why Nautilus has helped so many thousands. If you act at once, we will also include "What I Know About New Thought," by Ella Wheeler Wilcox. Stamps or coin will do, but write today. Sending for Nautilus may prove the turning point in your life. Money back if not satisfied. Don't delay as this announcement may not appear here again.

The Elizabeth Towne Company Dept. 875 Helys, Mass.

Acquire Another Language This Summer!

Give us a few minutes a day this Summer and we will give you a new language to work with next Fall. This is the age of specialization—But the man who supplements his special training and education with a foreign language, doubles his commercial value and opens up new possibilities and new fields of opportunity.



Send For This Free Book
Simply send us your name and address and we will mail you free "A Treatise on Language Study" and full particulars of trial offer. We will also tell you how you can use your own talking machine (our records fit all) to acquire a foreign language. Write us today.

**FRENCH—GERMAN
SPANISH—ITALIAN**
Is Easily and Quickly Mastered by the

LANGUAGE-PHONE METHOD

and
Rosenthal's Practical Linguistry

This is the natural way to learn a foreign language. The voice of a native professor pronounces each word and phrase, slowly or quickly, for minutes or for hours. Anyone can learn a foreign language who hears it spoken often enough; and by this method you can hear it as often as you like.

It is a pleasant, fascinating study. All members of the family can use it. You practice during spare moments or at convenient times, and in a surprisingly short time you speak, read and understand a new language.

The Language-Phone Method
965 Putnam Building
2 West 48th Street, New York

not put them to the trouble of proving it; we admit it. It is a matter of definition, of terminology. We have self-confidence born of knowledge and of accomplishment. We know something of the doctrine of constants. There is logic which is as sure as the sun. The nation believes in the stars which are in the heavens, and it also believes in the stars which are upon the flag. It knows its history, it understands its constituent elements; it has definite purposes; it expects to go forward; it believes in itself.

None will deny now that the real growth of the nation must be in soberness, in coherence, in balance, in moderation, in

reserve power, in administrative effectiveness, in moral sense, and in respect for law.

The cornerstone principle of our political theory coincides absolutely with the fundamental doctrine of our moral law. All men and women are to be intellectually quickened and made industrially potential to the very limits of sane and balanced character. The moral sense of the people is determined by it, and the nation's greatness is measured by it. Before this fact the prerogative of a monarch

ALL Americans are optimists. There may be a few stopping with us who are not, but they are not Americans. The expectations of the nation are boundless. We will fix no upper limits. These expectations are not gross: they are genuine and sincere, moral and high-minded. They are the issue of mighty world movement; the splendid product of the best thinking and the hardest struggling for a thousand years.

Our critics say that we are boastful. We will

or the comfort of a class is of no account. Before it every other consideration must give way. It is right here that democracies that can hold together surpass monarchies. It is for this reason that the progressive will of an intelligent people is better than the hereditary and arbitrary power of kings.—A. S. Draper.

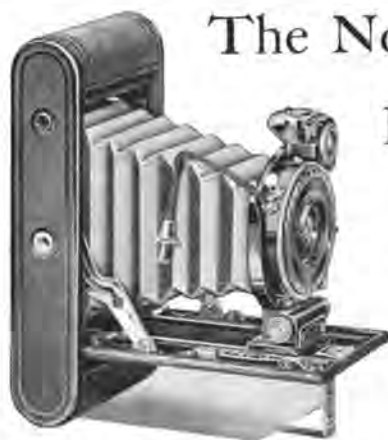
DRUDGING is the gray angel of success: Look at the leaders in the profession, the solid men of business, the master workmen who begin as poor boys and end by building a town to house their factory hands; they are drudges of the single aim—"One thing I do."

Mr. Maydell, the hammer-maker of Central New York, was an artist. "Yes," said he, "I have made hammers for twenty-eight years." "Well, then, you ought to be able to make a pretty good hammer by this time." "No, sir," was the answer; "I never made a pretty good hammer. I make the best hammer made in the United States."

—William C. Gannett.

When love and skill work together expect a masterpiece.—Ruskin.

If it isn't an Eastman, it isn't a Kodak.



The No. 1 Autographic KODAK, *Special*

Small enough to go in your pocket—*conveniently*.

Good enough to do any work that any hand camera will do—*satisfactorily*.

SPEED. The Shutter has a speed of $1/300$ of a second and slower controllable speeds to one second—also has the time and bulb actions, and is large enough to give the full benefit of the anastigmat lenses with which the camera is listed.

QUALITY. All the way through the No. 1 Autographic Kodak *Special* has that mechanical precision, that nicety of adjustment and finish that gives the distinction of "class".

SIZE. The pictures are $2\frac{1}{4} \times 3\frac{1}{4}$ inches; the camera measures but $1\frac{3}{8} \times 3\frac{3}{8} \times 6\frac{3}{8}$ inches, in spite of the fact that its equipment provides for anastigmat lenses of the highest speed.

AUTOGRAPHIC. It is "autographic", of course. All the folding Kodaks now are. You can date and title the negative easily and permanently at the time you make the exposure.

SIMPLICITY. Effective as it is, the Kodak Idea, Simplicity, has not for one moment been lost sight of, there are no complications. The No. 1 Autographic Kodak, *Special*, has the refinements that appeal to the expert—to the beginner it offers no confusing technicalities.

THE PRICE.

No. 1 Autographic Kodak <i>Special</i> , with Zeiss-Kodak Anastigmat lens, f.6.3,	\$45.00
Do., with Cooke Kodak Anastigmat lens, f.6.3, - - - - -	36.00
Do., with Zeiss-Tessar, Series 1c lens, f.4.5, - - - - -	56.00

All Kodak dealers'.

EASTMAN KODAK CO., ROCHESTER, N. Y., *The Kodak City.*

WE are suffering now under the curse of past mistakes of our profession. For thousands of years medical doctors have been educating the public into the false belief that poisonous drugs can give health. This belief has become in the public mind such a deep-seated superstition that those of us who know better and who would like to adopt more sensible, natural methods of cure can do so only at the peril of losing practise and reputation.—Dr. Schwenninger.

THE MILITARY MOOD — CHOPIN'S MARCH MILITAIRE

EXPRESS YOUR MOODS IN
MUSIC

There is no feeling except the extremes of fear and grief that does not find its expression and relief in music. ¶ And there is no Player-Piano that provides a better means for this expression of feelings, this matter of moods, than the *Jesse French Piano-Player*. ¶ Responsive to the slightest variation of touch the *Jesse French Player-Piano* is in closest sympathy with the player. There is almost a feeling of affinity between them, so readily, so accurately and so delicately does it synchronize with the moods. ¶ That is the marked characteristic of the *Jesse French Player* — its sympathetic responsiveness and obedience to the will of the player. ¶ And this result is attained by the Jesse French methods: quality materials, and perfect architectural and mechanical construction. ¶ Thousands of homes have given the *Jesse French Player-Piano* a cozy corner. It banishes the grouch, displaces the glooms and grumps, substituting happiness and good humor. ¶ Why not a *Jesse French Player-Piano* in *Your* home? ¶ Shall we tell you how to get it? ¶ Write us, today.

JESSE FRENCH & SONS PIANO CO., NEW CASTLE, INDIANA

ILLUMINATE YOUR GROUNDS THE UNION
METAL WAY

GET away from the circus idea of illumination — the glare and garishness, the flare and flame of *ordinary* lighting arrangements!

¶ Get the diffused light, the soft, mellow radiance — subdued and restful — that is assured by the Union Metal Lamp Standards.

¶ These graceful, fluted columns of imperishable metal are an ornament and a utility to any residence, grounds or place of business. Crowned with massive globes they are beautiful and attractive.

¶ They are made at the Art Metal Shops of the Union Metal Manufacturing Company, Canton, Ohio — famous for its skilled craftsmen in metal. Their work is superb. Their results unrivaled. And in the illumination of parks, public playgrounds, private estates or residences, their unique products are in increasing demand.

¶ Place your illuminating problems in their hands. You will be eminently satisfied — they GUARANTEE it.

THE UNION METAL MANUFACTURING COMPANY
CANTON, OHIO

THE CHARM OF THE "CHALMERS"

YOU DON'T HAVE TO SEEK THE AID OF THE
NEW STANDARD DICTIONARY TO FIND OUT
WHAT IS THE CHARM OF THE CHALMERS



ALL you need do is ride in one. ¶ Take a little journey into the country one of these beautiful July days, when the air is like wine perfumed with posies. ¶ As you glide along in the CHALMERS you become another being. You slough off your cares—you forget it—as joyously, buoyantly and restfully the CHALMERS carries you up the pine-clad hills, glides through verdant dales and along the tree-canopied roads.

¶ "Carbureter?"—you never think of such a thing!

¶ "Spark-Plug and Magneto?"—what are those things, anyway?

¶ "Stream Line, Tonneau, Chassis?"—who's troubling about them?

¶ You're riding through the country—in a CHALMERS!—that's the answer.

¶ Sure thing! ¶ And that's the charm of the CHALMERS.

¶ The CHALMERS is the car above all others that you can own, drive, or ride in without being "automobile conscious."

¶ And fifty thousand users will tell you the same story.

¶ The CHALMERS is the car of CHARACTER and RELIABILITY.

The Three Graces—The 1915 Chalmers Sixes

The "Master Six" 7-passenger Touring-Car	- - - - -	\$2,400
The "Light Six-48" 5-passenger Touring-Car	- - - - -	1,650
The "New Six-40" 5-passenger Touring-Car	- - - - -	1,400

CHALMERS MOTOR COMPANY, DETROIT



ALICE HUBBARD'S BOOKS



VERY admirer of Alice Hubbard should have in his possession these mind-children of that gifted woman ♣ ♣

¶ Alice Hubbard's books mirror her personality. Never obtrusive, they are quietly insistent and purposeful. They reveal her clarity of thought, her clearness of vision, and that gentle, kindly, gracious nature with which she was endowed ♣ ♣

¶ Alice Hubbard gave forth her thoughts fragrantly. She clothed them in the choicest language, and every page seems like the gradual unfolding of a flower.

¶ Alice Hubbard loved Nature. She loved her fellows. She loved her work ♣ She was a mother. And in *Garnett and the Brindled Cow* she touched the problem of motherhood with a silver wand.

¶ She was a pupil and a teacher. *Life Lessons* is the biography of some great souls. Also, it is almost autobiography — full of incident, interest and inspiration.

¶ She was an economist. *Woman's Work* contains some of Alice Hubbard's finest thought. It teaches economic freedom — the development of men and women side by side through the exercise of brain and body ♣ ♣

¶ Beautifully printed on special paper and handsomely bound by Roycroft craftsmen unsurpassed in such work, the books of Alice Hubbard are a joy to the book-lover.

THE FRA



Packard

SUCCESS BUILT ON GOOD WILL

Recognition of the Packard as a measure of quality is an essential fact of automobile history.

Public endorsement of the Packard, as shown by sales, has increased steadily year after year. As the art progressed, making it possible to build better, the Packard car has been improved. Growth and progress have fostered the mutual regard between the Packard and its patrons.

There never has been an off day in the mechanical development of the Packard car from the old one-cylinder model that represented the highest state of the art then to the wonderful "3-38" and "5-48" models that represent the furthest advance of the art now.

There never has been an off day in the development of the Packard plant

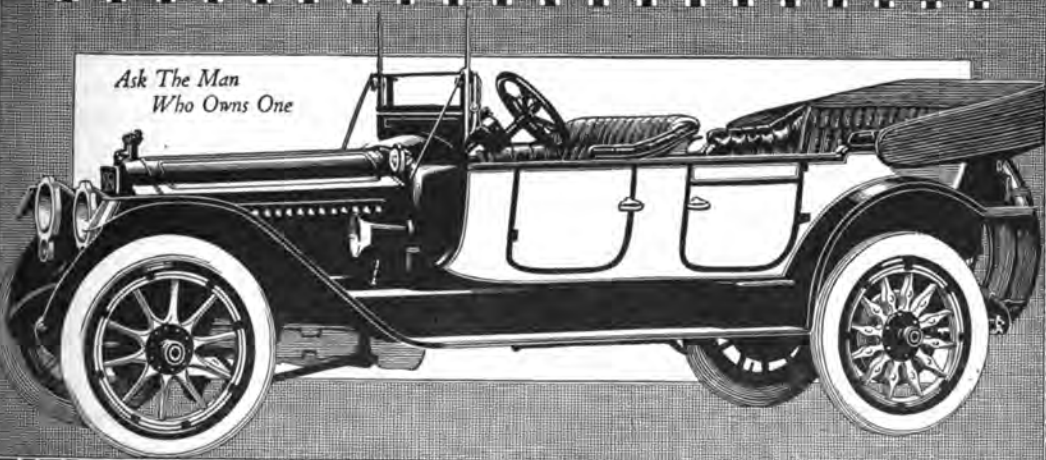
from the small machine shop of 1899 to the highly developed and amazingly efficient factory of the present day.

Always by putting profits into engineering research, improved factory equipment and advanced manufacturing practice, *we have compelled the increased output to pay back into the hands of the public increased value in the goods delivered.*

Price is secondary. We build always the highest attainable quality and the price is fixed by the production cost. As our volume grows and our factory methods advance, we are able to give our patrons better cars at lesser price. The Packard car is the visible sign of a great institution founded on an ideal and perpetuated by good will.

PACKARD MOTOR CAR COMPANY, *Detroit, Michigan*

*Ask The Man
Who Owns One*



ROSS'S

BELFAST

Ginger Ale

(IMPORTED)

“Ross’s Belfast” is the drink of the Optimist—cheerful, vivacious, vigorous and gently stimulating.

It has Old Omar backed off the map—with his “loaf, jug, bough and thou.”

It is the Drink of the happy half-hour.

The best Hotels supply “Ross’s Belfast,” because it is in keeping with their status and enhances their reputation, and because it is in constant demand.

In the most exclusive Clubs, “Ross’s Belfast” is vogue.

On all the big Ocean Liners, “Ross’s Belfast” is largely patronized.

For a cheer-up, pick-me-up mental accelerator, a lunch lubricant, or a “wee deoch o’ doris,” “Ross’s Belfast” serves the purpose with satisfaction to all concerned.

Made by Ross & Sons at Belfast, Ireland, *only*; but shipped to all parts of the World in sealed Bottles, in handy Cases, for Home Consumption.

Concerning your Case now, how about it?

Ask your Dealer to order a Case for you.

W. A. ROSS & SONS, LIMITED
SOLE MANUFACTORY, BELFAST, IRELAND

regain health. When they like a book or a periodical or a kitchen ware they get behind it with all their rich enthusiasm and make the author or the inventor widely known throughout a nation. They strengthen the blow of a reformer and widen the range of a poet. With their breezy man talk they gain the ear of any group. And because they are sincere they hold the attention while they proceed with their story. And what they say being true, they are permitted to call again and say still more in praise of the same product, or shift over from a pickle to a building loan, and repeat their thrills and sales. They create pickaninny characters

THIS is an age of sincere advertising. The “hard hitters,” the “bulldogs,” the “business-getters” of an advertising staff are a crew of forceful young men, drawing pay of from four to twelve thousand a year, who size up the products of an age and then tell about them in swift, compelling words. They let the country clergyman know that there is a meritorious safety-razor for the patient face, and they inform the city clerk of transportation to the sea or the far hills where he can

around a dreary impersonal slab of kitchen cleaner, and raise phantoms of delight with the baking-powder and the yeast of their sales-list. What the man of letters rejects, the advertiser accepts, and from it wrings a blessing. He faces modern life, its inventions, its household devices, its drudgeries, and he releases his playful imagination upon that sober world of trafficking, and touches it to excellence. Fifty years ago a great teacher like Montessori would have worked in obscurity,

THE FRA

California 1915

Go via

Rock Island Lines

Scenic Circle Tours to Pan-Pacific Expositions, 1915

Don't miss the biggest event of a lifetime and don't miss the opportunity to see the greatest scenic sections of the country — go to California via Rock Island Lines. You see more and have a wider choice of routes at no greater cost.

Fast Trains Daily with Choice of Routes — Go One Way, Return Another

Very Low Fares — Long Return Limit

*Automatic Block Signals
Finest Modern All-Steel Equipment
Superb Dining Car Service*

Route of the Famous "Golden State Limited" to
California, "Rocky Mountain Limited" to Colorado

We have offices in all important cities of the country. Our representatives are travel experts who will quote fares, prepare itineraries, make reservations and help you in every way possible. Address



L. M. ALLEN, Passenger Traffic Manager
Rock Island Lines
Room 723 La Salle Station, Chicago, Ill.

*Both Expositions included in one ticket at no extra cost
San Diego — 1915 — San Francisco*

and it would be left for the slow years after death to unfold her work into daylight and wide renown. Hundreds of groping lives would have reached for the idea without grasping it. Fifty years ago Jane Addams would have been a prophet, but not a leader. Today the advertisements of magazines and book publishers carry her patience and her fertile thought to the consciousness of her race. Under publicity her influence is as pervasive as a climate. Only the warriors and the politicians used to be boomed and magnified in their own generation. The face, the voice, the curve of thought, of many cham-

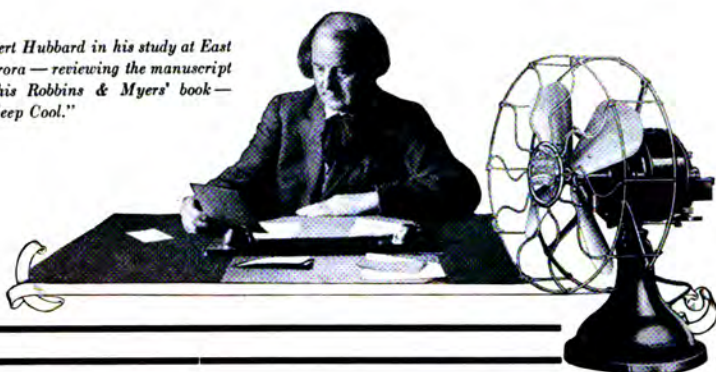
pions are now scattered from the skyscrapers and taught to glow in the twilight of subway stations.—Arthur H. Gleason.

THE bulk of our national lawmakers appear to be lawyers, lawyers and still more lawyers. A few of them have a training that makes them practically businessmen, but these are the high class of corporation attorneys and they are anything but numerous. The type of lawyer who is an enemy to business

is the narrow-minded country lawyer who has been sent to Washington and who is swelled by his importance beyond all proportion to his real ability. A businessman for President and some businessmen in Congress is a consummation devoutly to be wished. The type we have in Congress run after all sorts of strange gods without regard to the effect upon their country.—George R. Meyercord, Chairman of the Legislative Committee of the National Lithographers' Association.

THE FRA

Elbert Hubbard in his study at East Aurora — reviewing the manuscript of his Robbins & Myers' book — "Keep Cool."



Robbins & Myers "Standard"
14-inch Oscillator

Blow, Breezes, Blow—

CIRCULATION is the secret of the universe—the joy that makes the worlds spin—the force that moves the electrons of the atom—the great power that is carrying us On and Up.

¶ And, getting down to Mother Earth, it is the force that makes the air the breath of life—that sends the blood corpuscles merrily on their way—the cooling system of the human power plant—the primer of the mental gas tank.

¶ So—work in comfort—play in comfort—sleep in comfort—live in comfort. Keep the air cool and on the move with a Robbins & Myers "STANDARD" Fan. Stagnation can not exist where there's circulation. For circulation is *life*.

¶ Yes—be a Fan "fan." Air yourself instead of your grievances. Press the button and turn on the breath of the woods, sky and river. Have the comfort and power of the great outdoors "on tap" at your instant command.

**Robbins & Myers
"STANDARD" Fans**



¶ But, don't just say, "I want a fan." Fans, like breezes, vary. Say quietly and knowingly, "I want a Robbins & Myers 'STANDARD.'" That assures you of the master fan with nineteen years fan leadership wrought into it—the fan that anticipates and meets your every need—the fan that makes you a veritable Fan "fan."

All Styles

¶ For any room. For direct or alternating current. All styles—ceiling, desk, bracket, oscillating or exhaust. \$9.00 and up will buy one.

Get This Free Book

¶ Elbert Hubbard has written a charming little book, *Keep Cool*. It is yours for the asking. Send us a postal today. With the book we will also send name of the nearest Robbins & Myers dealer.

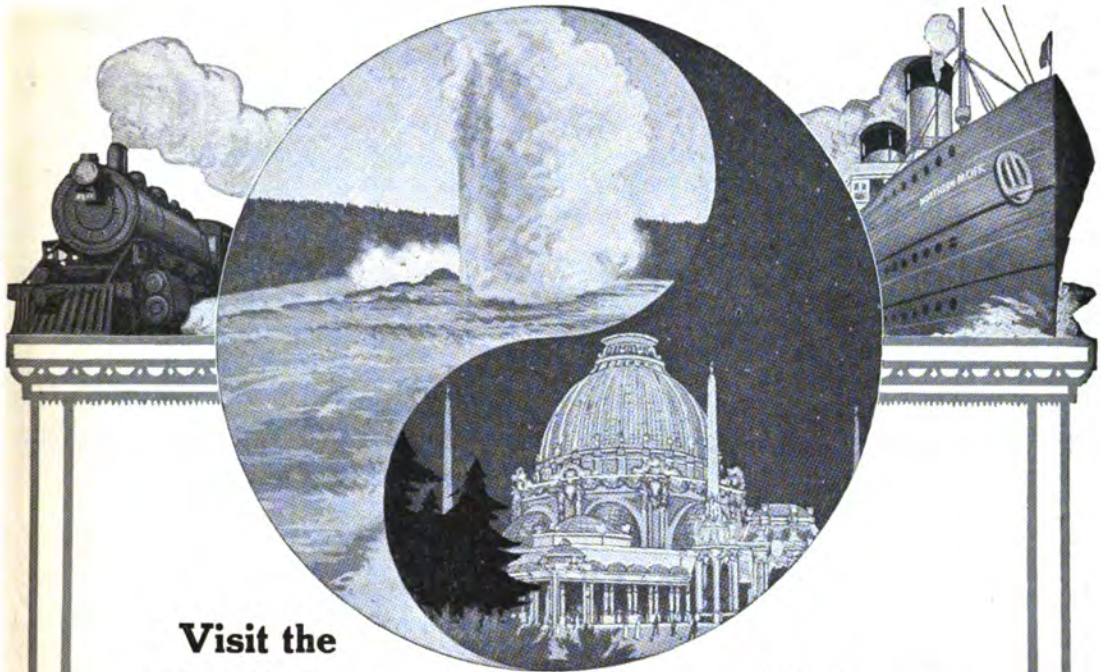
¶ Buying your fan by name—Robbins & Myers—assures you the fan that is noiseless, efficient, durable—the fan that costs but a few cents per week to run.

¶ Now—send for *Keep Cool* today. You will find it interesting, instructive, helpful.

The Robbins & Myers Co., Springfield, Ohio

Branches—New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, St. Louis, Boston, Cleveland, Cincinnati, Rochester, San Francisco.
Agencies In All Principal Cities.

THE FRA



Visit the
California Expositions
This Summer

An educational trip. The San Francisco Exposition is surely one of progress, containing exhibits from more than forty nations and forty-three states of the Union. The San Diego Exposition celebrating the official completion of the Panama Canal, is a work of art and the exhibits portray the accomplishments of the world.

Travel via the
Northern Pacific Railway

Over the Scenic Highway

In through daily transcontinental trains from Chicago, St. Louis and Kansas City direct to the North Pacific Coast points in connection with Steamship Companies at Seattle, Tacoma, Portland, the Great Northern Pacific S. S. Co. at Astoria or the "Shasta Rail Route," to San Francisco. Choice of routes and no additional cost via Puget Sound or along the majestic Columbia River, from Spokane. Stop off at Gardiner Gateway for a tour of

Yellowstone National Park

"Nature's Own World's Exposition"

View the strange phenomena and unequalled beauty of the world's greatest wonderland. The 143-mile coaching trip in comfortable stage coaches provides for a stop each night at large, comfortable modern hotels.

Low Round Trip Excursion Fares Daily Until November 30

Send for illustrated travel literature including Exposition Folder and let us assist you in planning your 1915 vacation.

A. M. CLELAND, Gen. Pass. Agent
516 Northern Pacific Building
St. Paul, Minn.

"SEE AMERICA"



THE FRA

GIFTS FOR THE TRAVELER

Modeled-Leather Articles which make for comfortable traveling
and which are equally useful on the dressing-table.

MANICURE-CASE



Price, \$10.00

Fitted with best imported instruments
Size, open, 6 x 10 inches

STICK-PIN AND CUFF-BUTTON CASE



Price, \$3.50

Modeled in Spanish cowhide and lined with
ooze-morocco. Size, open, 4 1/4 x 9 1/2 inches.

TIE AND CUFF CASE IN MODELED LEATHER



Size, closed, 7 x 19 inches

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Price, \$6.00

Size, 1 3/4 x 4 x 4 inches

CASE FOR TRAVELER'S CUPS

A necessary
convenience
Holds eight
waxed-paper
drinking-cups



Price, \$2.50

HANDKERCHIEF-CASE



Made of Spanish
cowhide, lined
with ooze-mo-
rocco. Modeled
in Grape Design

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Size, closed, 6 x 6 inches

Send for Beautifully Illustrated Catalog of Roycroft Goods—Free

THE ROYCROFTERS - - EAST AURORA, N. Y.

THE FRA

ANOTHER OFFER!



3,000,000 Shavers Accepted the "Demonstrator" Offer

3 YEARS ago we offered our DURHAM DUPLEX DEMONSTRATOR for thirty-five cents, and up to date three millions "Safety First" Shavers use and approve this beneficent shaving tool *se se*

¶ The DURHAM DUPLEX DEMONSTRATOR has demonstrated that it is a good-looking, superb shaving safety razor with a keen lasting edge, that does its work quickly, slickly and well! It demonstrated that quality throughout, in design, material, construction and finish, may be given for thirty-five cents.

¶ Now we want you to give your DURHAM DUPLEX DEMONSTRATOR away! We want you to show your appreciation of it by passing it on to a Friend.

¶ Do this, and we will send you a DURHAM DUPLEX DOMINO SET — an American-Ivory-Handled Safety Razor, non-slip Safety Guard, Six Blades of Swedish Steel, hardened, tempered, honed and ground to the keenest shaving edge, and a Patent Stropping Attachment *se se*

¶ This \$5.00 kit of Shaving Tools — a creation of superb skill and craftsmanship — enclosed in a handsome roll-leather case — FOR A



DOLLAR! You never saw a better looking Shaving Set in your Life. You never used a Better Razor!

¶ Sign the coupon, and enclose \$1.00 in an Envelope.

COUPON:

Here's a DOLLAR. I want the Durham Duplex Domino Set — RUSH!

Name

Address

Any Dealer or **DURHAM DUPLEX RAZOR CO.,**
JERSEY CITY, NEW JERSEY

Speaking of Comfort

THE more you motor the more impressive becomes the fact that *comfort counts*. The degree of pleasure you get out of your car is measured by the amount of comfort you experience riding in it.

Beautiful landscape holds no charms for you if your whole attention is centered in keeping from being bounced out of your seat. Riding smoothly, you can drink in the beauties of things about you, and your ride, instead of being fatiguing, will prove restful and refreshing.

You can enjoy solid comfort over any road, and all that goes with such comfort, by equipping your car with the

Hartford
SHOCK ABSORBER
Makes Every Road A Boulevard

Aside from the comfort the Hartford Shock Absorber gives, there are other considerations:

There will be no jolting, jarring, vibration; no racking of car and parts; less up-keep expense.

There will be less skidding; your car will hold the road with greater surety.

There will be no tire bouncing and there will be considerably more mileage in every tire.

HARTFORD SUSPENSION CO.

E. V. HARTFORD, President
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134 MORGAN STREET
JERSEY CITY, N. J.

Makers of the Hartford Shock Absorber, Hartford Cushion Spring, Hartford Electric Brake, Hartford Auto Jack, Hartford Bumper.

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* Formerly TRUFFAULT-HARTFORD

In fine, you will experience *More Comfort, Greater Safety, Less Expense*. When ordering, mention make, year and model of car. You can have Hartford Shock Absorbers on your new car if you insist.

Our guarantee: Satisfaction or money back.



Makes Every Road A Boulevard

YOU get in life exactly what you put into it. For every effort which you exert, you get a just return—good or bad. For the things you do, you will get paid and paid well if the things you do are worthy and well done. For the things which you should not do, little traits of disloyalty, dishonesty and carelessness—you'll pay and pay and pay. The great scale of Justice always balances in the end, and gives all men their just deserts. And you will get just what you deserve. If you have come unto yourself and are working with a sincerity that pleases your better self, I congratulate you; if you have not, I pity you—but wish you well just

PATRIOTISM is an ancient virtue that flourished long before others which perhaps make in the long run more for human welfare, but are less acclaimed of song and story. Patriotism of a high order of course regards the good of others, especially of others in a body of impersonal humanity, above one's own. But such brotherly love and humanity must logically merge very soon into love of all, including those beyond the bounds of the national unit.—*Mary Stanhope.*

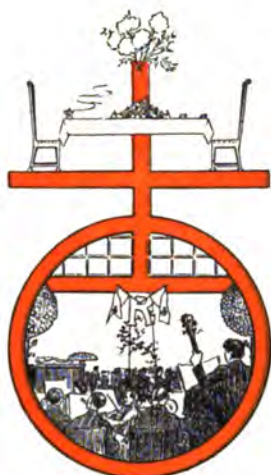
the same and hope you soon will. For it is high time, O Friend, that you did and tried to repay those who have innocently suffered through the mistakes which you yourself have made, by doing some fine and worthy thing.—*James W. Elliott.*

The finest printing, like the finest art in any realm, is temperate, not given to excesses in the form, the color, or the arrangement of its parts.—*Henry Turner Bailey.*

SUNDRY bits of metal manipulated with much skill, some sheets of paper, a little greasy ink, and lo! the master printer sets fairly forth in form enduring the author's story. Be it ministering message of gospel's peace, clarion call to conflict, record of stumbling struggling science, or the fair scroll of the simple in faith, yea, tale of love and history of hate all come flying from the hurrying presses, bearing skilful stamp of true craftsman's art, the touch permanent and attractive of man and machine at best. Speaking all tongues the press pours out to every land the eloquence of the ages. So circulates wisdom of sage, necessities of commerce and consolation of religion's hope—all borne by printing art afar. Thus acts a giant force for greatest good when delicately controlled, thus directed deftly toward elegance of the fair printed page.—*R. I. Clegg.*

The businessman of today has to read, yes, and study and go to the roots of many things, that he may avoid the pitfalls which surround business upon every side.—*Andrew Carnegie.*

AN UNUSUAL VACATION AT THE ROYCROFT INN



OWHERE in America will you find a place like the Roycroft. A beautiful Inn invites you, intelligent companionship, jolly times; charming country, woods and glens, great stretches of fine fields, a winding stream! Horses for riding, Automobiles, Farm, Camps, dances in the Grove and at the Inn, out-of-door frolics. Old clothes or not, as you please. Mix, or hold your peace. All that makes up a life of wide-awake interest, cultured endeavor. Freedom from petty restraints. That's Roycroft.

¶ You'll be welcome for a meal—a day—a month—or a year! Come any time that suits you—only soon.

¶ East Aurora is thirty minutes from Buffalo on the Pennsylvania Railroad. Automobiles meet the trains. A fine brick boulevard runs all the way from Buffalo to East Aurora, to speed-on Autoists.

¶ You're expected any time.

¶ Rates, \$2.50 and up. American Plan, Satisfying Meals. Out-of-door Sleeping-Rooms. Plenty of Baths. Quiet. Understanding!

THE ROYCROFT INN

EAST AURORA, ERIE COUNTY, NEW YORK

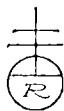
THE greatest good fortune that could befall the world would be a general reading by all peoples of the writings of Thomas Paine—as pertinent in Nineteen Hundred Fifteen as when they first came fresh from the presses at the close of the Eighteenth Century.

—*W. M. Van der Weyde.*

Concentrate all your thoughts upon the work in hand. The sun's rays do not burn until brought to a focus.—*Alexander Bell.*

Some Roycroft Printing Customers

1. John Wanamaker
2. Standard Oil Co.
3. Oliver Plow Works
4. New York Central Railroad
5. United States Rubber Co.
6. John B. Stetson & Company
7. J. B. McCreary Company
8. Mack Brothers Motor Car Company
9. Kalamazoo Vegetable Parchment Company
10. A. L. Ide & Sons
11. Steger & Sons Piano Mfg. Company
12. The Owl Drug Company
13. Hartford Lunch Company
14. Embalmer Supply Company
15. C. E. Shoemaker & Company
16. Bills Brothers
17. Buffalo Pottery
18. Schoellkopf Aniline & Chemical Works, Inc.
19. The Yellowstone Park Hotel Company
20. Wayne Knitting Mills
21. Edward Everett Cady, D. D. S.
22. Col. Chas. W. Bopp
23. Chalmette Laundry Company
24. Mentholatum Company
25. J. L. Hopkins & Company
26. Jas. S. Wilson & Son
27. Power City Bank
28. Pittsburgh Taxicab Company
29. Denny-Renton Clay & Coal Company
30. H. L. Doherty & Company
31. Franklin Life Insurance Company
32. Wm. H. Hoops & Company
33. J. W. & A. P. Howard & Company.
34. Hotel Sherman, etc.



Will you let us Bid on your Fall Printing? *Eight Reasons Why!*

- First*— The Roycroft Printshop is situated in a Village and the Building and Equipment are paid for—there is small “overhead.”
- Second*— The very large Book and Magazine Work that we do pays well for superior *superintendence*.
- Third*— Because of the vast volume of Ink and Paper we use we can *underbuy* nine Printers out of ten—anywhere!
- Fourth*— The Wage Scale is the same as in New York, Chicago, Boston—No higher! No lower!
- Fifth*— Naturally, we attract high-grade Printers because the man with Brains likes to use them and get away from the treadmill! Many Roycroft Printers have won Prizes in International Competition.
- Sixth*— You will find Roycroft Prices compare favorably with the prices you pay now! And you will find that we are as much interested in giving you good work as you are in receiving it.
- Seventh*— Whether the work you have in mind is a letterhead, a little folder, a booklet, or a pretentious catalog, we are equipped with men, machinery and materials to serve you well.
- Eighth*— It will not cost you one cent to let us “bid” on your next job and submit samples and suggestions. You want something “different”—give us our chance.

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ROYCROFT SHOPS, EAST AURORA, N. Y.**

THE FRA

COMES IN
LIGHT-PROOF,
AIR-TIGHT,
DUST-PROOF,
TINS



HALF-PINTS	
8 oz.....	\$.25
FULL PINTS	
16 oz.....	.50
FULL QUARTS	
32 oz.....	1.00

POMPEIAN OLIVE OIL IS ALWAYS FRESH — AND WHY!

THE Dealer who sells Pompeian Olive Oil is urged by us never to order more than a **THIRTY-DAY SUPPLY**. No extra discounts are given him on **LARGE Orders**—and in consequence Pompeian Olive Oil is always “**New Stock**” — **FINE and FRESH**.

Each and every Shipment of Pompeian Olive Oil, which comes to us in Casks from Abroad, is stored in cool, dark, glass-lined Tanks; kept like butter is kept in a Creamery. It is packaged from day to day to meet the demand. In this manner the full “**Fruity Flavor**” of the choice Mediterranean Olives is retained.

Pompeian Olive Oil is **MORE** than just **PURE** — it is **Tasty and Palatable**.

Pompeian Olive Oil is never sold in bulk. You may purchase it in full-measure Half-pint, Pint or Quart **SEALED Tins** — air-tight and light-proof — from Grocers and Druggists. Order a Tin Today!

SEND FOR SALAD RECIPE BOOK. IT'S FREE!

POMPEIAN CO.,

COCA-COLA BLDG.,

BALTIMORE, MD.

★ **POMPEIAN OLIVE OIL**

FRIENDLY LETTERS

Dear Mr. Hubbard:

July 16, 1915.

I have just seen a copy of "The Fra" for July, and I hasten to congratulate you upon the splendid article dedicating yourself to continue your father's work.

I don't know when I have read anything that impressed me as much as this article by you.

I am quite sure that all of your father's friends—and they were legion—will be more than glad to rally to your support and help you make as big a reputation in your own way as your father made in his way.

With kindest regards, I am,

Sincerely yours,

HUGH CHALMERS

EDMOND R. MORAS, M. D.

Highland Park, Ill., July 15, 1915.

I am very grateful to you for writing me at length regarding intended changes in *The Fra*, and Mrs. Moras and I believe that the new regime, as you aptly describe the changes and additions, will greatly enhance the circulation as well as the mission of *The Fra*.

E. R. MORAS, M. D.

NEW YORK CENTRAL LINES

Grand Central Terminal, New York, July 15, 1915.

You surely have my heartiest wishes for your entire success in every department of the wonderful Roycroft enterprise, and I may add I have the conviction that you will be successful. Certainly that will be the case if intelligence, enthusiasm and hard work count for anything.

P. V. D. LOCKWOOD.

REGAL MOTOR CAR COMPANY

Detroit, Michigan, July 9, 1915.

I have been wondering ever since the terrible news broke upon us, what would become of the Roycroft Shop, and I am more than glad to see that Elbert Hubbard the Second is to continue the work of his father. This is one of the greatest tributes he could pay to him, and I am sure that he will receive even more encouragement than he says he will on the last page of the Text of *The Philistine*. Elbert Hubbard will say more than "Good boy Bert, Good Boy!" He will find every day that more of his father is in him than he realizes and likewise the world will benefit.

R. H. CROOKER.

HUNT BROTHERS COMPANY

San Francisco, Cal., July 8, 1915.

I wish you success with your work, and believe *The Fra* will prosper even though Mr. Hubbard has been taken from it.

Yours very truly,

J. H. HUNT,

President.

THE ORDER OF RAILROAD TELEGRAPHERS

Chicago, Ill.

Your monument to your glorious father, the passing of his *Philistine*, is a tribute to him that only a great mind could have evolved. You have proven yourself to be his son.

CALVIN H. MEADOR,

General Chairman.

THE SINCLAIR & MORRISON CO.

Lima, Ohio.

We will all miss *The Philistine*, but I think you decided wisely. It belonged to Elbert Hubbard and him alone.

I am a stranger to you, but I believe in your work and I wish you and those connected with you all the success possible.

E. A. DEAN,

Secretary.

KALAMAZOO LOOSE LEAF BINDER CO.

Kalamazoo, Michigan., July 7, 1915

I wish for you the very best of success in the work which you have set for yourself to do. I feel confident that your connection with Mr. Hubbard and the work which you necessarily had to do in connection with his Magazines will fit you probably better to carry out the work that he started, as you will couple with this training your own natural ability and initiative.

GEO. P. WIGGINTON.

Col. F. L. Seeley,

Grove Park Inn,

Asheville, N. C.

July 14, 1915.

My good Friend: I have just read the final *Philistine*. It bears the marks of genius on every page—a wonderful number. And somewhere it must have pleased Alice and Elbert Hubbard to digest that manly statement of Bert Hubbard. He's a man, all right.

With all good wishes, I am

Sincerely yours,

A. M. HOPKINS.

FORREST & FORREST

Memphis, Tenn., July 5, 1915.

My Dear Mr. Hubbard:

From the viewpoint of a layman I believe a monument would be perpetuated to the late Mr. Hubbard by the continuance of *The Philistine*, and it would appear from what Mr. Hubbard said (Page 42): "I have it arranged who will take my place," it was his will—his life-work should be continued.

GEO. L. FORREST.

THE THOMAS DREIER SERVICE

Cambridge, Mass., July 15, 1915.

Mr. Bert Hubbard,

East Aurora, N. Y.

My Dear Bert Hubbard:

I owe more to your father than to any other man who influenced my life.

A letter telling the whole story will go to you in a day or so. I know that you and Felix have a big job, but I also feel that you are big enough to handle it.

THOMAS DREIER.

DEWEY & DEWEY

Clyde, Ohio, July 10th, 1915.

Mr. Bert Hubbard,

East Aurora, N. Y.

Friend and Brother:

I have just finished reading *The Philistine*, and at first was in sorrow that it should pass out with your father. On second thought, however, I am going to congratulate you upon your wisdom in discontinuing it, at least for the present, it may be that as time goes on and you grow, as you must and will, new light will come to you, and on some anniversary of your father's departure you may be inspired to resurrect it.

THOS. P. DEWEY.

THE WELTMER INSTITUTE

Nevada, Mo., July 15, 1915.

Elbert Hubbard II,

My Dear Sir:

I congratulate you upon the firm grasp you have taken of the Roycroft enterprises, and while I do not know anything about your reasons for discontinuing the Bank, I am sure that you display good judgment in discontinuing *The Philistine*, as no one believes that any one could fill Elbert Hubbard's place on *The Philistine*, and the fact that you realize this has, I believe, answered the question in nearly every one's mind—whether you would be able to successfully carry on the work of *The Roycrofters*.

SIDNEY A. WELTMER,

Supt. Weltmer Institute of Suggestive Therapeutics.

HAMILTON BROWN SHOE COMPANY

St. Louis, Mo., July 6, 1915.

I am glad to learn that you are going to continue *The Fra*. I, with a host of others, know that we will miss the great man who has gone, and sympathize with you and the other Roycrofters in your loss. It is indeed a very trying position to carry on the work of "Fra Elbertus."

W. H. MONTAGUE.

PACKARD MOTOR CAR COMPANY

Detroit, Michigan., July 8, 1915.

In my humble judgment you have adopted the right course, and you have my sincere good wishes for the continued success of the Roycroft enterprise.

Elbert Hubbard's work should live after him.

F. G. EASTMAN.

THE FRA

THE EVENING MAIL

New York, N. Y., July 15, 1915.

My Dear Mr. Hubbard:

Just a word of appreciation to you for your really wonderful statement about yourself and your purposes in the July number of *The Fra*. Success be with you! You may count on my co-operation whenever an opportunity comes!

Sincerely yours,
EDWARD A. RUMLEY.

Marion, Ohio, July 16, 1915.

Believe me, my dear fellow, as one of your friends, not alone for your father's sake, not alone in his memory, but for the confidence you inspire in your own character, disposition and good judgment.

The spirit and courage you manifest bespeaks success in this your great undertaking; so I feel safe in the prediction that your ideas and ideals will find easy development ingrafted as they are upon the parent tree.

Sincerely,
C. E. SAWYER, M. D.

Oakland, Cal., July 12, 1915.

Mr. Bert Hubbard,
East Aurora, N. Y.

Dear Mr. Hubbard:

Have just received the "Valedictory" number of *The Philistine*, and though I am among the 99-year subscribers and shall miss the monthly issue, I am in hearty accord with your noble thought of dedicating *The Philistine* as a monument to your late father.

G. H. T. MAHNCKI
1432 Broadway

BREARLEY-HAMILTON COMPANY

Grand Rapids, Mich., July 14, 1915.

I remember asking Mr. Hubbard, when I entertained him in Grand Rapids about two years ago, what would become of *The Philistine* when he passed away, and he made the prediction that it would cease, but that the balance of the business was well organized, so would continue to grow and even exceed beyond what he had been able to do for it. I am certainly hoping his prediction will come true and that you will be a means of bringing this to pass.

C. B. HAMILTON.

THE TRANSPORTATION CLUB

New York, N. Y., July 20, 1915.

Mr. Bert Hubbard,
My Dear Sir:

Am indeed sorry to see in my July issue of *The Philistine* that this is to be the last. I agree however with you, and appreciate how you feel in the matter. I met your father and spent a few hours with him on, I believe, next to his last visit to the City.

Believe me,

Yours very truly,

JOHN FULTON, JR.

Lynchburg, Va., July 16, 1915.

"Bert" Hubbard,
East Aurora, N. Y.

Dear Mr. Hubbard:

I have just read your delicate tribute to your father, and the manly dedication of your initial number of *The Philistine* convinces me that you are a son of your father, with your father's heart and intellect. Although I never saw him I knew him intimately through his works, and I felt that I had lost a personal friend when the *Lusitania* went down. But after reading the last *Philistine* I feel that I can take you by the hand and continue the friendship.

L. D. SMITH.

CHICAGO SOCIETY OF RATIONALISM

1141 Wilson Ave., Chicago

Mail Address Park Ridge, Ill., July 16, 1915.

Dear Mr. Hubbard:

I wish to commend your decision to discontinue *The Philistine*.

That incomparable magazine was so thoroughly Elbert Hubbard that it were almost sacrilege to have it survive him. Your action is a delicate and beautiful tribute to his memory—a tender and fitting homage to his genius.

Very truly yours,
J. E. ROBERTS.

Oshkosh, Wis., July 17, 1915.

I have been intending to write you since receiving the July (1915) "Valedictory." The last number of "So Here, Then, Endeth *The Philistine*," I have somehow anticipated and expected this is just what you would do.

I have had some knowledge of your temperament, and you feeling as you have expressed yourself in this last number shows that you are the son of your father.

WM. J. WAGSTAFF.

EUREKA COFFEE CO.

Buffalo, N. Y., July 16, 1915.

I have just read your article in the July issue of *The Fra*, and could not refrain from writing you and wishing you the best of success, which I feel sure you will have. Any man with the courage you have, and possessing the qualifications you do, must succeed regardless of your not having a college education, which is no crime to those that have.

THOS. CUMPSON.

THE WALTER M. LONEY COMPANY

Boston, Mass., July 7, 1915.

We agree with you that you have acted wisely in discontinuing *The Philistine*. Divorced from Elbert Hubbard, *The Philistine* would mean practically nothing.

At this time, permit us to wish you the best of success in your new endeavor with *The Fra*.

HARRY B. WELLMAN.

SAXON MOTOR COMPANY

Detroit, Michigan, July 10, 1915

I wish you and Bert Hubbard great success. I believe you will have it. I think that Bert Hubbard's statement in this issue of *The Philistine* was admirable; it was frank, manly and businesslike. I think it will surely win him thousands of friends among the readers of *The Philistine*.

Yours very truly,
H. W. FORD.

JOHNSON EDUCATOR FOOD COMPANY

Boston, Mass., July 9, 1915.

Bert Hubbard is a wise boy. He appreciates the real situation, and in making no attempt to carry on *The Philistine*, originated by his father, he is paying him the greatest compliment possible.

F. N. BARBOUR.

WALTHAM WATCH COMPANY

Waltham, Mass., July 9, 1915.

Your decision to discontinue *The Philistine* is a most commendable tribute to its originator, and the last number which you so kindly sent me is an especially fitting conclusion.

Yours very truly,
HARRY L. BROWN.

Vincent, Ohio, July 10, 1915.

The Roycrofters,
East Aurora, N. Y.

Dear People:

I have just finished reading Bert's manly talk to The Roycrofters at large, in *The Philistine*.

To Bert I am a stranger, but I can not help to feel and know that the message was straight from his heart.

Yours Sincerely,
H. W. HAYES.

THE RAUCH & LANG CARRIAGE CO.

Cleveland, Ohio., July 8, 1915.

I trust *The Fra* in its new regime will surpass the best issue which was ever published.

A. C. FAEH.

ADVERTISING AND SELLING

New York, N. Y., July 8, 1915.

I am sure that the success of the new concentration under the old inspiration will be complete for you all.

Sincerely yours,
ROBERT C. GILMORE.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY

St. Louis, Mo., July 6, 1915.

The Fra represents The Roycrofters.

There should be no doubt about your making *The Fra* one of the most potent, as well as notable magazines of the age, and I shall take great pleasure in keeping thoroughly posted on the progress you are making.

ROY B. SIMPSON.

Focus Your Forces



YOU CAN DEVELOP your mental powers to a hitherto undreamed-of effectiveness.

YOU CAN USE the law of attraction to get what you want. **YOU CAN DIRECT** your desire energy into productive channels.

YOU CAN USE the law of non-resistance so as to insure your happiness and verify a better outlook on life.

The New Thought Methods

By a proper application of New Thought you can accomplish the above. Just how to do it is explained in "Thought Force For Success" by Elizabeth Towne.

For 10 Cents you can get a copy of "Thought Force For Success" and three months trial subscription to NAUTILUS, the leading magazine of the New Thought and mental healing movement. Elizabeth Towne and William B. Towne are editors. Edwin Markham, Paul Ellsworth, Orion Swett Marden, Edward B. Warman, A. M., Horatio W. Dresser, Ph. D., Lida M. Churchill, Thomas Dreier and others are regular contributors. Send now and for prompt action we will include the booklet, "How to Get What You Want."

The Elizabeth Towne Company
Dept. 587 Holyoke, Mass.

PIG-PEN PETE or SOME CHUMS of MINE BY ELBERT HUBBARD

ELBERT HUBBARD wrote many books, but none that gave him the same amount of concrete satisfaction that this volume did. It is a book of animal stories—twenty-three merry tales in all, of dogs, cats, chickens, guinea, horses, mules, cows, calves, birds, rabbits and lobsters.

The stories are all more or less humorous, but in them is a vein of earnest appeal for gentleness, kindness and consideration toward our dumb brothers.

It is a book for children and grown-ups. It is sure to appeal to any one who loves the great open, and whose heart goes out to all the living things.

The volume is beautifully printed on "Strathmore," and is a book of which the art-collector will be proud.

Bound in semi-flexible pig-grain . . . \$2.00
Hand-illuminated copies in "Art Pig," numbered and signed by the author . . . 5.00

THE ROYCROFTERS, EAST AURORA, N. Y.

A "Steel Trap" Memory

One that takes a tight grip on facts, figures, names, details of every kind and hangs onto them through life—that's the kind of memory you ought to have and the kind you can have! You will give me ten minutes of your spare time daily for a few weeks. I will make your mind an infallible classified index of the things it is to your advantage to remember—give you power to concentrate, overcome self-consciousness, enable you to think on your feet, and address an audience intelligently without hesitancy and without notes.

The Key to Success Stop Forgetting

During the past 28 years I have trained thousands of people to STOP FORGETTING—aided them to greater business and social success—I know positively that the person with a strong, tenacious memory, though he be far behind at the beginning of the race for success, advances and soon outdistances his forgetful rival. The demands of commercial and professional life are so exacting in their details of facts and figures to be remembered, that to succeed or even hold your own you simply must possess a good memory.

Get My Remarkable Memory Test Free
I've had this test copyrighted—it's the most ingenious and most conclusive test for the memory ever devised. I'll send it to you, free, also a copy of my book, "How to Remember," and tell you how to obtain a copy of my De Luxe edition, "How to Speak in Public," a handsomely illustrated \$2 book, absolutely free. Don't be handicapped with a poor memory any longer—write me today. Address me personally.

HENRY DICKSON, Principal,
Dickson School of Memory, 953 Heart Bldg., Chicago



Henry Dickson, Principal, Dickson School of Memory

THE MAN OF SORROWS BY ELBERT HUBBARD

A STORY honestly told, of the life of one who has influenced the Western Civilization for two thousand years

In Three-quarters Levant Binding \$5.00

Modeled-Leather Binding, \$20.00

Full-Levant Binding, \$25.00, 30.00, 35.00, 40.00, 50.00, 100.00

THE ROYCROFTERS, EAST AURORA, N. Y.

his ken and conscience and sympathy his family, his clan and tribe, his nation, and the world.

The test of spiritual growth is the measure of inclusion wherewith the sacred Self, in rising and expanding spiral, comes into serviceable relationship with the rest of the race.

So, too, the measure of the human worth of a nation is the extent and degree of its friendly and helpful relations with the other nations of the earth.

The people that indulges in the dream of world-wide dominion reveals therein its enmity towards the democracy of nations.

We, of America, aspire as Americans to love and to serve our

land, and to make America strong and great and deeply and broadly human, in order that we may the more wisely love and the more ably serve each member of the family of nations, and, through the growth and life of our people, promote the progress of the world.—Charles Fleischer.

All people have equal luck, only some let their luck leak. And the leak usually occurs by way of the mouth.—General Joffe.

DEMOCRACY is the law of peoples as it is of persons.

It means the organization of the society of nations, as of individuals, on the basis of respect for each.

As one man is no man, so one nation is no nation. We are members all of one another, each bound with all in the bundle of life.

By age-long process, gradually men have grown into a larger, more inclusive sense of one another—the individual embracing in

THE FRA

WOMAN'S traditional function has been to make her dwelling-place both clean and fair. Is that dreariness in city life, that lack of the domesticity which the humblest farm dwelling presents, due to a withdrawal of one of the naturally co-operating forces? If women have in any sense been responsible for the gentler side of life which softens and blurs some of its harsher conditions, may they not have a duty to perform in our American cities?

If woman would fulfil her traditional responsibility to her own children; if she would educate and protect from danger factory children who must find their recreation on the street; if she would bring the cultural forces to bear upon our materialistic civilization; and if she would do it all with the dignity and directness fitting one who carries on her immemorial duties, then she must bring herself to the use of the ballot—that latest implement for self-government. May we not fairly say that American women need this implement in order to preserve the home?—*Jane Addams.*

To go fast, go slow.

If it isn't an Eastman, it isn't a Kodak.



The No. 1 Autographic KODAK, Junior

Now fitted with the new Kodak Anastigmat Lens, *f.* 7.7 and the Kodak Ball Bearing Shutter.

Price, \$15.00

Here are efficiency *and* economy.

THE LENS. The Kodak Anastigmat *f.* 7.7 lenses are slightly faster than the best Rapid Rectilinears. But their marked superiority lies in the perfect definition (sharpness) which they give up to the very corners of the picture. They are not as fast as the most expensive anastigmats, but they are fast enough for the usual hand camera work and no lens gives *sharper results*. Made exclusively for use on hand cameras, they meet the hand camera requirements.

THE SHUTTER. The No. 1 Kodak Ball Bearing Shutter furnished with the anastigmat equipped No. 1 Autographic Kodak, Junior, has variable speeds of 1/25, 1/50 and 1/100 of a second, and the usual time and "bulb" actions. It is accurate, reliable and remarkably free from jerk or jar.

AUTOGRAPHIC. It is "autographic," of course. All the folding Kodaks now are. You can date and title the negative easily and permanently at the time you make the exposure.

A BIT OF DETAIL. The No. 1 Autographic Kodak, Jr. makes pictures 2 1/4 x 3 1/4 inches. It measures 1 1/8 x 3 3/8 x 6 3/8 inches. Has brilliant, reversible, collapsible finder, tripod sockets for both vertical and horizontal exposures; covered with fine seal grain leather and is well made in every detail. Simple to use, efficient in its work and economical to operate.

THE PRICE.

No. 1 Autographic Kodak, Junior, with No. 1 Kodak Ball Bearing shutter and Kodak Anastigmat lens, <i>f.</i> 7.7, - - - - -	\$15.00
Do., with No. 0 Kodak Ball Bearing shutter and Rapid Rectilinear lens, - - - - -	10.50
Do., with meniscus achromatic lens, - - - - -	9.00
Autographic Film Cartridge, 6 exposures, 2 1/4 x 3 1/4, - - - - -	.20

All Kodak dealers'.

EASTMAN KODAK CO., ROCHESTER, N. Y., *The Kodak City.*

IT fills me with joy when I think of the many changes that will be brought about when women have the right of suffrage. They will defy the politicians and vote as any Christian man should and would vote if he had the moral courage.—*Bishop Bernard J. McQuaid.*

Within from ten to fifteen years the women of this country, from the Pacific to the Atlantic, will be given the just and equal rights of American citizenship.

THE FRA



*Brunswick "Baby Grand"
Pocket Billiard Style*

HOME HAPPINESS— HERE'S A CUE



ND it's Home Billiards played on a Brunswick Baby Grand! ❏ Home Billiards keeps the heart young, the senses alert and prevents your nerves from getting on the outside of your clothes.

❏ It keeps parents young, gives sons and daughters an added home pleasure, provides a means for delightful intercourse. ❏ ❏

❏ In thousands of homes, the Brunswick Baby Grand has made father and son, daughter and mother, real chums; and materially added to the family felicity.

❏ Home billiards enables you to "forget it," and your children to remember and appreciate their home, and that "hour with dad."

❏ Bless your home with billiards! Get the Brunswick Baby Grand shown on this page—it's a pippin!

❏ Thirty days free trial, outfit free, and you can pay for it on easy terms, as low as twenty cents a day!

❏ The coupon will bring you fuller information and a beautifully illustrated booklet of the superb creations of the Brunswick-Balke-Collender people—the finest Billiard Table Makers in the world.

❏ *Write for it today.*

THE BRUNSWICK-BALKE-COLLENDER COMPANY

Dept. 16-T, 623-633 S. WABASH AVENUE, CHICAGO

Please send me the free color-illustrated book, "Billiards—The Home Magnet."

Name.....

Address.....

Town.....State.....

THE FRA

THE FRA, SEPTEMBER, 1915

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THE FRA

HAIL, THE NEW FRA!

I have been reading the August number of *The Fra*. It is fine, and I believe it will hit the crowd. Put me down on your subscription list. I enclose Two Dollars. When you get all the money there is in New York, come down to Baltimore to spend it; and, if they will not let you off up there, I shall get out a habeas corpus for you, for you also belong to us.

Mayor's Office, Baltimore, Md.

James H. Preston.

Hearty congratulations on the new *Fra*—it shoulders up bravely, and the number, as a whole, is a strong and well-rounded one—your Felicitations not apologizing to anything else in the menu. You have the red corpuscle and you have thoughts. All in all it is a brave and auspicious beginning of the New Era.

South Norwalk, Conn.

Michael Monahan,
Editor "The Phoenix."

I have read Elbert Hubbard very closely for fifteen years. A continuation of *The Philistine*, something so essentially a part of the man, so characteristic of him, was hardly to be expected; but Hubbard drew around himself a group of thinking, able, yes brilliant writers, who can and should assist the editor in making *The Fra* one of the most valuable publications of today.

Judging by the August number I bespeak a markedly successful future for it.

You are to be congratulated that Felix "came back."
Atlanta, Ga.

Spencer R. Stone, M. D.

The New *Fra* proves to me that you are a worthy follower in the steps of the "Pastor."

Nothing will please him better than to watch the growth of his pet venture.

Trusting you will stay at the helm and fix the feet of "Felix," so they will not wander away from Roycroft, and ever wishing you well.

W. N. Jennings Co., Philadelphia.

S. T. Jennings.

Just to add one word as to first edition of *Fra*:
EXCELLENT!
Solarine Company,
Emerson Tower, Baltimore, Md.

H. A. Allers.

I think your August issue is a highly creditable one.
Packard Motor Car Company,
Detroit, Mich.

F. G. Eastman.

I have just finished a copy of the New August *Fra*, and I want to tell you that I think it is **THERE**: butcher-paper cover, printing and all—**THERE** emphatically. I have read each article with much enjoyment, the *Felicitations* getting me particularly.

30 Church St., New York, N. Y.

Arthur Linden.

I perused the August *Fra* with a great deal of pleasure, and if this number is the forerunner of future *Fras* just as good, I am promising myself a pleasant journey into its depths each month.

I consider it good stuff to feed one's intellect, especially the fellow like myself situated in a small town. I receive ideas which benefit me immensely.

Mann & Kretschman,
Fancy and Staple Groceries,
Otterbein, Ind.

Harry Kretschmann.

I must congratulate you on your August *Fra* in appearance and contents. If you can keep up dealing out stuff like that—you and *The Fra* are a go. I felt you'd have a big task, and feel so yet, but you seem to measure up to it.

Zanesville, Ohio.

Adolph Loeb.

This morning when I received my mail, I found a certain parcel, and on opening it, I discovered that it was the dear old *Fra*.

I congratulate you on the improvements you have made on the *Fra* except the cover. No matter how dearly I love *The Fra*, it was a total stranger to me this morning, and I greeted it as a "millionaire in a canvas suit who had just finished painting the town red."

The picture addition to *The Fra* is a great improvement, and I am simply delighted with such a beautiful and detailed set of photographs.

H. R. Doerksen,
Broker.

Ojibway, Canada.

Away from the New Orleans desk, in the restfulness of vacation land, I've had time abundant to read and digest the reborn *Fra*.

It rings one hundred per cent right—and will hit the bull's-eye of Purposefulness and consequent Prosperity.

Handle the twenty-six little letters carefully, Felix—you've a tremendous responsibility to shoulder, but you're the best-fitted man for the job I know.

The thought of reprinting the old-time stuff is bulky. If we recall it, it's only because it made us think; if we have forgotten, surely the second call to sleepy brain-cells is a needed note.

Good luck to you!

New Orleans Item.
(En Route)

A. G. Newmeyer,
Business Manager.

It is night-time, all the little bull calves have gone to bed, so I may tell you how splendid the August *Fra* is. That expresses it, I think—splendid! More power to you!
O. J. Gude Co., New York, N. Y.

Malcolm Neibuhr.

I have just seen a copy of the August *Fra* and am writing to congratulate you on your *Felicitations*.

The Comstock, Hotel and Buyer Stuff was bulky. Aside from the capitals, I would have been proud to have written it.

George Batten Company,
New York, N. Y.

Robley F. Feland.

The Fra in its new dress has just come to hand and I have been reading it with interest. I have nothing but praise, and certainly wish you all success with your work, and congratulate you on the fine courage and high ideals displayed in and between the lines of the last two *Fras*.
Middletown, Conn.

Harold A. Williams.

When the disaster occurred that took Elbert and Alice Hubbard from us, the question went around our shop, "Now, what is going to become of *The Philistine* and *The Fra*?" *The Philistine*, as you announced, was allowed to pass on with its master.

I have a copy of the August Number of *The Fra*, and it looks to me as if it were coming along like hell-bent for Christmas.

I like *The Fra* in *The Philistine's* overcoat.

The August issue is the most interesting number I have ever read.

Dry Goods Reporter,
Dry Goods Reporter Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

Clarence Sousley.

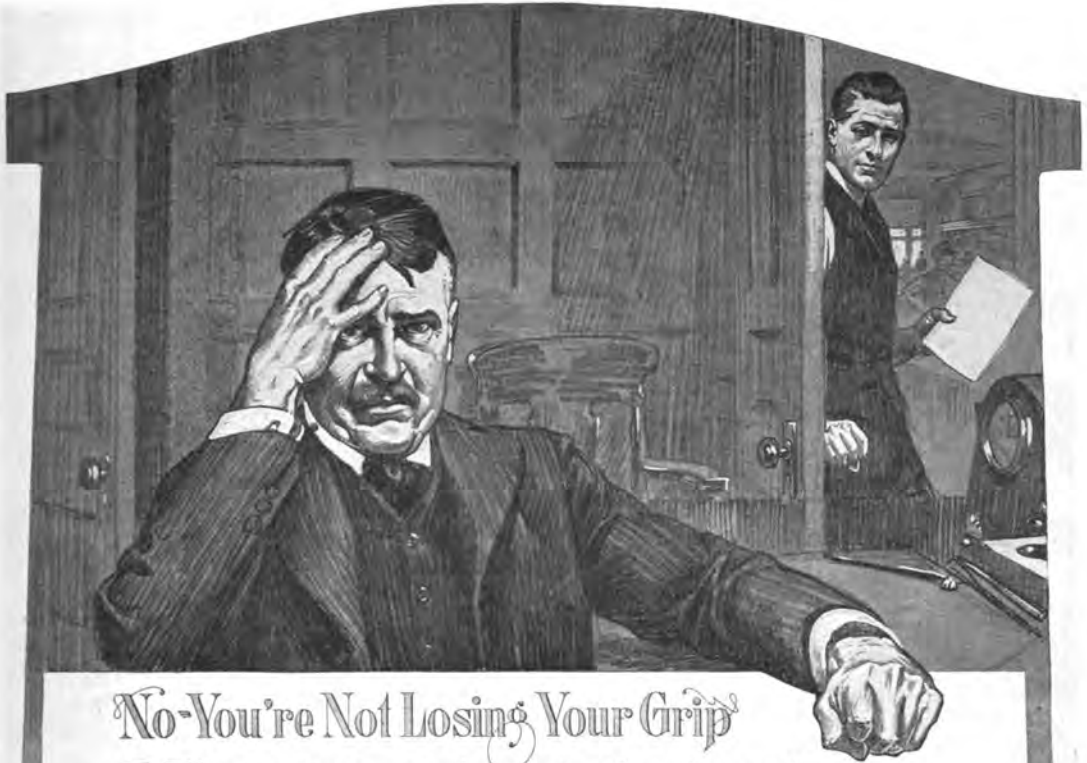
I have just read the balance of *The Fra*, the first issue launched under your piloture, and feel that I want to congratulate you on your good work. At this rate I feel sure that you will have no trouble in sustaining and increasing your circulation. This is really a superfluous statement—I was sure of it before.

Your photographs and "conventionalities" make my heart ache that I was not there during the Fourth of July gathering, but I hope to make up for it next year.

Sales and Advertising Counselor,
New York, N. Y.

C. R. Lippmann.

THE FRA



No-You're Not Losing Your Grip

Those days or times in the day when you lack "punch" in your work don't mean that you're slipping back. The condition isn't mental at all—it's as purely physical as is a "foggy" brain after loss of sleep.

And you're not in any "alarming" physical condition—yet for efficiency's sake it needs a remedy—proper nourishment is the remedy. You don't take enough exercise to get away with the heavy meals which would give you the nourishment you need. What you should take is

ANHEUSER-BUSCH'S *Malt-Nutrine* REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. TRADE MARK Liquid-Food-Tonic



A real aid to digestion—therefore enabling you to get fuller nourishment from what you eat. Itself nourishing. These qualities giving you just what you need to replace the strength and energy you're burning up so fast in your daily brain-taxing and nerve-straining work. A genuine strengthening tonic. Taken before retiring, a splendid aid to sound sleep. Recommended for the over-worked, the anæmic—all who are over-wrought or under-nourished.

All Druggists—Most Grocers

Malt-Nutrine declared by U. S. Internal Revenue Department to be a pure malt product, not an alcoholic beverage. Contains 14.50 per cent malt solids—1.9 per cent alcohol.

Interesting Booklet on Request

ANHEUSER - BUSCH,

St. Louis, U. S. A.



THE FRA

HAIL, THE NEW FRA!

The August *Fra* is a good number.

The red-and-black bordered islands in the sea of space at the top of the inner pages do dazzle the eyes, and give one's artistic sense a dent. However, the articles they decorate are satisfactory in the best sense and foretell a vigorous future for the Magazine.
Westminster, Colo. Josephine Hurlburt.

I have had time to look at the August *Fra*. It is some magazine, and I congratulate you on its completeness and interest.
George Batten Co., Advertising. Starling H. Busser.
New York.

"Will you write us a word?"
That's the question you ask me.
Yes, I'll write you two words:
You're alright.

M. H. Peters, Governor.
National Home for Disabled Volunteer Soldiers,
Danville, Ill.

I have been a Philistine and a Roycrofters in a modest way for nearly fifteen years, and personally sustained a loss in the death of Elbert Hubbard.

I write now to congratulate you upon the August number of *The Fra*. Several of the articles are of high merit, especially *The Defense of the Pacific*, by Doctor Jordan.

You may count on me as a subscriber and a member, as long as any of the old vigor and inspiration continue.
Greenville, S. C. J. J. McSwain,
Lawyer.

I liked the August *Fra*. Good stuff!
Percy A. Beach.
The Cleveland Electric Illuminating Co.,
Cleveland, Ohio.

Your August Number contains a request for an opinion. Here it is: If you can maintain the pace your re-initial number sets; and can occasionally develop and submit such good stuff as is set forth, especially in the articles of the inside front cover and the Felicitation on *Renegades* then I want more of you.
212 W. Washington St., Chicago, Ill. L. W. Layton.

I want to congratulate you upon the last issue of *The Fra*. I have read it with a great deal of pleasure and profit.

I knew Mr. and Mrs. Hubbard, and the business of the publication of *The Fra* and The Roycrofters has fallen into worthy hands.
Metropolitan Life Insurance Co., Geo. W. Bahlke.
Industrial Department,
Baltimore, Md.

You have asked us to write and tell you what we think of the New *Fra*. I am going to do it, although I realize how weak and fruitless any work of mine will be.

We like the New *Fra*. It is greater than ever and it is beautiful. It brings back thoughts of *The Philistine*, which to our sorrow has passed on to Eternity.

I am glad to know that you will continue to print *The Fra*, and I wish for it much success.
Pearce Drug Company, C. G. Hodges.
Whigham, Georgia.

I think the New *Fra* is the nearest I've seen to a Real Live Magazine, I like it.
Cooper Underwear Company, H. M. Weinstock.
Kenosha, Wisconsin.

I have just read your footnote at the bottom of your first article: "Will you give us the benefit of your impressions?" And I am going to do so. I am not to be held accountable for my impression, which was: Push to the larboard! Your keel is under water.

I am with all due respect.
Buffalo, N. Y. James W. Evenden.

Thanks for *The Fra* with its sturdy Butcher-Paper Cover. I enjoyed it very much.

The best thing you did in that number is your stuff on *Cy Comes Back*. That's very well done.
The Calverts,
Pigeon-Roost-in-the-Woods, The Open Road,
Griffith (Lake County) Indiana. Bruce Calvert, Editor and Publisher.

With the tragedy that carried Elbert Hubbard from the scenes of his unique activities came the thought that the Roycroft publications and other work must cease. It seemed to me that the whole Roycroft institution was so very personal that with the personality gone it would automatically cease to exist. I have changed my opinion. First, your very frank and masterly final number of *The Philistine* followed by the last number of *The Fra* have convinced me that a great personality still centers at East Aurora. Whether it is yourself or Felix or some one else matters not, so long as it exists. The last number of *The Fra* is excellent. It has not been excelled by any previous number. Success to you!
Superintendent's Office, E. W. Walker.
Wisconsin School for the Deaf, Delavan, Wis.

I want to try and hook up a few more *Fra* Subscriptions for you. Now, do you think it advisable? If so, send me a dozen copies of August *Fra*.
Security Safe Deposit Company, J. A. Barry.
Winthrop, Mass.

My first impression on opening *The Fra* was one of decided dis-ease—I could n't read it—and I got over to page 148 before I knew why—on every page you flag my sub-animal, waving the purely animal RED before my eyes, and you do not even soften same by its complimentary color—Blue. (Do you know the theory or had I best say the philosophy of the Modern "Impressionists?") You use Black, which is no part of light, but merely the absence thereof. If you prefer, for business purposes, the animal RED instead of the Spiritual Blue, let me suggest a proper bracket for your headings—Make your frame of cobalt blue and so set red disks in it, that the blue shall show up merely as one continued aureole. This is in accordance with the laws of color.
2619 Woodley Place, Washington D. C. Henry C. Stuart.

I believe that it is human nature to appreciate words of praise, when it is so deserving, and I want to compliment you, and The Roycrofters at large, upon the magnificent showing of the August Number of *The Fra*.
711 Garrison Ave., Fort Smith, Ark. Louis Weinstein,
Merchant Tailor.

Your letter duly received, also the August Number of *The Fra*. I have read the latter from cover to cover. I don't remember that I ever did that before in the case of a magazine, excepting *The Philistine*. I found the articles interesting and valuable, and show my appreciation by enclosing check for my subscription. I particularly like the idea of the short articles, a page or less in length, written by men of ability, who have something to say, and know how to say it and when to stop, with no redundancy of verbiage for the weary reader to wade through. I am glad to see the illustrations, and hope that feature will be continued.

E. S. Marsh,
Brandon, Vt. Lawyer.

THE FRA Hidden Factors of Service



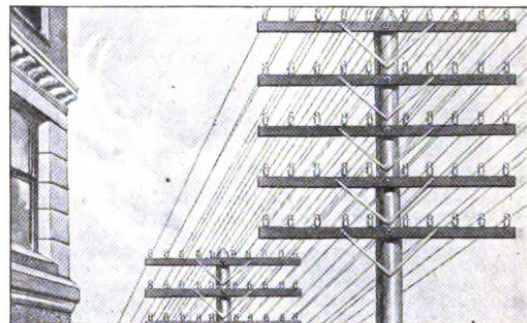
Records kept like this are practically useless for the management of a business. Efficiency is impossible and funds for improvement cannot be obtained.



Records, statistics and accounts kept like this are available for a complete knowledge of the cost and efficiency of each department of the business.



Such methods result in a telephone line which can give only poor service.



The result of such records is a telephone line like this, which gives good service.



The subscriber knows the difference! He demands a well-informed, intelligent business management.



**AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES**

One Policy

One System

Universal Service

THE FRA

HAIL, THE NEW FRA!

My Dear Cy:

Brother Felix surely is a wonder.
The reference to your return to East Aurora, appearing in the current issue of *The Fra*, makes me understand perfectly just why your heart has always been with The Roycrofters.
Fuller & Smith, Advertising,
Cleveland, Detroit,
The Engineers Building, Cleveland.

Walter Murphy.

I had a chance last night to read the New *Fra* and I must say that you have launched a very excellent magazine. The editorials are intelligently written and will be very helpful to the people they reach; and if it is kept up to its present standard, it is bound to meet with great success.

I will take pleasure in recommending it to my many friends, and it is heartily worthy of the support of your friends and the public in general.
Nail & Parker, Real Estate,
145 West 135th Street, New York, N. Y.

John B. Nail.

Out of respect for the dead, and sympathy for the living, I renewed my subscription to *The Fra* and I want to congratulate you on your first (August) Number! You have improved the appearance, inside and out, of the old publication, almost beyond belief, and I sincerely trust the subscribers and advertisers will rally to your support, with that enthusiasm which true merit should ensure!
1023 Westminster Bldg.,
110 South Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

Frank N. Gage.

My admiration for the August *Fra* is emphatic, and I assure you of my continuance of its subscription.

The firmness with which you have taken hold in the work of your father, and the Roycroft interests in general, commends you to the world as his successor, and you have my congratulations, and every good and seasonable wish for ultimate success.
Civil and Criminal Investigator,
766 West Side Ave., Jersey City, N. J.

W. A. Johnson.

I am glad to send you my opinion, for I must freely admit that I did not expect to see the future *Fra* equal any of the past.

The new *Fra* I have read from cover to cover. You must have known that the eyes of all your subscribers, most of whom are critics, would be ready to scan your first issue, and you must have made up your mind to be ready for them.

I consider your new *Fra*, the August issue, one of the best I have ever read. I feel that if our esteemed friend, the late Elbert Hubbard, could have seen it, he would have said, "Well done!"

572 Blue Hill Ave., Dorchester, Mass.

Barney Aaron.

This last issue of *The Fra* is very fine and contains many new features, which will prove of considerable value. The photographs are of particular interest, and a series of photographs on various topics of interest to The Roycrofters, certainly ought to make quite a "hit" with every one interested.

This new *Fra* is going to be a big thing.
Quaker City Rubber Co.,
Mechanical Rubber Goods, Pittsburgh, Pa.

E. A. Batzell.

Say, Felix, I have n't been among you at Sun-Up enough for you really to get on to me, so I think I will try to get by as an Immortal by sending you my check for two dollars for *The Fra*. You boys really seem disposed to scatter some of the Sunshine so blessedly poured in upon you by the Man who found its tap twenty years ago.
The Presbrey-Coykendall Co.,
198 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

F. G. Elliot.

The Fra, August edition, is a joy. Nothing better has ever come my way.

My sincere congratulations as a Thirty-third Degree Roycrofter. I am glad to see the efforts prosper.
Duquesne Steel Foundry Co.,
Arrott Building, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Laurence W. Frank.

As regards *The Fra* I am pleased to say that I like the style and arrangement of the reading matter better than any previous issues. The pictures are good and the "catchy" titles well selected.

Massachusetts Reformatory,
Alvah S. Baker, Superintendent,
Concord Junction, Mass.

P. H. Bullock.

I must thank some one for that most delectable piece of literature, the August *Fra*. As I so well remember you amongst the many interesting ones I met at East Aurora, I shall send my appreciation to you.

It was with sincere regret that I read the last *Philistine*. However, I trust Elbert Hubbard's protege will continue to give us the benefit of some of the Wit, Wisdom and Power which I am sure he has inherited.
Ashland, Va.

Christine C. Cooke.

The New *Fra* is great.

I am surprised at how well and how much like Mr. Hubbard the other members of the family write. Bert's articles in this and also *The Philistine* are fine! I have read *Felicitations* and they are splendid. The article about Jack Slaton of Georgia is especially good. Atlanta is my home. I really believe *The Fra* will go on to success.
623 Jackson Ave., Alexandria, La.

W. W. Williams.

I have preserved every copy of *The Fra* that has been issued, and at first sight of the August issue, it appeared to me that your butcher-paper cheapened the appearance of the issue. However, after reading the entire Number, I am not sure but that you have improved upon any preceding issue.

P. L. Sisson,
Agent.

American Book Co., Wausau, Wis.

So that *The Fra* may have an auspicious start, I am enclosing a list of six new subscriptions, which please send along with my compliments. Check for twelve dollars to cover same is enclosed herewith.
Fidelity Trust Company.
Pittsburg, Pa.

Bill Morrow.

It is with pleasure that we look over the August number of *The Fra* and note the numerous favorable changes which you have made. A continuation of the pleasant surprise given your readers will surely make them future subscribers to your magazine.
Advance Pump and Compressor Co.,
Battle Creek, Mich.

L. B. Anderson.

When first I laid eyes upon the New *Fra*, I exclaimed, "How ugly!" But looking into it I forgot my first thought, and as one never thinks of the first impressions of an ugly, though kindly person, I in like-manner thought only of the excellencies of the magazine.
Oklahoma, Okla.

Bess U. Mills.

In the August issue of *The Fra*, there is an article entitled, *Gott Strafe Der Buyer*! This appeals to the writer rather strongly, inasmuch as he is a salesman and has to deal with buyers. For fear that some of these are not readers of *The Fra*, and have missed reading this article, I would request permission to use this article to send to these various buyers.
Wagner Electric Mfg. Co.,
New York Office—30 Church St.

J. F. Alexander

A beautiful line of Roycroft Goods is shown in the New 1916 Catalog.

THE FRA

HAIL, THE NEW FRA!

I do not care for *The Fra*. I am glad to have *The Philistine* cease. Protest has its day, but its day is brief. And they who do not discover the brevity must be protested against. I had begun to fear that an immortality of protest would be irksome.

Lewiston, Me.

Alfred Williams Anthony.

I know Felix Shay quite well and think you have chosen wisely when you made him editor. He will, I think, become one of the forceful writers of this country.

Hardcastle & Company,

John R. Hardcastle.

Real Estate, Loans, Insurance, Utica, N. Y.

For the love of Mike make it like it was; as it is, it resembles something like "Bill Kaiser" might have wished on you.

752 St. Charles St.,
New Orleans, La.

Edward J. Thinber.

I received my August *Fra* on time, with a new jacket on it. Was both surprised and pleased with its new garb. I read it with gusto, even the advertisements, and found it more interesting than many preceding issues. I am more than pleased with the (New) *Fra*.

Little Rock, Ark.

David F. Dowling.

The new *Fra* is fine. If present condition indicates future performance, the success of the new *Fra* certainly is assured. The Roycroft ideals certainly should be perpetuated, and with such an admirable mouthpiece as *The Fra* the name Roycroft ought soon to be a national byword for the best in everything.

640 Central Y. M. C. A., Cleveland, O.

Julius Feinberg

The Fra in its new dress, both inside and out, came as a pleasant surprise, as I, with many others thought, "I wonder if he can do it?" The August Number, for me at least, answers in the affirmative.

With best wishes from Mrs. Naughton and myself for your future, especially healthwise.

5 King St., Worcester, Mass.

J. P. Naughton, M. D.

The August issue of *The Fra* is fully up to the Roycroft standard, and that means that it is in a class by itself. I wish you abundant success.

73 W. High St., Mt. Gilead, O.

Wm. F. Bruce.

We, which includes the Missus, like the make-up of the new *Fra* very much. The plan of having a contributed article confined to one page, if possible, is a pleasant innovation. I am sure that, in course of time, *The Fra* will be mentioned as an exponent of the Roycroft idea like *The Philistine* has been in the past.

3445 Pestalozzi St., St. Louis, Mo.

C. M. Witsch.

I am sort of "stuck on" your August *Fra*.

Let her come along for twelve months, beginning with September. Enclosed find Two Dollars.

Box 288, Batavia, N. Y.

R. M. Decker.

I am well pleased with the August *Fra*. It is O.K. I believed in Elbert and Alice, now I believe in you and Felix.

Nathalie, Va.

D. E. Moorefield.

The August *Fra* came today. The Magazine has been born again. Conceived and loved into life by the Master, it now enters a larger sphere of usefulness, moving forward to an immortal destiny.

The Lamb School for Stammerers,
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Joseph J. Lamb.

I received by this mail, a copy of *The Fra*, and have read your editorial inviting opinions, impressions, suggestions and criticisms. While I feel that we can not well keep house without vibrations from East Aurora, will say that *The Fra* is not so convenient as the pocket-size of *The Philistine* to read while waiting for trains. The new *Fra* requires a suitcase or steamer-trunk as a container.

Roscoe A. Heavilin,

Marion, Ind.

Attorney and Counselor-at-Law.

You requested your many subscribers to write and let you know what they thought of the August number of *The Fra*, and as I am one of them, it is a pleasure for me to say the August Number of *The Fra* is particularly appetizing and refreshing. If all the future numbers of *The Fra* are half as good as the August Number, you are giving your readers a brand of mental food pleasurable to fletcherize and easy to digest.

Glenshaw, Pa.

Mrs. Florence Blackmar.

I think the New *Fra* is fine. I am glad I got a first number. He must be happy when he sees how well his work was done.

Quick Quality Spray Co.,

721 Main St., Peekskill, N. Y.

I. P. Stewart.

You have asked for my opinion on the change in your Magazine. I give it plainly. I loved the magazine as it was. The color of the cover was perfect, and altogether satisfactory. The color of the cover of the August number is quite repulsive. The cartoons on the last page of the cover are too juvenile and unworthy of our beloved Elbert Hubbard. The fancy framing of the subjects seems to me quite unnecessary. Altogether they affect me so unpleasantly that if it continues I shall not renew my subscription. The July and August numbers lie before me. July with the dear faces of Elbert and Alice framed in a most harmonious setting. All of my friends agree with me. I am quite old—nearly 86—and perhaps old-foggyish, but the above is my honest opinion.

Indianapolis, Ind.

Mary M. Haire.

If I do not err in my judgment I feel sure that *The Fra* is better this month than it ever was. I believe that if kept at its present status its circulation will increase manyfold in a few months. Your style this month is ideal, and there is something to read in the Mag.

Commercial Hotel, Phoenix, Ariz.

J. Edward Dalton.

In your attitude of courage so well expressed in the last issue of *The Fra*, I find both inspiration and comfort. I shall miss *The Philistine*, but I congratulate you on making *The Fra* so worthy a successor.

The Dickson School of Memory,
Auditorium Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

Henry Dickson.

I think every feature of the New *Fra* is a great improvement. Every one loves a change. I congratulate you on the wonderful advancement, though I do not like the plain, square-cut Gothic heads. Something more in keeping with the hand-cut cover style would be more appropriate, I think.

The Times-Picayune, New Orleans, La.

Thos. H. Dennis.

The August *Fra* arrived a short while ago, and while I am thinking about it, shall write you just how I felt when I tore the wrapper. "Why, it's a *Philistine* grown up!" was my first thought, followed quickly by the dawning "No, it's the New *Fra*." In other words, my pleasant surprise changed into a sincere feeling of genuine joy. If I entertained any fears that the change at headquarters might affect *The Fra* in a deteriorating way, they have been swept away. This, the first issue of the New *Fra*, bodes well for the future.

Albuquerque, New Mexico.

Jos. Schmedding.

Ask for a copy of the New 1916 Catalog of Roycroft Goods. It's FREE!

THE FRA

MAIL, THE NEW FRA!

The August *Fra* is great—best ever issued.
Good luck to you!
D. L. & W. R. R.,
Office of Claims Attorney, W. P. Sturtevant.

The August number of *The Fra* has been received and thoroughly read. We are both very much pleased with it. When our subscription to *The Philistine* is ended, we shall be glad to continue with *The Fra*.
School Department. Mr. and Mrs. L. Thomas Hopkins.
Union of Brewster, Dennis and Yarmouth,
Massachusetts.

I read of your appointment in the last number of *The Fra*, and wish to congratulate you and wish you further success. Glad to know that you are back in the fold again.
Sincerely yours,
Brill Brothers, Clothiers, Samuel Brill.
279 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

I have read with a great deal of interest this month's issue of *The Fra*, and want to congratulate you on the splendid manner in which it is gotten up.
The New York Central Railroad Co., F. W. Brazier.
Rolling Stock Dept., New York.

In your last *Fra* you suggested hints and criticism regarding its present form. This is a hard question to a man to whom *The Philistine* and *The Fra* have been considered as personal friends for years. You might as well ask a Father to criticize his favorite child because he has on new clothes.

I read the present issue with just as much pleasure as I did the former one.

There is only one thing I beg to ask and believe I won't be disappointed. The *Fra* should be in the future, as it was in the past, the exponent of truth—an independent surveyor whatever subject it will touch. Sometimes truth hurts, but nevertheless, truth and only truth will help us be a better race of courageous men.
Eugene Szepesi.
National Fiber Textile Co.,
Manufacturers of Paper Fabrics, Neenah, Wis.

The August *Fra* just received is fine. It bespeaks progress, individuality, and skill both in contents and workmanship. Keep it up. It's bound to make good.
American Real Estate Company, Ernest J. Doley.
404 Keystone Bldg., Pittsburgh, Pa. Gen. Agt.

I would like to express my appreciation of the August *Fra*. I like it, and I thank you. In its perusal, unconsciously, I said to myself: "Them's my sentiments to a T," all you say, and all that you do not say. My subscription will follow.
Oran, Mo. K. W. Trisler.

The August issue of *The Fra*—the new *Fra*—just received. If I were to express my appreciation of this number by writing a check, and this were the check, I should say to you, "Fill this in to suit yourself."
Can I make it any stronger?
Harrisburg, Pa. Herman Yeager.

I am enclosing Two Dollars for I believe you fellows have turned the corner, and are going to do better.

This Two Dollars is enclosed to you as payment in advance for reading and considering the views of one who does not agree with you.

If you are willing also to send me *The Fra*, I shall be glad to look it over.
Carnegie Steel Company, H. P. Meese.
Braddock, Pa.

Just got *The Fra*. Let me confess, first time I ever read the damn thing through at sight! Interesting!—Well written!—Up to snuff!—Go to it!—Beats the band! Fine.
Poppasquash, Bristol, R. I. Merton A. Cheesman.

My opinion? Well, the new *Fra* looks good from cover to cover; even the Barber-Pole Headlights are attractive. Will be glad to see what sort of punch Felix has—you arouse my interest.

Hotel Service I tore out and sent to my Hotel Friend. He's one of the few good ones—at least George Boldt says so.

One should see the movies in Havana to appreciate Comstock (Mrs. Milholland take notice!).

The pictures are good.
W. Atlee refused me a job in Philadelphia once upon a time, so you see he missed something and his phiz is interesting.
Matawan, New Jersey. Bruce Eggleston.

By the holy, Felix, you've done it. Bravo! You busted into the firmament with eclat and honor. You've got the grip to push a worthy pen. The *Fra* himself was a big one, and none can hope to ever acquire his touch, but I think he sees and approves.
Pittsburgh, Pa. G. C. Stalknecht.

The August number of *The Fra* came today, and it reads all right to us.

Please wait until we have read *The Fra* under your guidance as long as under your Father's, and then we may be able to tell you how good or bad you are.
Beloit, Kansas. Leonidas A. Kissinger.
Mrs. Martha A. Kissinger.

From your opening remarks in the new *Fra* I would say that nature, association and cultivation have given you an indelible polish, the brilliancy of which time will surely enhance. You appear to be one of those men who have given the people in this country its worldwide reputation as a body of conscientious hustlers. You have made a splendid start, putting Felix in the box.
Adolph Grant & Co., Adolph Grant.
56 West 45th St., New York, N. Y.

I have just finished reading *The Fra*. I am more than pleased with same: it is the best that I have ever read of its kind; and no doubt I will find the others that will follow just as interesting.
Elyria, Ohio. Hiram R. Borie, Jr.

'T is a great gift to write spicy entertaining articles, and when truth is the foundation of your writings a great good can be done, but when you attack a great and good and godly man without regard for the truth as you have in your Felicitation on Anthony Comstock, you have dragged your gift through dust and mire and joined the forces of evil he has so violently fought.
Mechanics Arts Department, J. R. Parrott.
Virginia Polytechnic Institute, Blacksburg, Va.

In your current issue of *The Fra*, the article devoted to Slaton's action in the Frank case is so grossly misleading that I can not refrain from making reply to it.

Pardon me when I say that the article is apparently inspired by or from some source not at all ignorant of the actual conditions by which this notorious case was, and is, now surrounded, and is a very transparent attempt on the part of its author to lessen the feeling of contempt held for Slaton by a very large majority of the people of Georgia and of the United States: a man whose egotism outran his judgment, who set himself above constituted law and public opinion as expressed by the law, and the facts presented in the case.
Waycross, Ga. W. H. Pallard.

The New Ringroff Catalog for 1916 will soon come off the press.

THE FRA

THOUSANDS ARE BECOMING AUTOLOGISTS. WHY?



BECAUSE: Dr. Moras in his epoch-making book, **AUTOLOGY**, has made clear the cause of disease. Also, he has plainly pointed out the pathway to health.

¶ With **AUTOLOGY** there need be no such thing as disease.

¶ With **AUTOLOGY** there is n't one person in ten that really needs the service of anybody but himself.

¶ Since the advent of **AUTOLOGY**, few indeed are the "incurable stages" of diseases.

¶ Dr. Moras in his **AUTOLOGY** has given to mankind a mathematical science of Livingness. "He has placed the standard of health further to the front than any other man who has lived for a thousand years," said Elbert Hubbard.

¶ And Elbert Hubbard was an Autologist — a "Know-Thyself-er."

¶ And **YOU** may become an Autologist. All you need is this wonderful book **AUTOLOGY** in order to thoroughly master the system which teaches the practical business of body and brain in health and sickness.

¶ Dr. Moras has written a brilliant little book called the **GUIDE TO AUTOLOGY**, which tells all about the bigger book. And he will send it to **FRA** subscribers **FREE**.

¶ Write for it without delay and get next to yourself.

ADDRESS:

EDMOND R. MORAS, M. D.

522 N. SHERIDAN ROAD

HIGHLAND PARK, ILLINOIS

ROSS'S

BELFAST

Ginger Ale

(IMPORTED)

“What's Yours?” Strange things happen at times, and perchance some cheerful Optimist who has just backed the Winner may put the above question to you some day—you never can tell.

And to prepare you for such an emergency—to prevent you from being caught without a thought—we would recommend the following formula, which is used by the cogitabund with pleasing frequency and precision.

Just jerk your thumb in the direction of the decanter and say, “—and Ross!”

“—and Ross”—or just plain, isolated “Ross”—is the drink deluxe, and it tastes as good as it looks.

“Ross” means “Ross's Belfast”; and “Belfast” means superior Ginger Ale, as every one knows.

Along with the Belfast Water from the famous Ross Artesian Wells, the finest Jamaica Ginger, and the purest Cane-Sugar—thirty-six years of experience goes into each bottle of “Ross.”

“Ross's Belfast” Ginger Ale is known the world over. No other Ginger Ale has the taste, the sparkle, and the personality that token quality, ingredients and perfect blending to such a degree of excellence as “Ross's Belfast.”

So when ordering Ginger Ale, just say “Ross—!”

And have your Dealer order a Case for your House!

W. A. ROSS & SONS, LIMITED
SOLE MANUFACTORY, BELFAST, IRELAND

ONE should naturally suppose that, in a thousand years or so, people would accumulate a little sense; but one would be mistaken.

Plain horse sense tells us that the only way for a race to progress is to make each new generation better than the old. The only way to do this is to train every child in the nation.

¶ This does not mean training in arithmetic and literature, but in useful labor, in self-control, in honesty, in teamwork, and in the

perishing” in city slums—which amounts to squirting a half-inch stream upon a house afire.

We are punishing criminals in courts, penning them up in rotten prisons, hanging them by the neck, or killing them by electricity. Yet anybody who knows history knows that this does not and never did stop crime.

We are treating human nature as bad, and are trying to “redeem” it and “punish” it. But we can not improve human nature until

arts of government by democracy.

If we gave every boy and girl a thorough education of that kind, nine-tenths of our social evils and personal perversions would disappear.

Almost every hardened criminal in our cities is a neglected boy. Most of the scarlet women of our streets enlisted before they were eighteen.

We howl about decent wages for shop-girls. No girl has any business to be working for a living. Neither has any boy. They have a right to be equipped by the State for self-supporting citizenship.

Behold us now! We exert ourselves through churches and missions to “rescue the

THE FRA

we believe in it,
love it, train it,
and trust it.

Bring our economic conditions into line with justice.

Give every born baby a square deal. Abolish our endowed class and the medieval fiction of the right of inheritance which maintains that class. Make everybody work for a living. And train every child to earn a living.

Humanity is incurably good. All it needs is a decent chance. Take as good care of your children as you do of your hogs and horses, if you want fine human stock. That means all children: none must be neglected.

—Frank Crane.

If we were selling arc-lamps we wouldn't show an eight-candlepower incandescent as a sample of our product. If we were selling bread by sample we wouldn't make that sample of half flour and half sawdust and trust to the flour to make the sale.

There really is no good business reason why we should be ashamed to show our best in our talk and in our actions. It is good business to be direct.—Thomas Dreier.

•••

Eternal vigilance is not only the price of liberty, but of every other good thing.

WOMAN is the only thing extant—if Genesis be believed—that was not evolved from a solid slug of nothing. That I presume is why she amounts to something. Nothing was good enough raw material of which to make the father of mankind; but when the Almighty came to create our common mother he required something more substantial than a hole in the atmosphere.—Brann.

•••

Debt is the devil in disguise.

Victrola

Three
new
styles

The latest
Victor achievement



Victrola XVIII, \$300
Matched mahogany cabinet with paneled moulding, swell front and sides.

Victrola XVIII	\$300
Victrola XVIII electric	\$350
Victrola XVI electric	\$250

See and hear these new Victrolas. Any Victor dealer will gladly demonstrate them and play any music you wish to hear. Other styles of the Victor and Victrola \$10 to \$250.

Victor Talking Machine Co., Camden, N. J., U. S. A.
Berliner Gramophone Co., Montreal, Canadian Distributors

Always use Victor Machines with Victor Records and Victor Needles—the combination. There is no other way to get the unequalled Victor tone.



New Victor Records demonstrated at all dealers on the 28th of each month

THE FRA

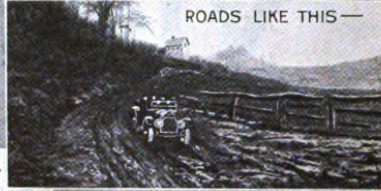
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PROVES
THE
VALUE

— FEEL LIKE THIS.



ROADS LIKE THIS—



OF THE
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SHOCK ABSORBER

Everyday service is the best criterion by which to gauge the merits of the

***Hartford**
SHOCK ABSORBER

It has influenced

350,000 car owners to use it;
Over 25 Factories to adopt it as standard equipment;
More than 95% of racing drivers to have it on their cars in every race.

But the experience of these need not be your only guide. Judge for yourself. Test the Hartford over any and all roads. Make a thorough job of it—choose the roughest. This is your guarantee—Satisfaction or Money Back. Convince yourself that it stops jolting, jarring and vibration, contributes to solid comfort, prevents spring breakage, makes tires last longer, cuts cost of maintenance, insures longer life for your car.

Write, mentioning make, year and model of car, and we will tell you how to make it truly comfortable. You can have the Hartford Shock Absorber on your new car if you insist.

Executive Offices and Works:

Hartford Suspension Company

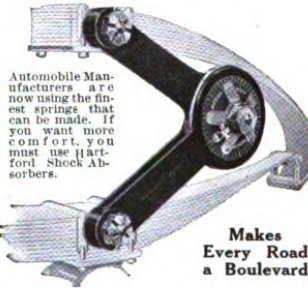
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Makers of the Hartford Shock Absorber, Hartford Cushion Spring, E. V. Hartford Electric Brake, Hartford Auto Jack, Hartford Bumper.

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*Formerly Truffault-Hartford



Makes
Every Road
a Boulevard

pocket against the day when I could look it over without agitation and without tears. I was glad I did. Less and less it seemed necessary to send it. I was not sure it would do any hurt, but in my doubtfulness I learned to reticence, and eventually it was destroyed. Time works wonders. Wait till you can speak calmly, and then you will not need to speak maybe. Silence is the most massive thing conceivable, sometimes. It is strength in very grandeur. —Doctor Burton

THE best way to get a man's attention is to get his confidence—and you won't get that if you are not physically and mentally fit to fight the

KEEP still. When trouble is brewing, keep still. When slander is getting on its legs, keep still.

When your feelings are hurt, keep still—till you recover from your excitement, at any rate. Things look different through an unagitated eye. In a commotion, once, I wrote a letter and sent it, and wished I had not. In my later years I had another commotion, and wrote a long letter; but life rubbed a little sense into me and I kept that letter in my

battle. It's a battle of brains and the brain is a delicate part of the physical body, and is easily thrown out of gear. To develop your brain, and neglect its carrier, is suicide. Your success depends upon the development of both. Keep in condition—both physical and mental.—James W. Elliott.

Nature intended that we should all be poor—that we should earn our bread every day before we eat it.

THE FRA

STILL one thing remains to furnish the House Beautiful, the most important thing of all, without which guests and books and flowers and pictures and harmonies of color only emphasize the fact that the house is not a home. I mean the warm light in the rooms that comes from kind eyes, from quick unconscious smiles, from gentleness in tones, from little unpremeditated caresses of manner, from habits of forethoughtfulness for one another—all that happy illumination which, in the inside of a house, corresponds to morning sunlight outside falling on quiet dewy fields. It is an atmosphere really generated

of many self-controls, of much forbearance, of training in self-sacrifice; but by the time it reaches instinctive expression, these stern generators of it are hidden in the radiance resulting. It is like a constant love-song without words, whose meaning is, "We are glad that we are alive together." It is a low, pervading music, felt, not heard, which begins each day with the "good morning," and only ends in the dream-drowse beyond "good-night." It is cheer; it is peace; it is



They Count Up!

The little dose of caffeine in *one* cup of coffee may not be immediately felt. But, according to individual susceptibility, the grip of this cumulative drug, used at the morning, noon and evening meal, is bound to tell.

Some people seem to get along with coffee year after year. Others feel its effects in nervousness, indigestion, heart flutter, biliousness, constipation, etc.

For those who do not appreciate the reason these troubles are upon them, it's a good move to quit coffee and use

POSTUM

It contains no caffeine, no other drugs, no harmful ingredients, no coffee troubles.

Ten days or two weeks on this pure food-drink instead of coffee is a start toward better health and happier days.

"There's a Reason"

—Sold by Grocers.

trust; it is delight; it is all these for, and in, each other.—*William Channing Gannett.*

BUSINESS is a battle. And the master of business is the man who thinks—plans—directs the fight with the cool and calculating eye of an experienced general. Scientific methods are demanded in every department of business. And all commercial organizations lead to definite and centralized effort.

—*Henry L. Doherty.*

THE FRA

WILL YOU SUBSCRIBE TO THE FRA FOR YOUR FRIEND?



ONLY a certain type of progressive individual appreciates the kind of radical, ahead-of-the-times articles that are published in *The FRA*.

¶ The circulation of *The FRA*, in excess of 100,000, has been built up by "our people" recommending the Good Stuff to others.

¶ It is rather a Family Affair.

¶ We have found it unprofitable to circularize the Mass—they simply are not on the wire—and they never can know and never can understand.

¶ You have One Friend, who understands *you*—whom we believe would understand *us*. If you show your friend this Magazine and say a good word for it, your friend will very likely want to subscribe.

¶ Or, you may desire to subscribe for him, or her—and let us send either you or your friend a Roycroft Book—a beautiful book, Free.

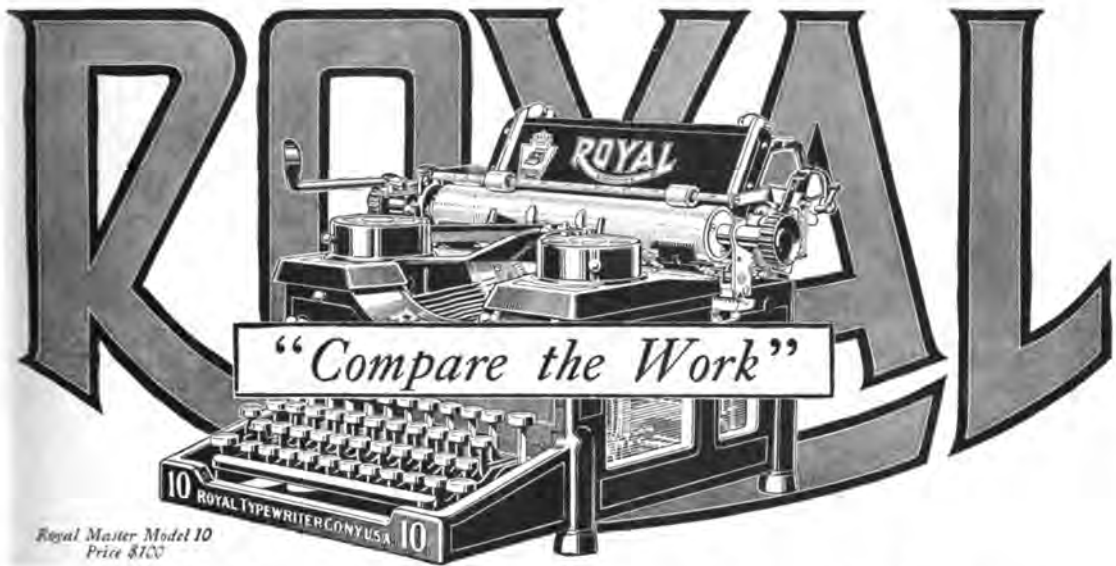
¶ If every Subscriber to *The FRA* will send in *one* new subscriber *this month* it will give *The FRA* a circulation twice as large, and enable us to give you a Magazine *twice as good*.

¶ You are Partners with us.

¶ Will you?

Address: THE FRA
EAST AURORA, N. Y.

THE FRA



The Royal is built for you to keep —not to “trade-out”

Until the Royal came into existence the great evil of the typewriter business was “trading-out.”

“Trading-out” is just as bad for the manufacturer as for the buyer.

The system is as absurd as though you bought shoes on an agreement to trade them back in two months. It means that you buy a typewriter which is *expected* to be practically *worn out* in one or two years.

Who *loses*? Not the manufacturer. Who *pays*? Answer it yourself.

The answer tells why big business chooses and uses the Royal. The reason for that is built in the Royal.

Look at the picture. Better still, *see* the Royal. Study its simple construction. See how it is designed and built for just one purpose—to be a *visible writing machine*.

Look at the compact, strong frame—which could not be adapted to any other style of typewriter than a “visible.”

Look at the *balance* and poise of its mechanical construction—the natural support of the keyboard, the sturdy support of the platen, the straight-line-action between key and typebar.

See how this *basically correct* design does away with all unnecessary parts. Touch the keys and observe the accurate, easy response.

Look it over with the eye of a master mechanic. You will see why the Royal ends the two evils of the typewriter business—*excessive repairs* and “trading-out.”

Custom is hard to change. We are not missionaries. We are practical typewriter makers, building for the future. Right now you are bound by the chains of the “trade-out” custom. But you will see the day when people will buy all typewriters as they are buying the Royal now—buying it to use and not to “trade-out,” buying it for the *service* it gives the user *continuously*.

“Compare the Work” and you will see why the Royal is built to keep and not to “trade-out.” Compare the time and money saved by using the Royal. Compare the increased efficiency of your operators because of the actual help the Royal is to them. Put the Royal to this simple, decisive test of actual *comparison*—and you will decide for it.

The Royal is a hundred dollar typewriter that is an *investment*—not an *expense*.

Get the facts. Know the Royal. Find out how it cuts the cost of typewritten letters, how it is instantly adjusted to the personal touch of the operator, why it stands up under the most strenuous service, why your stenographer can do more work and better work with less effort on it. Write or telephone our nearest branch or agency for a demonstration.



Write for “Facts About the “Trade-Out””

—a little book which doesn’t mince words in telling the story of the typewriter. Every typewriter owner or user should have it. We want to place a copy in your hands. A postal will bring it to you free.

ROYAL TYPEWRITER COMPANY, INC.

121 Royal Typewriter Building, 364 Broadway, New York City

Branches and Agencies the World Over

THE FRA

★ POMPEIAN OLIVE OIL

POMPEIAN OLIVE OIL IS ALWAYS FRESH—AND WHY!

THE Dealer who sells Pompeian Olive Oil is urged by us never to order more than a **THIRTY-DAY SUPPLY**. No extra discounts are given him on **LARGE Orders**—and in consequence Pompeian Olive Oil is always “**New Stock**”—**FINE** and **FRESH**.

Each and every Shipment of Pompeian Olive Oil, which comes to us in Casks from Abroad, is stored in cool, dark, glass-lined Tanks; kept like butter is kept in a Creamery. It is packaged from day to day to meet the demand. In this manner the full “**Fruity Flavor**” of the choice Mediterranean Olives is retained.

Pompeian Olive Oil is **MORE** than just **PURE**—it is **Tasty** and **Palatable**.

Pompeian Olive Oil is never sold in bulk. You may purchase it in full-measure **Half-pint**, **Pint** or **Quart SEALED Tins**—**air-tight** and **light-proof**—from **Grocers** and **Druggists**. Order a **Tin Today!**

Send for Salad Recipe Book. It's FREE!

POMPEIAN CO., COCA-COLA BLDG., BALTIMORE, MD.

COMES IN
LIGHT-PROOF,
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TINS



HALF-PINTS	
8 oz. . . .	\$.25
FULL PINTS	
16 oz.50
FULL QUARTS	
32 oz. . . .	1.00

THE FRA



Across the Rockies in the Snow

By W. P. Hensley

This story, related by W. P. Hensley, Saxon owner, of Colorado City, Colo., tells, we believe, of the most remarkable trip ever experienced by any private owner of an automobile. Mr. Hensley's story, given to us voluntarily in a letter written immediately after the trip, is full of thrills, and when you have finished reading it you won't know whose pluck to admire most—the driver's or his car's.

Saxon Motor Company, Detroit

"The day after Christmas I loaded a camp outfit on my Saxon car, consisting of tent, camp stove, bedding, provisions, extra tires and supplies; and my wife and I drove from Butte, Montana, to Colorado Springs, a distance of 1,185 miles via the route we came.

"The combined weight of ourselves and the camp outfit was nearly 800 pounds, and our route was over mountains and rough country, and over roads that few automobiles had ever traveled.

Up an 18-Mile Hill

"We crossed the Continental Divide near Butte, making what is known as the '18-mile hill' on our own power. This hill is a hard one for the best cars, even in summer. Thirteen cars have been wrecked on this hill owing to drivers losing control on the steep grade and the cars running

backward off the road and piling up in the canyon.

"When we crossed, the road was covered with snow and ice every inch of the way. The last two miles of the hills were so steep and icy that the car could not be held by the brakes (although the chains were on, of course) when not in motion; when we stopped we had to put rocks behind the wheels to hold the car or the locked wheels would slide backward on the ice.

"We made the hill O. K. without damage; and as it was long after dark when we reached the top, and 30 miles to the next town, we camped in 8 inches of snow for the night.

"The road over the Bozeman Divide follows an old railroad grade of the Northern Pacific for some miles. This grade was so steep that the railroad company was forced to abandon it. They tore up the rails and made an easier grade by tunneling the mountain.

"As we approached the summit we met two cars coming down. The drivers had given up the attempt to get over. However, we went over all right, although after we passed the place, two miles from the top where the cars we had met had turned around, we were compelled to break our own trail.

"Dead Man's Canyon" no Terror for Saxon

"The road we were on led us through a canyon, which we learned later was called 'Dead Man's Canyon.' We did not inquire how it got its name, but I have a theory some motorist tried to drive through here and committed suicide in despair. We made it, however; thirty long miles of it, and when we got back to civilization I

asked several people I met if that was the main road from Livingston to Billings. They all expressed surprise that we made it through 'Dead Man's Canyon' at this time of year.

"Between the oil fields and Casper, Wyo., we bucked a gale that made us use low gear on all the high, exposed points.

"Between Denver and Colorado Springs we encountered more snow. At Palmer's Lake we bucked snow, new and old, in drifts for 12 miles. Most of the motorists we encountered here were friendly, but a few with high powered cars seemed to consider it a personal affront when the sturdy Saxon went unaided where they could not go without assistance.

10,000 Miles in a Year

"My car is one of the first Saxons put out. I purchased it after it had seen several months of service as a demonstrator; perhaps 5,000 or 6,000 miles. I bought it in April, 1914. I used it constantly in my work with the Calumet & Hecla Mining Company, in the rough country of the upper peninsula of Michigan for over five months, driving it nearly 4,000 miles.

"I then shipped it to Butte, Montana, and drove it 1,100 miles in and around Butte, from the middle of September to the day after Christmas, when I started on the 1,185 mile trip to Colorado Springs. This makes over 10,000 miles it had been driven in about the roughest sections of the United States. *The motor and all other essential parts are as good as the day they left the factory.*"

Yours very truly,

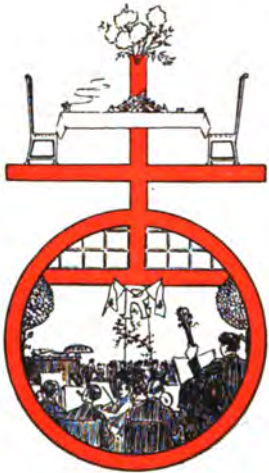
W. P. Hensley

We also make a six-cylinder five-passenger touring car of special value at \$785. Saxon cars are giving good service to 30,000 owners these pleasant summer days. Saxon dealers are everywhere. See one and have a Saxon ride. Write for catalog. Address Dept. 111.

(102)



A HOTEL UNLIKE A HOTEL ---!



THE ROYCROFT INN EAST AURORA, ERIE COUNTY, NEW YORK

OWHERE in America will you find a place like the Roycroft. A beautiful Inn invites you, intelligent companionship, jolly times; charming country, woods and glens, great stretches of fine fields, a winding stream! Horses for riding, Automobiles, Farm, Camps, dances in the Grove and at the Inn, out-of-door frolics. Old clothes or not, as you please. Mix, or hold your peace. All that makes up a life of wide-awake interest, cultured endeavor. Freedom from petty restraints. That's Roycroft.

¶ You'll be welcome for a meal—a day—a month—or a year! Come any time that suits you—only soon.

¶ East Aurora is thirty minutes from Buffalo on the Pennsylvania Railroad. Automobiles meet the trains. A fine brick boulevard runs all the way from Buffalo to East Aurora, to speed-on Autoists.

¶ You're expected any time.

¶ Rates, \$2.50 and up. American Plan, Satisfying Meals. Out-of-door Sleeping-Rooms. Plenty of Baths. Quiet. Understanding!

new eagerness, a new desire; and then you may make proof whether it be true friendship or not by the quick and certain test whether you love yourself or your friend more at any moment of divided interest.—*Woodrow Wilson.*

BELIEVE too there is a far more general appreciation of the great truth, that success in business life is not to be measured solely by the amount of money a man may legitimately accumulate, but rather that account must be taken, and taken in very large measure, of how far the businessman, before he is to-day truly called successful, has been fair-minded—how far he

FRIENDSHIP is a much larger, much finer, much deeper thing than mere relish of good company. It is a great deal more than mere congenial companionship. Let true and deep affection once grip you; let interest and pleasure once deepen into insight and sympathy and a sense of vital kinship of mind and spirit, and the relationship takes on an energy and a poignancy you had not dreamed of in your easy search for pleasure. Spirit leaps to spirit with a new understanding, a

has recognized that, higher than the desire for gain, he must hold the spirit of fair play, the spirit of fair play to his individual contemporaries in business, to the community in which he lives, to the social order whose general good has sovereign rights which he must recognize, and for which he must make personal sacrifice.—*F. A. Vanderlip.*

He has achieved success who has lived well, laughed often and loved much.

THE FRA

TO make a man happy fill his hands with work, his heart with affection, his mind with purpose, his memory with useful knowledge, his future with hope, and his stomach with food. The devil never enters a man except one of these rooms be vacant. Cast him out and sweep and garnish the room, and he will return with seven other devils. The only way to be rid of him is to fill the room and take down your "To Let" sign.

—*Frank Crane.*

NO law is binding on the human subject which assaults the body or violates the conscience. The right of personal security consists in a person's legal and uninterrupted enjoyment of his life, his limbs and his reputation. Both the life and the limbs of a human subject are of such high value in the estimation of the law that it pardons even homicide if committed in defense of them in order to preserve them.—*Sir William Blackstone.*

The church says the earth is flat, but I know that it is round, for I have seen the shadow on the moon, and I have more faith in a shadow than in the church.—*Magellan.*

That earliest slight break in home ties—the morning when *the* boy or *the* girl first trudges off to school! From that day, the changes are rapid. Every year you note them. And, almost before you realize it, there comes the severer sundering of those ties, when John or Mary with a cheery "Will be home for Christmas, sure," waves a stout farewell.

Both of you are choking back sentiment. And afterward—how pictures, showing all the rapid transitions, do help.

There's a photographer in your town.

Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.

THERE is no royal road for a government more than for an individual or a corporation. What you want to do now is to cut down your expenses and live within your income. I would give all the legerdmain of finance and financiering, I would give the whole of it for the old, homely maxim, "Live within your income."—*Samuel J. Tilden.*

He is the best doctor who knows the worthlessness of most medicines.—*Dr. Osler.*

THE FRA

Roycroft Modeled-Leather Bags

SHOPPING-BAGS



Price, \$12.00

Modeled in Fuchsia Design. Leather-lined
Has inside pocket and coin-purse
Size, 8 x 10½ inches, Price, \$12.00
Size, 7 x 9 inches, Price, \$10.00



Price, \$6.50

Modeled in Carnation Design
Lined with ooze-leather
Fitted with mirror and change-purse
Size, 6½ x 7½ inches

HAND-BAGS



Price, \$8.50

Envelope bag, modeled in Lily Design
Has inside frame. Lined with ooze-leather
Size, 5 x 8½ inches



Bag suitable for woman or child
Bronze-brown color
Size, 5½ x 5½ inches
The Price is \$3.50



Price, \$10.00

The Bag shown above is modeled
in Empire Design. Leather-lined
Has inside pocket and coin-purse
Size, 7 x 10 inches, Price \$10.00
Size, 8 x 9½ inches, Price, \$12.00

Send for Beautifully Illustrated Catalog. It's FREE!

The Roycrofters, East Aurora, New York

THE FRA

Roycroft Modeled-Leather Articles

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MANICURE-CASE



Modeled in Spanish cowhide, lined with ooze-morocco. Fitted with best imported instruments. Size, open, 6 x 10 inches. Price, \$10.00.

STICK-PIN AND CUFF-BUTTON CASE



Modeled in Spanish cowhide and lined with ooze-morocco. Size, open, $4\frac{1}{2}$ x $9\frac{1}{2}$ inches. Price, \$3.50. These cases are suitable additions to the traveling-bag and also desirable on the dressing-table.

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Size, open, $4\frac{1}{2}$ x $8\frac{1}{2}$ inches. One long bill-pocket and two flat pockets, also mica-covered slip for name-card or pass. Price, \$5.00.

JEWEL-BOX



Size, $1\frac{1}{2}$ x 4 x 4 inches. Price, \$6.00.

CARD-CASE



Wheat design. Size, $2\frac{1}{4}$ x $4\frac{1}{2}$ inches. Two gusset pockets. Price, \$2.00.

TIE-CASE



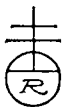
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Roycroft Catalog, beautifully illustrated—FREE on request !

The Roycrofters, East Aurora, New York

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ROYCROFT SHOPS, EAST AURORA, N. Y.

THE FRA

A RETINUE OF SERVANTS

IN Kalamazoo, Michigan, there is a Company that makes a specialty of supplying Servants. It is not an employment agency. It is the KALAMAZOO VEGETABLE PARCHMENT COMPANY, makers of vegetable parchment — HANDY HOME HELPERS.



¶ This Company has completely solved the Servant Problem. For the arrival of an assorted supply of Handy Home Helpers is like the advent of a retinue of servants in a home. They turn housework into play and bring the gladness of Kitchen Economy and Sanitation. The Household Line of Home Helpers includes Ice Blankets, Nursery Blankets, Dish Cloths, Stickless Cake Pan Liners and Economy Shelf and Lining Paper.

¶ A "package of servants" from Kalamazoo never fails to bring an encore. Also they are never discharged, except when a bevy of snow-white successors arrives from the Servant Factory. The same Company makes Vegetable Parchment Paper that is used in a large way for wrapping dairy and food products. This parchment is not water-shy. It is chummy with the old pump and the kitchen hydrant. And it never goes to pieces during an ablution.

¶ Another product is Waxed Paper, used for wrapping baked goods and confectionery and for lining food cartons.

¶ Better write to this Kalamazoo Servant Factory and get acquainted. They will gladly furnish you details and prices.

Address: KALAMAZOO VEGETABLE PARCHMENT COMPANY
KALAMAZOO, MICHIGAN



"PLAY AS YOU LIKE IT"

THAT will be *your* delightful experience if *your* Player-Piano is the JESSE FRENCH PLAYER-PIANO. ¶ It is made that way. The JESSE FRENCH PLAYER-PIANO admits of the *personal* element—the *expression of individual feeling*.

¶ You can give to each piece just that delicate shading of sympathy or that bold, dashing, daring color of romance, that you *feel* is the heart of the composition.

¶ The JESSE FRENCH PLAYER-PIANO speaks to you—it becomes the impersonation of Bach and Beethoven and the Old Masters—it links you with the past, places you *en rapport* with the present and is an earnest of future happiness.

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THE FRA

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Shaft Vase



Price, \$5.00
Height, 10½ inches
Diameter, 6½ inches

An American Beauty Vase



Price, \$10.00
Diameter of bowl, 8 inches
Diameter of base, 7¾ inches
Height, 22 inches

Japanese Flower-Holder



This vase is fitted with a tube of crystal glass

Price, \$2.00
Height, 8 inches

Onlaid Silver Vase



Price, \$5.00
Height, 6½ inches
Diameter of base, 3 inches

This vase has a decoration of German Silver

Hand-Wrought Copper Vasette

With Crystal Flower-Holder



Price, 50 cents

The modeling on this vase is in Conventional Rose Design

Modeled Rose Vase



Price, \$4.00
Height, 6 inches
Diameter of base, 3 inches

Roycroft Art-Goods Catalog—Free on request

The Roycrofters, East Aurora, New York

THE FRA



BONBON-BOX

This box has a removable crystal glass bowl. The copper cover is modeled in Poppy Design.

INSIDE DIMENSIONS :

Diameter, 5 inches Height, $2\frac{1}{4}$ inches

Price, \$5.00



CANDLESTICK

Price, \$2.00



BOOK-ENDS

Modeled in Poppy Design

Height, $5\frac{3}{4}$ inches

Price, \$4.00



FINGER-BOWLS

These bowls are sold singly at \$1.00 each or in sets of six bowls for \$5.00.

Diameter, $5\frac{1}{2}$ inches

Height, $1\frac{3}{4}$ inches



TURNED-EDGE TRAY

Diameter of tray, 5 inches

Price, \$1.00

Roycroft Copper

THESE articles are all cut out of copper sheets and hammered into shape by hand. Each piece is individual, into which the artist has cast his enthusiasm. There is an air of simple elegance and good taste about Roycroft Copper Goods that gives endless satisfaction and delight.

Ask for a copy of the new 1916 Illustrated Catalog of Roycroft Products. It's FREE.

The Roycrofters
East Aurora, N. Y.



THE ROYCROFT BOWL

This bowl serves many purposes. It is generous in size and good-looking. When used as an apple-bowl, or for popcorn or nuts, it will be found very serviceable.

Diameter, $10\frac{1}{4}$ inches

Height, $5\frac{1}{2}$ inches

Price, \$5.00



MODELED-COPPER FERNERY

Conventional Design

Diameter, 7 inches Height, 3 inches

Price, \$5.00



VIOLET-BOWLS

Diameter, 4 inches

Height, $2\frac{3}{4}$ inches

Price, \$2.00



SERVING-TRAY WITH TWO HANDLES

Diameter of tray, $15\frac{1}{2}$ inches

Price, \$5.00



SMALL FRUIT-TRAY

Diameter of tray, 8 inches

Price, \$1.25

Write for the New 1916 Catalog of Roycroft Copper, Leather and Furniture.

THE FRA

Old Master Coffee

"The Autocrat
of the
Breakfast Table"



OLD MASTER COFFEE has earned the premier place on the breakfast table of Americans by reason of its incomparable aroma, fragrance and flavor—the result of scrupulous care, cleanliness and scientific blending.

Prepared by the Bour Company after the famous formula used by the "Cafe Bauer"—one of the best known, most frequented and most cosmopolitan spots in Europe—OLD MASTER COFFEE has become a prime favorite with discriminating people.

Begin YOUR day with OLD MASTER COFFEE. If your grocer can not supply you, forward your order direct to

THE BOUR COMPANY

"Master Makers of Old Master Coffee"

TOLEDO

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THE NAME THEY HAVE FORGOT!

Under this title is presented a drama in two Acts, in which the Man of Sorrows and a Magdalen of today figure as the principal characters and draw a vivid picture of existing social conditions. The final triumph of mother-love is depicted with a pathos that grips the heart and dims the eye.

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The Price is 50 Cents

Address the Author:

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KEESEVILLE, N. Y.

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Now comes a brand-new Brunswick—the Junior Table—that you can dismount in a jiffy and set aside when not in use. No other maker has ever been able to produce a table like this to sell at this low price. A table with perfect playing qualities—fast Monarch cushions, accurate angles and water-level bed.

So please don't confuse it with cheaply made portable contraptions. Styles For All Homes. — Brunswick Carom and Pocket Tables are the center of social life in thousands of homes. They keep boys off the street and give the whole family impromptu entertainment every day. The "Grand" and "Baby Grand" are made of beautiful mahogany, richly inlaid. Our "Convertible" models can be changed in a moment from full-fledged billiard tables to handsome dining or library tables. The "Junior," too, is made in sizes to fit all homes.



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Combination Carom and
Pocket Table

PLAYING OUTFIT FREE.—No matter what size or style you buy, we give a high-class playing outfit free—Balls, Cues, Rack, Markers, expert book on "How to Play," etc.

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Valedictory Number,
July, 1915

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The Roycrofters, East Aurora, N. Y.

THE FRA

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If you are desirous of possessing the *real*, the *genuine*, *absolutely the choicest and most satisfactory* Navajo Blankets for your Camp, Bungalow, or Home appointment, communicate with

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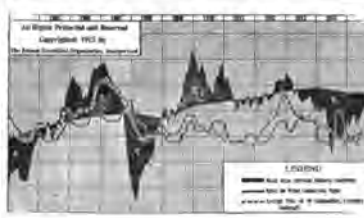
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The Language-Phone Method
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WE have received from our good friend and Roycroft-at-large, Roger W. Babson, a copy of his latest book, "The Future of World Peace." This book has a purpose—a serious, practical, tremendously important purpose—the attainment of peace, permanent peace, through international democracy. The book is not so much a plea for world peace, or an attempt to solve international problems, as it is an effort to direct our earnest thought into

A "Steel Trap" Memory

One that takes a tight grip on facts, figures, names, details of every kind and hangs onto them through life—that's the kind of memory you ought to have and the kind you can have if you will give me ten minutes of your spare time daily for a few weeks. I will make your mind an infallible classified index of the things it is to your advantage to remember—give you power to concentrate, overcome self-consciousness, enable you to think on your feet, and address an audience intelligently without hesitancy and without notes.

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HENRY DICKSON, Principal,
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Henry Dickson, Principal, Dickson School of Memory

How to Stop Worry

WORRY saps—kills—destroys vitality. If you worry, good work becomes impossible. To get relief, you should know your condition—learn its basic cause. Then, you may hope to combat it successfully. No physician now living is better able than Dr. John Harvey Kellogg to tell you how to control your nerves. For nearly forty years Dr. Kellogg has been Superintendent of the great Battle Creek Sanitarium, where he has successfully treated and prescribed for thousands of cases of nervousness. This means that Dr. Kellogg writes from the standpoint of practical experience. He deals with facts—not theory only. And, because Dr. Kellogg recommends only conformity to natural health laws, you can follow his teachings right in your own home. He tells you how in his new book "Neurasthenia"—over 300 pages, with many illustrations, complete diet tables and instructions for exercise, relaxation, rest and sleep.

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practical channels. Mr. Babson, like your true diagnostician, first points out clearly the cost of the Pan-European War and then applying to the situation the methods of successful business he proceeds to draw conclusions which are at least interesting and plausible, if not conclusive. Mr. Babson points out very clearly wherein this conflict concerns the United States and carefully defines what our policy should be.

I commend this book to all readers of *The Fra*. It is well worth their serious attention.

THE men who have achieved success are the men who have worked, read, thought more than was abso-

lutely necessary, who have not been content with knowledge sufficient for the present need, but who have sought additional knowledge and stored it away for the emergency reserve. It is the superfluous labor that equips a man for everything that counts most in life.

—Cushman K. Davis.

Heaven goes by favor, not merit. If merit won, your dog would go in and you would remain outside.—Mark Twain.

THE FRA

GREAT is he who consecrates himself! Even when overcome, he remains serene and his misfortune is happiness. Duty has a stern likeness to the ideal. The task of doing one's duty is worth undertaking. Truth, honesty, the instruction of the masses, human liberty, manly virtue, conscience, are not things to disdain. Indignation and compassion for the mournful slavery of man are but two sides of the same faculty; those who are capable of wrath are capable of love. To level the tyrant and the slave—what a magnificent endeavor! Now, the whole of one side of actual society is tyrant, and all the other side is slave. A

grim settlement is impending, and it will be accomplished. All thinkers must work with that end in view. They will gain greatness in that work. To be the servant of God is the task of progress.—*Victor Hugo.*

ASK you to think with me that the worst that can happen to us is to endure tamely the evils that we see; that no trouble or turmoil is so bad as that; that the necessary destruction which reconstruction bears with



"His career was one of the romances of our time."

THE REAL ELBERT HUBBARD

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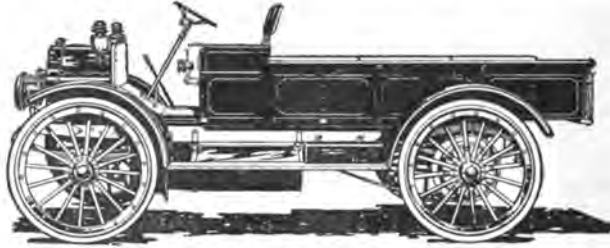
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it must be taken calmly; that everywhere—in State, in church, in the household—we must be resolute to endure no tyranny, accept no lie, quail before no fear, although they may come before us disguised as piety, duty or affection, as useful opportunity and good nature, a prudence or kindness.—*William Morris.*

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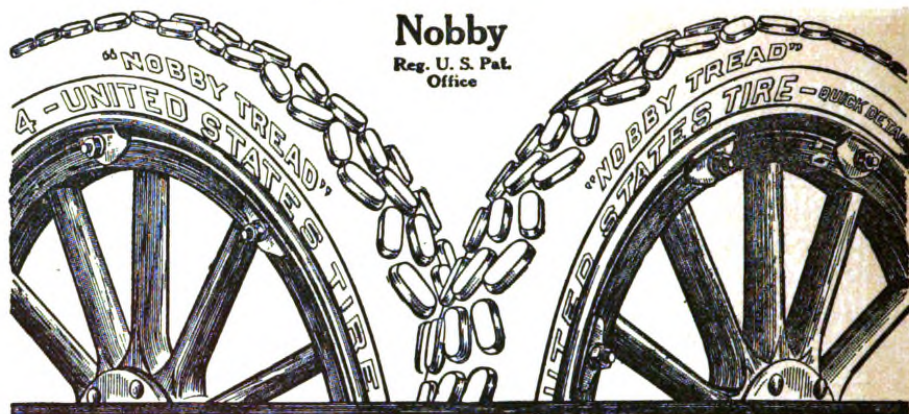
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MENTAL ATTITUDE



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—ELBERT HUBBARD

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